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The Outlook

APRIL 22, 1911

LYMAN ABBOTT, Editor-in-Chief. **HAMILTON W. MABIE**, Associate Editor
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CONGRESS AT WORK

The House of Representatives, on Thursday of last week, passed by the overwhelming majority of 296 to 16 a resolution providing for an amendment to the Constitution under which United States Senators should hereafter be elected by the direct vote of the people. Only four hours were allowed for debate, and when it was apparent that this was unsatisfactory to many members, it was agreed to allow those who wished to speak, but did not have the opportunity, to have their remarks printed in the "Congressional Record." It will be remembered that when the direct election of United States Senators was under discussion in the last Congress, it was impossible to carry the measure through the Senate because of objection to the inclusion in the resolution of the Sutherland Amendment, which provided that the Federal Government should retain control of Senatorial elections. A similar amendment was offered in the House the other day, but was voted down by a large majority, and the final result was the overwhelming vote recorded above. Mr. Cannon protested vigorously that without such an amendment as was defeated "the Government of the United States, so far as Congress is concerned, exists at the mercy of the State," and argued that the Federal Government should always have the power to perpetuate itself without regard to any action or inaction of the States. The Outlook has already expressed its belief that the principle laid down in the Sutherland Amendment is essentially right. Doubtless, when the new resolution comes before the Senate for discussion, the exceedingly important political and Constitutional questions involved will be thoroughly argued. It is evident that the Democratic majority in the House of Representatives considered the party pledged to take immediate action on the question of the direct vote for Senators, and a surprisingly large number of Republican members not only believed that such action should be taken, but were willing to accept it without a provision safeguarding Federal rights. The emphasis put by the Democrats on the importance of this particular measure is shown by the fact that they suddenly brought it to the front after having fixed upon a general programme during this extra session which did not indicate that this measure would be the first selected for legislation. On Friday similar rapidity of action was shown by the House in passing the Campaign Publicity Bill, which provides for the publication of contributions to National political funds at stated times both before and after elections. The Canadian Reciprocity Bill is next in line for action. The programme which, it was understood, had been adopted by the Democratic leaders and caucus, was to pass, after brief debate, the Canadian Reciprocity measure, and then to take up a bill, already introduced, which provides for a special revision of the tariff in the interest of the farmer and incidentally, in many particulars, of the ultimate consumer. This bill puts upon the free list about a hundred articles now included in several different schedules which are in constant and common use by farmers, and the purpose of the bill is to offer compensation to offset the alleged disadvantages to the farmer under the Canadian Reciprocity Law. Whether rightly or not, the Insurgent leaders, supported by a strong sentiment in the agricultural States in the Middle West, hold that the provisions of the Canadian bill bear hardly on the farmer, and that the revision of the tariff should not have this character. The Underwood bill would put on the free list foodstuffs, such as meat and flour, agricultural implements, lumber, fence wire, cotton bagging, sewing-machines, salt, certain leather products, and other articles of similar classes. It is held by the Democratic leaders that under the new rule providing that no amendment can be made to a revenue measure unless the amendment is germane to the subject-matter under consideration, it will be impossible for the enemies of this legislation to amend it in such a way as to destroy its character. The Democratic programme as generally understood would, after the law is passed, introduce another tariff law which should deal with the woolen and cotton schedules, and would then take up other items of the general plan formulated by Speaker Clark at the opening of Congress and already summarized in The Outlook.

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THE MINNESOTA RATE CASES

If upheld by the United States Supreme Court, Judge Sanborn's decision last week in the Circuit Court at St. Paul, in the Minnesota rate cases, will have great importance. The suit was brought by stockholders of certain railway companies engaged in transportation both within the State and "among the several States" against the Minnesota Railway Commission to enjoin it from enforcing a reduction in rates. Minnesota rates had been reduced as follows: Passenger rates, from three to two cents per mile; merchandise rates, from twenty to twenty-five per cent; commodity rates, by nearly seven and one-half per cent. The reduced rates have been in effect long enough to make their effect provable. Such proof was attested at hearings extending over many months before a Special Master in Chancery, who, last September, reported the facts and recommended decrees in favor of the stockholders on the ground that the natural and necessary effect of the rates was substantially to burden and directly to regulate inter-State commerce by creating undue and unjust discrimination between localities in Minnesota and those in adjoining States. The laws of the State and the orders of the Commission were therefore declared to be in violation of the commercial clause of the Federal Constitution. When this report was made public, six months ago, it was justly regarded as a document of much significance. Judge Sanborn's decision now accentuates that significance. The result of this decision, which confirms the report of the referee, is to enhance the Federal Government's power in railway regulation. Whenever State regulation of transportation within its own borders interferes with the regulation by the United States of traffic among the States, the State regulation must give way. In such cases commerce within the State is subjected to Federal control.

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RAILWAY REGULATION AND THE COURTS

The power of the people to regulate the railways of the country has been given greater scope and freedom by a decision of the United States Supreme Court rendered week before last. This is the decision in what is known as the Forwarding Companies Case. The opinion was delivered by Chief Justice White. The issue was raised by the Export Shipping Company. This is one of those agencies that have grown up to enable small concerns to join in meeting the competition of big concerns. Railways accept for transportation car-load lots at materially lower rates than are required of lots that are less than a car-load. This is entirely just, as it costs more proportionately to handle the smaller shipments; but of course it gives the bigger shippers an advantage over the small ones. This is shown in the development of the modern department stores. The volume of their business enables them to receive their goods in car-load lots, and therefore at lower rates than the small dealer can get, and the difference in the cost of transportation has proved sufficient in a multitude of cases to drive the small retailer to the wall. This is unfortunate for the small dealer, but not unfair. In self-defense the small concerns have brought into existence the forwarding company to receive the goods of various owners for transportation, to combine a number of these shipments into car-load lots, and thus to get the advantage for the small shippers of the lower rates for the transportation. Naturally, the railways, seeing a considerable volume of traffic thus going at lower rates which otherwise would go at a higher, adopted rules to shut out these forwarding agents. These rules provided that car-load lots going at car-load rates must move from one consignor to one consignee, and must be the property of one or the other, and not the combination of the goods of several owners. The Inter-State Commerce Commission decided that such a rule is indefensible. After being reversed by the Circuit Court, the Commission has now been sustained by the Supreme Court. The Commission, in the report written by Commissioner Lane, declared that the railway could not look beyond the actual transportation for fixing its rates; that, so far as the railways are concerned, the forwarding agent is the shipper, and that it does not concern the railway whether he is the owner or not; that a difference in rates based on ownership is an improper discrimination between shippers, such as is prohibited by the act to regulate commerce. In sustaining this opinion, Chief Justice White declared that the "contention that a carrier . . . may discriminate in fixing the charge for carriage not upon any difference inhering in the goods or in the cost of service rendered in transporting them, but upon the mere circumstance that the shipper is or is not the real owner of the goods, is so in conflict with the obvious and elementary duty resting upon a carrier, and so destructive of the rights of shippers, as to demonstrate the unsoundness of the proposition by its mere statement." In this the Supreme Court establishes an important point of law.

THE POWER OF THE INTER-STATE COMMERCE COMMISSION

This decision of the Supreme Court in the Forwarding Companies Case not only puts a new restraint upon the railways as to discrimination, but, what is quite as important, removes one more uncertainty regarding the powers of the Inter-State Commerce Commission. This is of great importance just at this time, for it settles a much-mooted question as to the jurisdiction of the new Court of Commerce. After the Commission has taken testimony in a disputed case, has investigated the facts, has reached its findings as to what the facts actually are, and has rendered its decision on the basis of those facts, may the Commerce Court set aside these findings and take new testimony, or pass upon the evidence already taken? If so, the function of the Commission is reduced to a minimum, and there are two bodies that are regulating inter-State commerce. This decision of the Supreme Court makes it clear that the new Commerce Court has no such function; and that the Inter-State Commerce Commission is the final judge as to the facts in any case that may properly come before it. Moreover—and this is perhaps most significant of all—the Supreme Court is liberal in its interpretation as to what is fact, for it says that the finding of the Commission, that this rule of the railway company would, if enforced, engender discrimination, "embodies a conclusion of fact beyond our competency to re-examine." In other words, the Supreme Court performs in this case what might be called an act of self-denial. It declines to put its judgment as to what is profitable and desirable under our present industrial conditions over against the judgment of an administrative body. We commend the example of the United States Supreme Court to the New York Court of Appeals and other courts which feel it their duty to save the people from what they seem to regard as the unwisdom of Legislatures and Legislatures' agents.

THE CASE OF THE DANBURY HATTERS

One of the most famous labor disputes that has ever been laid before American courts has been, at least in part, settled by a decision which was handed down last week by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals in New York. This is the case of the Danbury hatters. It arose through a boycott. A firm of hat manufacturers, D. E. Loewe & Co., of Danbury, Connecticut, by refusing to unionize their shop incurred the hostility, not only of the hat-makers' trade union, known as the United Hatters of North America, but also of the larger association of which this union was a constituent body, namely, the American Federation of Labor. Thereupon there was first a strike called and subsequently a boycott declared against this manufacturing concern. This boycott was in time extended to this company's customers. The boycotted manufacturers brought suit for damages. The persons against whom the suit was brought numbered in all 193. They were selected, not on account of any special individual activity in the boycott, but simply because they were members of the union who were thrifty and economical enough to have accumulated some property which could be attached. The real prosecutors of this suit were not the manufacturers themselves, but the Anti-Boycott Association; and the object of the suit was palpably not primarily to apprehend and punish those individuals who as emissaries used threats in extending the boycott, but to break up the union, or at least weaken it by getting the property of its most efficient and thrifty members. In the Federal Circuit Court in Connecticut, where the case was tried before a jury, the judge directed the jury to find a verdict for the plaintiff, leaving to the jury as the "only question with which they could properly concern themselves" the amount of damages. The jury fixed the damages at $74,000. This amount the Court, acting in accordance with the provision of the Federal Anti-Trust Law, trebled. Such a verdict was, of course, a severe blow to this particular union, but it was more. It was a severe blow to all unincorporated labor unions, for it rendered all the members of those unions, simply by virtue of their membership, liable for the acts of the union's officials and representatives. This decision the Circuit Court of Appeals has reversed, holding that the lower court was in error in taking the matter out of the hands of the jury. The reversal is not only a measure of relief for this particular union, but is also important as affecting the status of all—or practically all—labor unions. The significance of this lies in the opinion read by Judge Lacombe.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE DECISION

The action of the Federal Circuit Court of Appeals in reversing the decision of the lower court and ordering a new trial of the case, as explained in the opinion by Judge Lacombe, makes clear two important points. The first relates to the boycott itself. As to this, Judge Lacombe says that a boycott which prevents a manufacturer from making goods for inter-State trade, or which prevents his customers in other States from selling or trying to purchase his articles, is an obstruction of commerce between the States, and, however it may be in common law or under the statutes of some particular State, it constitutes a violation of the Federal Anti-Trust Act; therefore recovery can be obtained even "although the compelling motive of the combination was an effort to better the condition of the combiners which, except for the Anti-Trust Act, might be proper and useful." This point the Court regards as already established. The other point relates to the responsibility of the members of a trade union for the acts of the union's agents in carrying out the boycott. It is on this point that the higher court reverses the lower court's decision. This portion of the decision, defining the liability of individual members of a trade union for the act of their leaders, is of such wide interest and importance both to employers and to workingmen that we give it in full:

> It has been argued here that the mere fact that any individual defendant was a member of and contributed money to the treasury of the United Hatters' Association made him the principal of any and all agents who might be employed by its officers in carrying out the objects of the Association, and responsible as principal if such agents used illegal methods or caused illegal methods to be used in undertaking to carry out those objects. We cannot assent to this proposition. The clause of the Constitution of the United Hatters which provides that certain of its officers "shall use all the means in their power to bring such shops (*i.e.*, non-union shops) into the trade" does not necessarily imply that these officers shall use other than *lawful* means to accomplish such object. Surely the fact that an individual joins an association having such a clause in its constitution cannot be taken as expressing assent by him to the perpetration of arson or murder. Something more must be shown, as, for instance, that, with the knowledge of the members, unlawful means had been so frequently used, with the express or tacit approval of the Association, that its agents were warranted in assuming that they might use such unlawful means in the future, that the Association and its individual members would approve or tolerate such use whenever

the end sought to be obtained might be best obtained thereby.

The mere fact of membership in the union not being of itself sufficient to render the individual members responsible for the illegal acts of their agents, the question whether they had made themselves responsible by their express and tacit approval of such acts was one which should have been submitted to the jury. "It was for the jury to determine from the entire body of proof what was the intent of the individuals who made up the combination, and what they must have known was the necessary and inevitable consequences of their acts." This decision of the Court of Appeals The Outlook welcomes on two grounds: first, that it re-defines with great clearness what sort of combination by labor unions is illegal because in restraint of trade; second, because it refuses to hold members responsible for the illegal acts of their representatives, so that hereafter a thrifty member of a labor union will have no reason to fear that his membership in that union, without negligence, or wrongful act, or authorization of wrongful act, may make him amenable to prosecution.

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WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION IN NEW JERSEY

Must workingmen, and workingwomen also, bear the full weight of accidents that are incident to industry? Is there no way by which in free America the cost of such accidents may be made a part of the cost of the industry itself? These questions have become particularly acute since the New York Court of Appeals, in its recent decision, destroyed the law adopted in New York which offered a sensible way of relief. The New Jersey Legislature has answered these questions by enacting a measure known as the Edge Bill. This measure has been signed by Governor Wilson, and is now one of the statutes of the State. In order to understand it, one must first distinguish between what is known as "Employers' Liability" and what is known as "Workmen's Compensation." Under a system of "Employers' Liability" an injured workman may bring suit against his employer for recovery of damages. Ordinarily he must show that in some way, either directly or by necessary inference, the employer was negligent; and the employer, according to the usual rules that have come down from the past, can avoid paying damages if he can show that the accident was due to one of the workman's fellow-employees, or arose from the risks inherent in the occupation; and it has been held that the employer is not liable even when he has failed to provide reasonable safeguards if the workman continued to do his work with the knowledge that the safeguards were lacking! After such a case is tried, it is left to the jury to decide whether the employer is liable for damages, and, if so, how large the damages shall be. The consequence of this system is that the workman or his family is forced to risk the cost of a long and perhaps futile lawsuit at the very time when even the ordinary burdens of life have by the accident been made heavier, and that the employer has no means of knowing from the nature of the accident how great the damages are going to be, and no way of estimating from year to year the probable cost of accidents. As a result, almost all large employers turn this whole matter over to an accident insurance company, against whose resources the ordinary workman has little chance. In contrast to this is the system of Workmen's Compensation, according to which every injury arising in the regular course of an occupation, except through the willful act or culpable negligence of the workman himself, results in an automatic compensation to the injured man according to a regular schedule—so that each form of disability has its corresponding form of compensation. Of course, if there is any question as to fact, it is brought up by a suit at law; but such suits are necessarily rare. By this means the employer pays for the costs of accidents to workmen just as he pays for accidents that injure his machinery, and he charges such accidents to the cost of production. The New York Court of Appeals has declared that a law that substitutes a system of compensation for a system of liability is unconstitutional, on the ground that it is taking property without due process of law. The New Jersey statute avoids this objection by making the system of compensation optional; but it so arranges matters that the employer will find it very disadvantageous to choose anything else. It does this, first, by greatly enhancing the burdens of liability for damages; and, second, by providing that unless in his contract with his workmen he expressly states that the Liability system is to apply, it is to be presumed that both workman and employer accept the principle of automatic Compensation. The fact that the Supreme Court of New Jersey has recently sustained the constitutionality of the former liability law, which abolished certain of the immunities formerly enjoyed by employers, indicates that the New Jersey Court is more willing to trust legislative discretion than the Court of Appeals in New York. At any rate, the New Jersey law is an interesting and important attempt to secure the relief that the Court of Appeals in New York denied the people of New York.

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EX-MAYOR JOHNSON One of the most forceful men of his time, Tom L. Johnson, lost his power months ago. His death last week was not the termination of his career as a public man; it was rather the tragic sequel of that termination. He was a man who, in whatever he undertook, was bound to be leader. He had a genius for dominance. It seemed as if, once he had lost the opportunity to dominate, he lost with it his abounding vitality. Whether that be so or not, there seemed to be something of the inevitable in the fact that after he went down to defeat for re-election as Mayor of Cleveland, Ohio, and with him went down also his cherished plans for the public control of the city's transit lines, he succumbed to ill health that slowly culminated in death. No public man in America in recent years has aroused greater extremes of loyalty and enmity. Among his fellow-citizens in Cleveland men of public spirit and good judgment deeply distrusted him and vigorously opposed him from first to last; while other men of equal public spirit and of equally sound judgment believed in him and gave him effective support. There is no doubt that his early career supplied good foundation for distrust; and in the opinion of many there was abundant confirmation of it in the methods he adopted in his final term as Mayor. He first won a place of prominence and power as a "traction magnate." Like many another American who has become wealthy, he began life in poverty. He was born in 1854 in Kentucky. The war came and swept his family's property away. At thirteen years of age he was selling newspapers in Indiana. Even at that age he had a monopoly, for he got all the papers that came into town. By seventeen he got a position in Louisville, Kentucky, on a street railway. He had an inventive brain, and devised a steel rail, a nickel-in-the-slot box to supply the place of conductors on small street cars, and an automatic switch. He became superintendent on this street railway. He later secured a run-down car line in Indianapolis, and still later another in Cleveland. He was soon making them successes. Then he went into the steel business and made his own rails and switches. Although a Democrat, he was, as he acknowledged, willing to take all the advantage which Republican protection would give him. He finally got virtual control of the street car lines of Brooklyn and three large Western cities, including Cleveland. In 1890 he was elected to Congress, and made a sensation by espousing the cause of the "Single Tax." He was willing to acknowledge that he himself was a horrible example of the injustice of land monopoly. In 1901 Mr. Johnson was elected Mayor of Cleveland. His fight for three-cent fares on the city lines and for municipal control and ultimate ownership was as vigorous as his battles for his own fortune had been. And his experience on the other side stood him in good stead. With the general object of Mayor Johnson The Outlook was in hearty sympathy; but when Mr. Johnson introduced into the financing of railways on behalf of the city methods which have brought disrepute upon many a private speculative venture, The Outlook welcomed the rebuke which the voters of Cleveland administered. Mr. Johnson's idealism, which made him a genuine advocate of large public rights, would have been more successful, and therefore more practical, if it had been more consistent. Nevertheless, Mr. Johnson's fight on the traction question has been far from ineffective. In other aspects of municipal government Mr. Johnson's services were less widely known, but equally—in some respects even more highly—noteworthy. Under him the management of Cleveland's water supply was put into expert hands. Under him the administration of the police was actuated by the aim to make it something more than an agency of repression; and though this aim, in our opinion, was not clearly kept in mind or practically followed, it was higher than that which ordinarily obtains in American cities. Under Mayor Johnson, too, the city's department of correction was administered in an extraordinarily enlightened, humane, and civilizing fashion, and has been a laboratory of wise experiment from which all municipalities should profit. In National politics Mayor Johnson was a Democrat of the Bryan school, and in his State he was for several years the leading figure in his party. It is, however, not as a party man, but as a leader in municipal government, that, by both foes and friends, he will be chiefly remembered.

INDICTMENTS IN THE ASCH FIRE CASE

Last week the Grand Jury of New York found indictments against the proprietors of the Triangle Waist Company, Isaac Harris and Max Blanck. These two men constitute the firm who employed the factory operatives of whom 143 lost their lives in the terrible disaster in Washington Place, New York City, on March 25. The indictments against them are for manslaughter in the first and second degree, and they are based, so the District Attorney states, on what he believes to be strong evidence that some at least of the doors through which the girls might have escaped were habitually kept locked and were locked at the time of the fire. The law requires that doors in such a factory shall open outwardly where practicable, and shall not be locked, bolted, or fastened during working hours. The evidence before the coroner's jury has been conflicting on this point, but the Grand Jury, it is asserted, had before it a fragment of a tightly locked door. Meanwhile, Mr. Whitman, the District Attorney, laid before the Grand Jury the testimony of witnesses who stated that the doors on the Washington Place side of the building were kept locked, and the Italian Consul is reported to have taken the affidavits of many Italian girls who swore that the Washington Place doors were locked and never used for exit. It is further asserted that it is capable of proof that two girls in particular lost their lives directly because these doors were locked. We need not point out that the men accused are entitled to a suspension of opinion until they are actually tried. Whatever may be the facts in this case, there is considerable evidence that it is a deplorably common custom for doors in similar establishments to be locked. Immediately after the fire The Outlook quoted from the report of a special committee made up from the Cloakmakers' Union and the Cloak Manufacturers' Association. It stated that they had found twenty-two shops in which the doors leading to the hall and stairways were locked during the day, while other provisions of law were constantly violated in a much larger number of shops. The continuance of public interest in this matter and the wide discussion of proper legal regulation of conditions in factories and other crowded buildings in New York City form an encouraging sign that the public is in earnest and will not be satisfied with less than a thorough overhauling of the laws and the provision of an ample force of inspectors. What can be done by voluntary efforts was seen last week when in a New York factory not unlike the Asch shop an alarm of fire very nearly caused a panic which might easily have proved fatal had it not been that the forewoman of the shop had herself organized and frequently practiced a fire drill, and by her prompt orders got the girls into line and out of the building with no injury whatever.

HYPODERMIC NEEDLES AND SYRINGES

A bill is before the New York State Legislature forbidding the sale of hypodermic syringes and needles without the written order of a duly licensed physician or veterinarian, and also requiring that each sale shall be registered with the name and address of the buyer. It seems incredible that there should be objection on the part of any intelligent person to the passage of such a measure. The bill in question grew out of a consultation between Mr. Charles Towns, of New York City, and Dr. Hamilton Wright, expert delegate to the International Opium Conference at The Hague. Mr. Towns is also an expert on narcotics and is the discoverer of an efficient plan of treatment for the drug habit. Mr. Towns and Dr. Wright concluded that the trade in instruments for the injection of habit-forming drugs should be strictly controlled. It is beyond doubt that the availability of the hypodermic syringe has been as much a factor in the widespread use of morphine, cocaine, etc., as the availability of the drugs themselves, and that the vast majority of hypodermic syringes and needles are used to give morphine and cocaine in a harmful way. The objection is made that drug fiends could easily obtain syringes and needles through the mails from druggists in another State. This is perfectly true, and is, of course, the weak point in all State legislation designed to control the use of habit-forming drugs and instruments for their injection. If New York State will lead the way in this reform, however, there is little doubt but that other States will follow so good an example. At all events, the lower grade of drug and department stores in New York City and elsewhere would be deprived of one of their activities. It is reported that a cheap hypodermic outfit may be bought at those stores for a few cents. The best physicians pay as high as from six to seven dollars apiece for them. One can conceive that the laity may buy and use hypodermic outfits for emergency stimulation if there is some member of the family liable to collapse, but such sales and instances are negligible. If the laity are buying hypodermic outfits to-day, we may, we think, rest assured that it is for the harmful injection of morphine and cocaine.

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AN EXHIBIT OF MENTAL HYGIENE

In the New Jersey Conference of Charities and Correction, which held its sessions in Princeton, at the University, on April 2, 3, and 4, there were a number of striking "exhibits" showing the application of modern methods to problems of society. One of the most notable of these was the exhibit in mental hygiene. It was planned to disseminate information concerning the nature and the nurture of the mental life. For many years tuberculosis was thought to be an unpreventable and incurable disease. The campaign of education in the causes and cures of that disease has accomplished astonishing results. The same can, and should, be done for mental and nervous disorders. This exhibit is a step in that direction. Professor Dahlgren and Dr. Stewart Paton displayed the development of the nervous system from simple one-celled animals to man. This showed the appearance of the brain in evolution and its growth in vertebrates up to the highly organized cerebrum in man. Professor H. C. Warren and Professor H. C. McComas presented a series of charts, models, and apparatus which explained the relation of psychology to mental hygiene. A demonstration was given to the visitors of the way in which "reaction time" is measured to the thousandth of a second. After this they were shown the influence of such drugs as alcohol, tea, and morphia upon the quickness of nerve action. Charts were shown which explained the growth in alertness as the brain and nervous system mature. Other diagrams presented a series of curves illustrating the way in which the brain and nervous system develop in acquiring new accomplishments. These showed that dexterity in tossing and catching a ball, learning typewriting, or learning a language, are accomplishments whose progress is erratic. There will be periods of rapid improvement and periods of retrogression, as the nervous system adapts itself to the new habits. Another interesting display showed the effect of severe mental work upon the physical body. Even the control of a finger muscle is affected by arduous mental work. The influence of fatigue upon accuracy of movement was startlingly exhibited in a table presenting the increase of accidents that occur when laborers are tired. Dr. H. A. Cotton developed the argument of the exhibit by a series of photographs portraying the old and new methods of treating the insane. He showed that a very large percentage of the cases received at the hospital are preventable. His system of recording the life and family history of the patients is of great service to students. From it one sees how certain forms of insanity develop and how valuable a few suggestions from an alienist may be in the early stages of the disorder. The effect of such an assembling of facts augurs a new era in our attitude toward nervous troubles and mental disorders. The great need is for more facts. Nothing could serve the cause of human happiness more than a great institution devoted to research in mental hygiene.

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TWO EXHIBITIONS

Two exhibitions have just been opened in New York City of seemingly local character, but, in reality, much more than that. The first is at the City Club, and the second at the National Arts Club. Both exhibitions are free. The first shows the cartoons of Mr. Boardman Robinson; the second is representative of the Municipal Art Society's activities. Mr. Robinson is a cartoonist whose illustrations disclose more than those of any other American the influence of the work of Caran d'Ache and his school in France. But while Mr. Robinson's drawings betray his French training, they have a quality all their own. They do not lack in humor, as the facial expressions of Governor Dix, Mayor Gaynor, Charles F. Murphy, and William F. Sheehan show. But they are most notable because of their underlying seriousness, deeply ironical though it be. The publication of these cartoons has now come to be a recognized feature of the New York "Tribune;" and while Mr. Robinson's work is, like that of well-nigh every other artist, uneven in quality and appeal, it should be judged at its best, and that best reaches a high level. The Municipal Art Society's exhibition does not turn men's thoughts towards laughable or deplorable elements in our modern life; instead, it shows new plans for the introduction and widening of city streets; for the building of new schools, hospitals, docks, recreation piers, bridges, aqueducts; and for the protection to life and comfort afforded by more open-air tenements and small parks within the city and by the establishment of camp sites in the great Harriman Park outside, and by farm colonies. The key to the whole exhibition is found in an immense colored map showing a new Greater New York, with new avenues radiating from such common centers as Longacre Square, for example, and including in a common and unified development all the residential region directly affected by the metropolis; and that means a region from Montauk Point, at the extreme end of Long Island, well into New Jersey. A popular feature of the exhibition is that of street fixtures. The evolution of lighting is indicated, and that of mail-boxes. Even the advertising post is made at once more æsthetic and more useful now as a help to the passer-by who may suddenly remember that he has forgotten to write a letter; for through the agency of the slot machine he may obtain, from various apertures in the post, writing materials, postal cards, stamps, etc. All the suggestions and plans should prove interesting to any one from any place who will take the trouble to look at them, for all evince a finer and broader civic spirit.

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HUNTING FOR ANTS WITH A TELEPHONE

A German professor, Karl Escherich, has just published a learned and yet fascinating volume upon the white ants of Ceylon. Who but a German could make a three-hundred-page book on such a subject! Its practical value, however, is great, for, not content with simply describing the habits of these wise little creatures, their laws, their industries, and their battles, he has pointed out how their ravages can be minimized by the early detection of their presence in the neighborhood, followed by their destruction. Nearly every writer upon tropical experiences has told of the ravages of these pests; their irresistible march or insidious approach; their insatiable appetite; their destruction of every article of wood or leather or paper or cloth; the fall of houses whose solid timbers were converted by them into the equivalent of sawdust, etc., etc. But few have been able to suggest adequate means for prevention of the damage. Professor Escherich's volume is just off the press in Jena, and we are indebted for what follows to an exhaustive review in a recent number of "Science." Some of the practical suggestions may be of use in guarding against the injury or annoyance of the varieties of these little pests so common in our temperate zone—the true ants of our acquaintance. In Africa, where the white ant pest is widespread and very serious, it seems that oftentimes a colony will establish itself at places near dwellings, without the least indication of its proximity, their nests being below the surface, until hundreds of feet of subterranean galleries have been made, and the sills and uprights of buildings honeycombed without the previous appearance of a single individual to give warning of the danger. To detect the presence of the enemy, Professor Escherich recommends the "Termitensucher," manufactured in Hamburg. It consists (to quote from "Science") "of a microphone inserted in a funnel at the end of a steel tube and connected with a telephone receiver. When the tube is stuck into the earth, the noise made by the crawling insects can be distinctly heard through the receiver, even when they are working at a considerable depth in the soil. Their presence in trees or in the walls of houses can similarly be detected." Among the methods of extermination Professor Escherich recommends, "first stuffing some of the main openings of the nest with tow or waste soaked in carbon-bisulphide, and closing the remaining openings with clay." In Durban an ant exterminator is made consisting of a small charcoal-burning stove with a sort of bicycle pump attachment. From another side leads a rubber tube with nozzle. The stove is lighted, the nozzle thrust into the entrance of the termite dwelling, and certain volatile poisons sprinkled upon the glowing coal. The stove is thereupon closed, and the pump can then force the vapor through the tube into all the chambers and galleries of the nest.

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THE WONDERFUL WHITE ANT

The life history of the white ants in Ceylon is even more wonderful than that of our own more familiar species—the true ants. There are ordinary workers who perform the drudgery of the camp, feed and attend upon the queen mother, etc., nurses that care for the young, and also a military gens, which defends the city from attack, polices the streets, and, under the command of a leader, goes forth to conquest. Some act the part of sanitary police and see to it that no uncleanly act is permitted within the nest, maintaining a latrine outside and at a distance from the home. In the same "termitarium" are often class distinctions, or rather castes. Differing in no visible way from the others, inhabitants of some streets are kept within their own pale by walls guarded by soldiers. The soldiers are most powerful, armed with formidable mandibles, by means of which they can rend an enemy, or, leaping, hurl him to a distance. Some species pound an enemy with their horns and then smear him with an exudation that seems to paralyze. Professor Escherich agrees with other authorities that the sightless workers follow trails by means of their sense of smell, each predecessor leaving a trace which his successor can perceive. Once upon a time the writer of the article in "Science" sat on the shore of a New Brunswick lake, patiently waiting for a suspicious bull moose to come within range of his rifle. He watched for an hour an endless *safari* of ants which followed, Indian fashion, a long and uncharted trail. Over or under or around the stones and pebbles, each followed his predecessor—out of his sight even if he could see; or across sand, now damp, now dry. One tiny trickle of water was crossed on a convenient fallen leaf. None hesitated when he came to the bridge. The leaf was then removed. Those which had crossed continued on; those following soon formed an excited, congested, growing crowd at the nearer end of the vanished bridge. Soon out of the mob certain leaders started running up and down until one found another crossing. Then by some mysterious telepathy he imparted the news to his fellows, and all crossed after him. Once over, the leader did not start on in the general direction of the journey, but ran up the streamlet until he came to the exact spot where the farther end of the leaf bridge had rested, then took up in confidence the old trail. Lifting a stone over which the trail passed threw the *safari* again into confusion, but always they recovered the true course, sooner or later. The observer could see no markings on leaf or stone with his pocket magnifying-glass, and then made up his mind that the ants must have been guided by a sense of smell.

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WAR ACROSS THE MEXICAN BORDER

A serious state of affairs as regards American rights and interests has grown out of the fighting between insurrectos and Mexican Federal troops close to and even over the line between Mexico and the United States. It is reported that two Americans have been killed and eleven wounded at or near Douglas, Arizona. It seems that a party of insurgents entered the Mexican town of Aqua Prieta just opposite Douglas, a mile away, concealed in box cars. They opened an indiscriminate fire in all directions, drove a small body of Federal troops to flight, and many of their bullets reached the town of Douglas. Some of the Americans injured were peacefully attending to their own business; some were children; others, it is said, had gone near the scene of danger to see the fighting. A telegram from the Secretary of the Douglas Chamber of Commerce to the President states these facts, and alleges that fighting took place within ten feet of the American line. Some of the Mexican Federal troops crossed the line and were detained by our army officers. President Taft instantly directed the Secretary of State and Secretary of War to take steps to prevent the recurrence of such deplorable incidents. The Mexican Government has been informed that it will be held responsible for injury to American life and property, and the leaders of the revolution have been officially warned against the consequences of such acts. The situation is a singular one, almost, if not quite, without precedent. It is clearly the duty of the Mexican Government so to guard its northern frontier as to prevent the infliction of such unendurable injuries on the persons and property of peaceful citizens belonging to a friendly Nation. If it cannot do this, our Government can and will. Press reports from Washington say that our Government officials fear in incidents of this character more possibility of real trouble for this country than in anything else in the Mexican situation; and that they fear the arousing of a strong anti-Mexican sentiment in this country which might get beyond control. This, it is thought, was one of the considerations which led the President to send the troops into Texas.

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THE NEW DEPARTMENT BUILDINGS AT WASHINGTON

We are glad to announce the assignment by the Government of commissions for the erection of the three new Department buildings at Washington—the State, Justice, and Commerce Buildings. The award is the largest and in some respects the most important ever offered in this country. The State Department Building is to cost $2,200,000; the Justice Building, $1,900,000; and the Commerce Building, $3,650,000. The opportunities thus afforded appealed to architects, as was seen by the competition of fifty-nine of them. Of this number twenty-eight were from New York City. The others included the leading architects of Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, and San Francisco. Not only did the New York competitors carry off all the awards, but the majority of those whose designs were credited with honorable mention came from the metropolis. The successful architects are to meet in conference to revise their designs wherever necessary to present a harmonious group. The largest of the buildings is to be that of the Department of Commerce, and it will stand between the other two. The whole group will occupy the area bounded by Pennsylvania Avenue, the Mall, Fourteenth and Fifteenth Streets. The two end buildings are to be three stories high and the Commerce Building five stories. The structures are to be of white marble, thus harmonizing with the wings of the Capitol, the new House and Senate office buildings, and the new District of Columbia Building. All of the accepted designs are of classic type, but certain features of arrangement will distinguish the buildings from any others in Washington. For instance, in the Commerce Building a large aquarium will be placed in the center; in the State Department Building there is to be an international conference room and a reception room, and a great state dining-room; the most important feature of the Justice Building will be the large law library. The names of the successful competitors are Mr. Arnold W. Brunner for the State Building, Mr. Donn Barber for the Justice Building, and Messrs. York & Sawyer for the Commerce Building.

THE CHAMPAGNE WAR

The old province of Champagne in France has been the scene of what seemed at first a merry war, but has now turned out to be a disastrous economic conflict. The province is now divided into a number of departments, and these cluster about one central region comprising Rheims and Epernay, and producing the best champagne. The wine-growers in the outlying departments have been selling their own champagne, it is alleged, as if it were produced in the central region, and the Government recently delimited the district from which standard champagne should be produced and ordered any champagne grown in the neighboring department of Aube, for instance, to be so branded on the bottle. This enraged the Aubois, and the more hot-blooded among them wreaked summary vengeance on the wine-cellars and other buildings of their more fortunate neighbors. The Government now grew alarmed, rescinded its order, and issued another declaring that there should be no territorial distinctions. But this was jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire; for the wine-growers in the central region were furious because their goods would be cheapened by the inclusion of those from less favored districts. Thereupon rose a counter-war. Peasants marched from town to town, destroying stores of wine. In one town five million bottles, it is said, were smashed, and in another six millions. Sixteen regiments of infantry and calvary were needed to end this mimic war. Of course, as an example of Gallic effervescence, the affair has its ludicrous aspect. But the great body of French peasantry will be the first to deplore the economic loss; for, of all producers, the French are the most economical. They represent a greater wealth in proportion to population than do any other people, and a wider subdivision of property than may be found in any other land.

FIFTY YEARS AFTER IN ITALY

The first Italian Parliament, on the 14th day of March, 1861, by a unanimous vote, proclaimed Victor Emmanuel King of Italy. No announcement could have been more dramatic to those who knew the history of the Peninsula. There had been Italians for thousands of years; now, for the first time, an Italy came into existence. For centuries the word "Italy" had been, as Metternich said, a geographical expression, though prophetic minds in all parts of the Peninsula had dreamed of unity and freedom. Two years before the appearance of a King of Italy there had been seven different states on the Peninsula, all of which, save Piedmont, were under governments more or less arbitrary. There was a king in Piedmont, full of faults, but of a daring and devotion which have made him one of the heroes of modern history; the member of a family which, his son declared, was synonymous with liberty. Venice was under the hated rule of Austria; Florence, of a duke of foreign blood; the Papal States, Naples, and Sicily had for a long time been governed by methods which were ideally bad. Jealousy, misunderstanding, and the alienation of city from city and province from province prevailed all over Italy. From the beginning of the Renaissance the free development of personality which had made Italy the home of creative art, of liberating thought, and of scientific advance had developed also intense local feeling.

Then came the series of dramatic events which made United Italy. At the psychological moment three leaders appeared—Mazzini, the prophet; Victor Emmanuel, aggressive, patriotic, daring, and popular; Cavour, one of the greatest of modern statesmen, with the genius for practical diplomacy and a vision of the future of his country; and Garibaldi, the picturesque and romantic successor of the old fighters of Italy—the servant, however, not of a royal master or of an ambitious nobleman, but of a passionate love of liberty and country. From Piedmont to Sicily a great change began; for men began to forget that they were Piedmontese, Venetians, Florentines, Romans, Neapolitans, Sicilians, and began to think of themselves as Italians. The bitterness of the Bourbon rule in Sicily, the misgovernment in the Papal States, the intrenchment of ignorance in southern Italy and the deliberate isolation of that section from the north, the ignorance, superstition, and idleness of Calabria and Sicily, began to recede into the past. The trial of the Camorrists at Viterbo is a dramatic recrudescence of the untrained passion, the relentless lawlessness, and the disregard of life bred under the tyrannies which oppressed a large part of the Peninsula.

The creation of Modern Italy and the development of the national spirit, when one recalls past conditions and almost unsurmountable obstacles, seems like a miracle; one of those miracles which forever renew the faith of men in their kind, and, though often succeeded by disaster and sometimes by retrogression, point the way to the future. In 1861 only one person in ten in the lower half of Italy could read or write. The land was poor, the country had little capital, and had made small progress in the development of modern industry. The class which in other countries had been bred to habits of industry was in Italy largely a class of idlers. Beggary was both a profession and an art. There were so many holidays that the working days almost disappeared from the calendar. At the close of fifty years Italy is throbbing with commercial vitality from Naples to Turin. Her cities have grown so rapidly that it is impossible to secure adequate houses in the most progressive of them. Rents have trebled and quadrupled; diversified industries have sprung into being. Popular education has taken long forward strides. A uniform system of elementary education has been established, and a great commercial development secured in the face of obstacles which Americans find it difficult to reckon with in imagination. Writing in the "Century Magazine," the Mayor of Rome presents, in a condensed way, these difficulties when he describes the country as "a long and lean peninsula, the whole of which, even to the limits of eternal snows, . . . is totally appropriated and divided up; . . . which possesses no coal, indeed no fuel beyond its meager forests, no source of energy beyond its streams and rivers, with all its natural resources long ago sucked dry." In the face of these difficulties the income of the country has been enormously increased. The Budget estimates for 1882 amounted to about two hundred and fifty million dollars; they now exceed seven hundred million dollars. A depreciated currency, which was at one time sixteen below par, is now at a slight premium.

This great growth from small beginnings, with limited means, is the result of hard work, economical living, and thrifty saving. The Italians, Mayor Nathan tells us, have bought back nearly all the stocks of the country that were formerly in foreign hands. Post-office savings banks, which in 1882 had deposits of about twelve million dollars, now hold over three hundred and twenty-one million; and the Exposition at Turin, to those who can put behind it the industrial and economic background of fifty years ago, will present a record of astonishing growth.

The King is a student, a patriot, and a man of undaunted courage. The Government is democratic, and its educational influence is already discernible in all parts of the country. The northern half of the Peninsula is on the advance line of economic development. In the south, recalling the conditions which obtained fifty years ago, the growth has been much slower; but it has been steady, and it has been moral and social as well as economic. Italy is confronting great and serious problems; but her problems are no greater or more serious than those which confront western Europe, England, and the United States; and, in spite of the discontent which pervades the whole modern world, and for good cause, her position is stronger than it has been since the fall of the Roman Empire. She has managed her relations with great Powers with extraordinary skill; her relations with the Vatican have been handled with tact and judgment, though always with loyalty to Cavour's great maxim—a free Church in a free State.

The New World owes to Italy an incalculable debt; for she was the teacher of Europe in the art of navigation, in the making of charts, in the training of explorers and navigators; and the names of two Italians have a greater geographical significance in the New World than any others. She was the first to emerge from the fascination and the limitations of the Middle Ages, to break down the restrictions which made commerce in the modern sense impossible. She recovered ancient art and learning; she relighted the torch and passed it on to the Western world. It was within her borders that the Renaissance was accomplished; that rebirth of humanity which meant a fresh contact of the human mind with nature, and the first complete realization by man of his own powers.

GERMAN JINGOISM

Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg is the present German Chancellor. While his official activity is more or less marked out for him, he has done some good work personally. But, measured by the caliber of his predecessors, especially Bismarck and Bülow, he does not loom large. Indeed, he seems commonplace, if not clumsy. Much of this may be due to lack of diplomatic skill, however, rather than to conscious opposition to the popular will.

His most recent pronouncement concerns limitation of armaments and arbitration. Taking the reasonable position that a nation must maintain its sea and land forces at a point corresponding with its national strength, he declares that "Germany cannot afford to bind herself to limited armaments, because she would thereby run the risk of forfeiting her present place among the Powers to some other nation willing to take it, and Germans would thenceforth play the rôle of mere dummies in the world of affairs."

Germany is not only a robust military nation, but has perforce been such because of her geographical situation. She has come to be the strongest military Power in the world; she now aspires to have a naval strength in proportion to the demands which have come to her by reason of her recently acquired, widely separated colonies, and her ever-increasing oversea commerce.

So much for the general view. But how about Anglo-German relations in particular? The English attitude, that England must have a fleet strong enough to be equal or superior to any possible hostile combination, is England's good right, the Chancellor admits; but he is equally insistent in declaring that no self-respecting foreign Power can afford to recognize this principle for itself; "if England came to a World's Congress, for example, with such a plan, she would have to reckon on an almost certain rebuff." The Chancellor thus clearly defines a situation which has induced, and probably will induce, a constant increase in the military burdens imposed on England and Germany until those burdens fall of their own weight. Disarmament, therefore, is far from being contemplated at present in either German or English governmental circles.

The Chancellor went on to yoke together the present impossibility of imposing limits of arbitration with what he regards as the impossibility of realizing the universal arbitration scheme proposed for England and America by President Taft and supported by the British Government. In making his statement the Chancellor lost sight of the fact that an Anglo-American universal arbitration proposal rests upon ties of a common language, common traditions, and, to a large extent, common origin, and he also lost sight of the fact that his statement contributed nothing to the German nation's love of peace. He directly lent himself to the reactionary attitude of the delegates from the German Government to the Second Hague Conference, who made Germany appear as the one great Power that resisted the proposal to sanction obligatory arbitration; a proposal which nevertheless obtained the votes of the great majority of the nations represented.

This attitude, we are confident, by no means represents the real sentiment of the German people. A proof of this is evident in the action of the popular branch of the German Parliament the day following the Chancellor's speech. It adopted a resolution requesting him "to declare his willingness to enter upon mutual negotiations with the other great Powers as soon as propositions concerning simultaneous and equal limitations of armaments are made by any one Power;" and, what is of more importance, the Government was called upon "to make treaties of arbitration with other nations."

The German people may not be ready for universal arbitration, but they are very ready to commend limited arbitration, and to express disappointment at their Chancellor's utterances. If he is wise, he will listen to two organs of public opinion in his own country, the "Frankfurter Zeitung" and the "Berliner Tageblatt." The first declares that, no matter what resistance the German Government may make to the peace idea, the time will come when it cannot resist its force. The second actually suggests that it is not too late for Germany to form the third member of an Anglo-Saxon Universal Arbitration League.

Why should not such an Angio-Saxon League become an ultimate reality? The American, British, and German *peoples* substantially regard each other with feelings of kinship and respect. If the American, British, and German *Governments* were now to stand together in radically and universally applying the principle of arbitration among themselves, the world's peace would be permanently assured.

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THE GREAT ARCHITECT

There is no question in philosophy more fundamental than the one which Dr. James Martineau has put with admirable brevity and admirable distinctness in the following alternative:

> There are but three forms under which it is possible to think of the ultimate or immanent principle of the universe—Mind, Life, Matter: given the first, it is intellectually thought out; the second, it blindly grows; the third, it mechanically shuffles into equilibrium.[1]

In his recent volume, "The World of Life,"[2] Alfred Russel Wallace has given striking illustrations of the scientific evidences which support the last of these alternatives. The book may be criticised from the literary point of view. It appears to be made up of essays on corelated subjects, published at different times and here hung together somewhat loosely upon a connecting thread. It thus lacks coherence and continuity. But this criticism does not apply to the separate chapters or essays of which the volume is composed. Each one of them is closely knit together, and carries the mind from premise to conclusion without a break. The descriptions of phenomena are clear and intelligible to the unscientific mind. And the argument for the doctrine of evolution by natural selection is not less powerful than the argument for "creative power, directive mind, and ultimate purpose" in the process of evolution.

Paley's famous illustration of the argument for design furnished by a watch may be conceded to be somewhat antiquated. But it is so simply because nature is now seen to be, not a machine which a Great Mechanic has made, wound up, and set a-going under the operation of its own forces, but a vitalized mechanism pervaded by intelligence and directed in its every movement to a predetermined end. It is, in other words, far more like a human body than a watch; and the relation of the Great Architect to nature far more nearly resembles the relation of the spirit of man to his body than it does the relation of a watchmaker to a watch. Thus science, so far from weakening the argument from design, has immensely strengthened it; has, in brief, made it almost impossible for the unprejudiced student of nature to reach any other conclusion than that reached by Mr. Wallace and thus stated by him: "Not man alone, but the whole World of Life, in almost all its varied manifestations, leads us to the same conclusion—that to afford any radical explanation of its phenomena we require to postulate the continuous action or guidance of higher intelligences; and, further, that we have probably been working towards a single end, the development of intellectual, moral, and spiritual beings." In such an article as this it is impossible to present any summary of the accumulated facts which point to this conclusion. We must content ourselves with selecting two illustrations and giving, somewhat at length, a graphic argument of the author in his own words.

One of these illustrations is furnished by the bird's wing, the structure of which "most clearly implies the working out of a preconceived design in a new and apparently most complex and difficult manner." After describing with an illustrative diagram the mechanical structure of the wing, which is so constructed as to give a maximum of power with a minimum of weight, and to oppose the greatest resistance to the air in the downward stroke with the least resistance to the air in the upward stroke, a contrivance somewhat clumsily imitated by the oarsman when he "feathers" his oar, Mr. Wallace goes on to point out the related fact that the feathers are not, properly speaking, a part of the living organism, but a mechanical instrument which the organism has built up for its use. As the feathers wear out they are dropped, at molting, but the successive pairs are replaced by new ones, and this replacement takes place so gradually that the bird never loses its power of flight. In this replacement not only is every feather the size and shape characteristic of the species, but, in addition, "each of the often very diverse feathers grows in its right place and reproduces the various tints and colors on certain parts of every feather which go to make up the characteristic colors, markings, or ornamental plumes of each species of bird." And Mr. Wallace puts the question well: "What is the nature of the power which determines that every separate feather shall always 'grow' into its exact shape? . . . What *directive* agency determines the distribution of the coloring matter (also conveyed by the blood) so that each feather shall take its exact share in the production of the whole pattern and coloring of the bird, which is immensely varied, yet always symmetrical as a whole, and has always a purpose either of concealment, or recognition, or sexual attraction in its proper time and place?"

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[1] "A Study of Religion," Vol. I, p. 336.

[2] The World of Life. A Manifestation of Creative Power, Directive Mind, and Ultimate Purpose. By Alfred Russel Wallace. Moffat, Yard & Co., New York.

The other and not less striking illustration of a "directive mind" in nature is afforded by the metamorphoses of insects, and these furnish an even more striking illustration of the "creative power;" for in these metamorphoses the process of creation—that is, of the upbuilding of organization and of disorganized matter—is witnessed. Mr. Wallace traces the process by which the caterpillar or other grub is formed "a living machine, which at first appears to exist for the sole purpose of devouring leaves and building up its own wonderful and often beautiful body. . . . When fully grown, it ceases to feed, prepares itself for the great change by various modes of concealment—in a cocoon, in the earth, by suspension against objects of similar colors, or which it becomes colored to imitate—rests a while, casts its final skin, and becomes a pupa. Then follows the great transformation scene, as in the blow-fly. All the internal organs which have so far enabled it to live and grow—in fact, the whole body it has built up, with the exception of a few microscopic groups of cells—become rapidly decomposed into its physiological elements, a structureless, creamy, but still living protoplasm; and when this is completed, usually in a few days, there begins at once the building up of a new, a perfectly different, and a much more highly organized creature both externally and internally—a creature comparable in organization with the bird itself." This description gives a new significance to the butterfly as a symbol of immortality, since it shows not merely a new life growing out of the entombment of a prior life, but a new organization growing out of the disorganization and apparent decay of the entombed body which preceded it.

We hope that these illustrations may send some of our readers to Mr. Wallace's book. Here they must take our word for it that they are only two instances out of a number cited to maintain his thesis that in the world of life there is manifested a creative power, a directive mind, and an ultimate purpose—a thesis which he thus admirably states in what he calls a "physiological allegory:"

> For an imaginary parallel to this state of things, let us suppose some race of intelligent beings who have the power to visit the earth and see what is going on there. But their faculties are of such a nature that, though they have perfect perception of all inanimate matter and of plants, they are absolutely unable either to see, hear, or touch any animal *living* or dead. Such beings would see everywhere matter in motion, but no apparent cause of the motion. They would see dead trees on the ground and living trees being eaten away near the base by axes or saws, which would appear to move spontaneously; they would see these trees gradually become logs by the loss of all their limbs and branches, then move about, travel along roads, float down rivers, come to curious machines by which they are split up into various shapes; then move away to where some great structure seems to be growing up, where not only wood, but brick and stone and iron and glass in an infinite variety of shapes, also move about and ultimately seem

to fix themselves in certain positions. Special students among these spirit inquirers would then devote themselves to follow back each of these separate materials—the wood, the iron, the glass, the stone, the mortar, etc.—to their separate sources; and after years thus spent, would ultimately arrive at the great generalization that all came primarily out of the earth. They would make themselves acquainted with all the physical and chemical forces, and would endeavor to explain all they saw by recondite actions of these forces. They would argue that what they saw was due to the forces they had traced in building up and modifying the crust of the earth; and to those who pointed to the result of all this "motion of matter" in the finished product—the church, the mansion, the bridge, the railway, the huge steamship or cotton factory or engineering works—as positive evidence of design, of directive power, of an unseen and unknown mind or minds, they would exclaim, "You are wholly unscientific; we know the physical and chemical forces at work in this curious world, and if we study it long enough we shall find that known forces will explain it all." If we suppose that all the smaller objects, even if of the same size as ourselves, can only be seen by microscopes, and that with improved instruments the various tools we use, as well as our articles of furniture, our food, and our table-fittings (knives and forks, dishes, glasses, etc., and even our watches, our needles and pins, etc.) become perceptible, as well as the food and drinks which are seen also to move about and disappear; and when all this is observed to recur at certain definite intervals every day, there would be great jubilation over the discovery, and it would be loudly proclaimed that with still better microscopes all would be explained in terms of matter and motion! That seems to me very like the position of modern physiology in regard to the processes of the growth and development of living things.

This is more than an allegory. It is more than an analogy. It is an interpretation. The argument for a directive mind in the operations of nature is precisely the same as the argument for directive minds in the works of man—the same in kind, stronger in degree. For we do not *see* any directive mind in the works of man. We see material bodies, moving material tools, and producing material effects. We see the picture produced on the canvas by the painter's brush, or the piece of furniture produced by the cabinet-maker's saw and plane. But in neither case do we *see* a directing mind. We are conscious in ourselves of a directing mind, when by similar material tools we produce similar material results, and we attribute to the workman the intelligent direction of which we are conscious in ourselves. Precisely the same reason leads us, or should lead us, to attribute an intelligent direction to the material forces using material tools to accomplish material results in the processes of nature. The evidence of design in the colors of a flower or a bird is the same as the evidence of design in the color of a painting on a canvas; there is the same evidence of design in the structure of a beehive as in the structure of a tenement-house. In the one case as in the other from the result produced we attribute intelligence to the forces which produce it. The argument is that suggested by Professor Huxley, who closes his classic description of the development of a salamander with the conclusion that "after watching the process hour by hour, one is almost involuntarily possessed by the notion that some more subtle aid to vision than an achromatic would show the hidden artist, with his plan before him, striving with skillful manipulation to perfect his work."[1]

This hidden artist is the Great Architect.

THE SPECTATOR

The Spectator is not a handy mechanic. The sea of modern machinery is an unsounded deep to him. Therefore, when he received an invitation to visit the Manufacturers Club in Philadelphia and see their exhibition of safety devices in connection with the annual meeting of the Academy of Political and Social Science, he went with some misgiving. Anybody can pretend to be wise politically and socially, with little danger of being found out, but your machinist is a practical person, and sees through pretenses. As the Spectator mounted the wide stairs and entered the large, long, crowded room where the safety devices were installed in state, he presented himself frankly as one of the ignorant general public. He did not feel capable of understanding the devices, but he hoped that he could at least learn where the safety lay.

* * *

But, lo and behold! it was an exhibition for the ignoramus. To be sure, the crowd were mainly manufacturing men, or factory inspectors, or insurance men, with only a sprinkling of social workers and the common, or garden, public. But each safety device had an understandable exhibit. Also each exhibit had an expert there to explain—an expert as plain and persuasive as the salesman of a collar button at a county fair. The first device that allured the Spectator was a self-opening door with the "self-releasing fire exit latch." The door was there in model for any one to see and push against. "The best part about this device," said the expert in charge, "is that it cannot be put on any door that opens inward. That means that any school, church, assembly hall, or theater putting in this safety device must first have its doors hung so as to open outward. And that, as any one knows, is half the battle. The appalling loss of life is often due to the double fact that exit doors open inward and refuse to operate. This door must open outward, and the moment any pressure is thrown upon it it releases lock and catch automatically and the door swings wide."

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[1] "Lay Sermons, Addresses, and Reviews," p. 261.

* * *

There was no doubt that it did. An adult would have no advantage over a child—merely a touch, and not an intelligent touch at that, was necessary. Any one falling against the door would open it. The apparatus was simple—just a neat metal bar across the door at the height of the ordinary lock, connecting with a lock slightly larger than usual, with the everyday hardware trim outside. "Yes, it could be used for house or hotel doors," the man said. Double doors had to have a slightly different arrangement. "Have you any literature that you can send to our Board of Education?" asked one of the crowd, a visitor from a near-by town, watching the little door swing outward at a touch. "Nearly all our school class-room doors open inward to-day, and we are getting nervous about it." The Spectator wondered how many towns had the same perilous doors, and had not yet even become nervous about the children's danger.

* * *

Next to the automatic self-releasing door stood an automatic engine stop. The Spectator is emphatically ignorant where fly-wheels are concerned; but it did not take long for him to understand the simple explanation that even when a fly-wheel explodes because of a defect it really explodes because it is running so fast that the defective part cannot stand the unusual strain. Neither did it require any knowledge of mechanics to see at the next exhibit that casing a revolving shaft means the elimination of all danger from being caught in it. The casing was of the lightest, and opened longitudinally, snapping on to the shaft like an old-fashioned handcuff, and having springs at the end to keep it from rattling and wearing the shaft. The man who was explaining the device flecked a handkerchief on the miniature revolving shaft to show how secure the safety was, and laid his hand on the casing, which immediately stopped, though the shaft went on revolving inside it. On the uncovered portion of the same shaft the handkerchief was caught and twisted up in a moment.

* * *

"Automatic? Oh, yes. No other protection but an automatic one is really of use," the expert explained. "You see, the manufacturer puts in the device, but the workers must use it. Some workers are intelligent and careful, of course; but, just for that reason, it wouldn't be necessary to put in safety devices for them. But the careless workers—they are the manufacturer's problem. He has to look out for them, or there'll be accidents—and damage suits. Every good safety device must be fool-proof—that's about the situation. It must be simple enough for an immigrant foreigner to understand, and it must take care of him even if he doesn't trouble to work it. It must safeguard even children, for there are many careless child workers in industry nowadays. A girl of fourteen—what does she know about a safety device? Yet she's just the one it is for."

* * *

After that the Spectator felt even more at home. He regarded each exhibit with the eye of the connoisseur in ignorance. Busy manufacturers were taking notes and asking prices. Young insurance men were looking at the patent asbestos house (a thing of hideous slaty-gray homeliness unparalleled in domestic architecture), and the safety lamps which, when flung into a pile of shavings, extinguished themselves with prompt security. Builders were pressing around the patent safety scaffoldings. Electricians were looking at the rubber shields for linemen to slip over the wires when at work. Each was talking in his own technical way. But the Spectator was the ultimate consumer, so to speak. He was the best judge, in a sense, as to whether the show was a good one—and he magnified his office.

❖

He found he could even criticise. The asbestos house, for example—what great value is there in having a fireproof tiling, so to speak, over the outside, when a house usually catches fire from the inside? The safety lamp, extinguishing itself (automatically, of course) when flung over so as not to break the chimney, went out, sure enough. But when, in the fall, the chimney came off or broke, the light hesitated about leaving. The Spectator could not understand the long explanations that followed, but he knew by this time that any device that needed them was not yet the perfect device. A few exhibits had the gold medal; and these were of a great simplicity and finish. There was the patent scaffolding, for instance, which had won the gold medal in 1910. It is simply a series of ten-foot planking sections, supported on iron beams and suspended by wire ropes working through winches on each end of a section. It can be raised or lowered at will, and can be worked on a slant wherever necessary, yet it is so secure that no fatal accident has ever occurred where it is in use, though three hundred and nineteen buildings in the last two years have been erected with its aid. As nearly eight hundred deaths in New York alone have been caused within the past five years by falls from buildings in process of erection, this device is a striking life-saver.

❖

"That fire-escape wouldn't help one much in front of a burning building," said one man, pausing in front of a pair of leather shoulder-straps attached to a heavy rope which was arranged to pay out from a pulley fixed on a window-sill. "The rope wouldn't stand a lick-out of flame from a window. It ought to be of wire." The factory inspector who was standing by the Spectator smiled. "Wire might be better," he said, sagely, "but wire wouldn't do it either. That fire-escape takes too much head to use it, and nobody in a fire has any head. Not one in a hundred would fix that thing right on the window-sill, or get into the straps right, or let themselves down right. Look at this other one," he went on, pointing to an arrangement like a rope-ladder, of iron and wire rope. "That would kink, nine times out of ten. Only an expert could lower it straight and safe. It's the same way with the chemical fire-extinguishers. If they're filled according to orders, most people think that's the end. But it isn't. The chemicals don't last. Every year, at the least, they ought to be poured out and filled up all over again. How many would remember to do that, unless the insurance people keep them up to it?"

❖

"Fire precautions haven't come to the fool-proof stage yet, then?" said the Spectator. The inspector grinned. "That's it," he said. "You've heard, haven't you, of the man who filled up the extinguishers —with kerosene? That's an old insurance story. But I've known folks do things just as bad who weren't after insurance. I've seen a workman who had used the protection of a cover, like this one in the corner, on a circular saw. It's a pretty fair protection, but it isn't automatic. You have to set it at a certain height for this thing and that. Well, he set it one way, and left it, and then didn't think, and used it for a different height, carelessly, and cut off half his hand, just as he would have done on an entirely unprotected saw. *Automatic—fool-proof—fool-proof—automatic*—that's what I'd keep saying to myself, day in and day out, if I was an inventor working out a safety device."

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And as the Spectator looked up and down the big room, everything there seemed to echo and re-echo those two suggestive words.

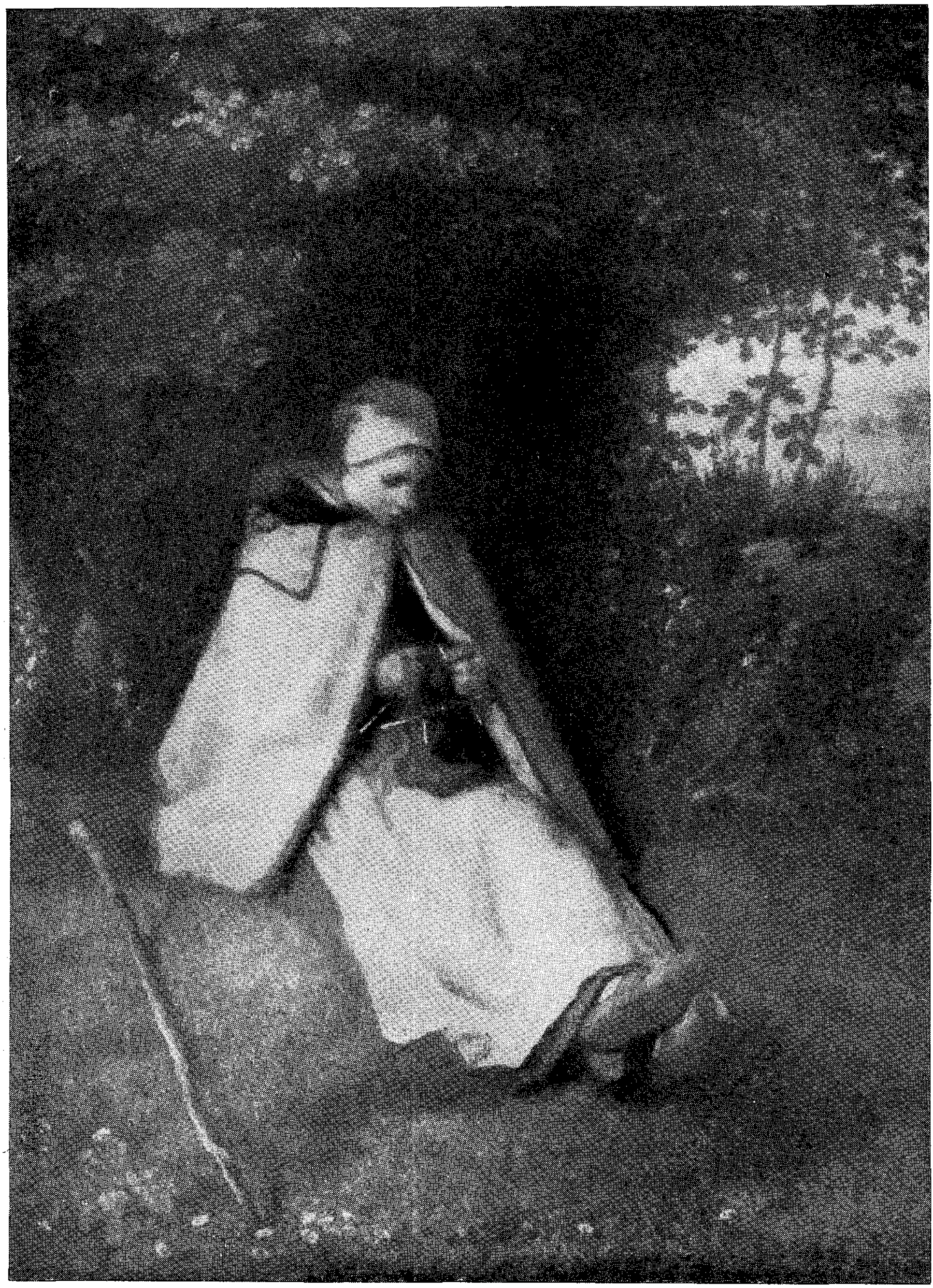
Four Treasures
from the
Chauchard Collection

The Knitter
By Jean François Millet

Italian Landscape
By Jean Baptiste Camille Corot

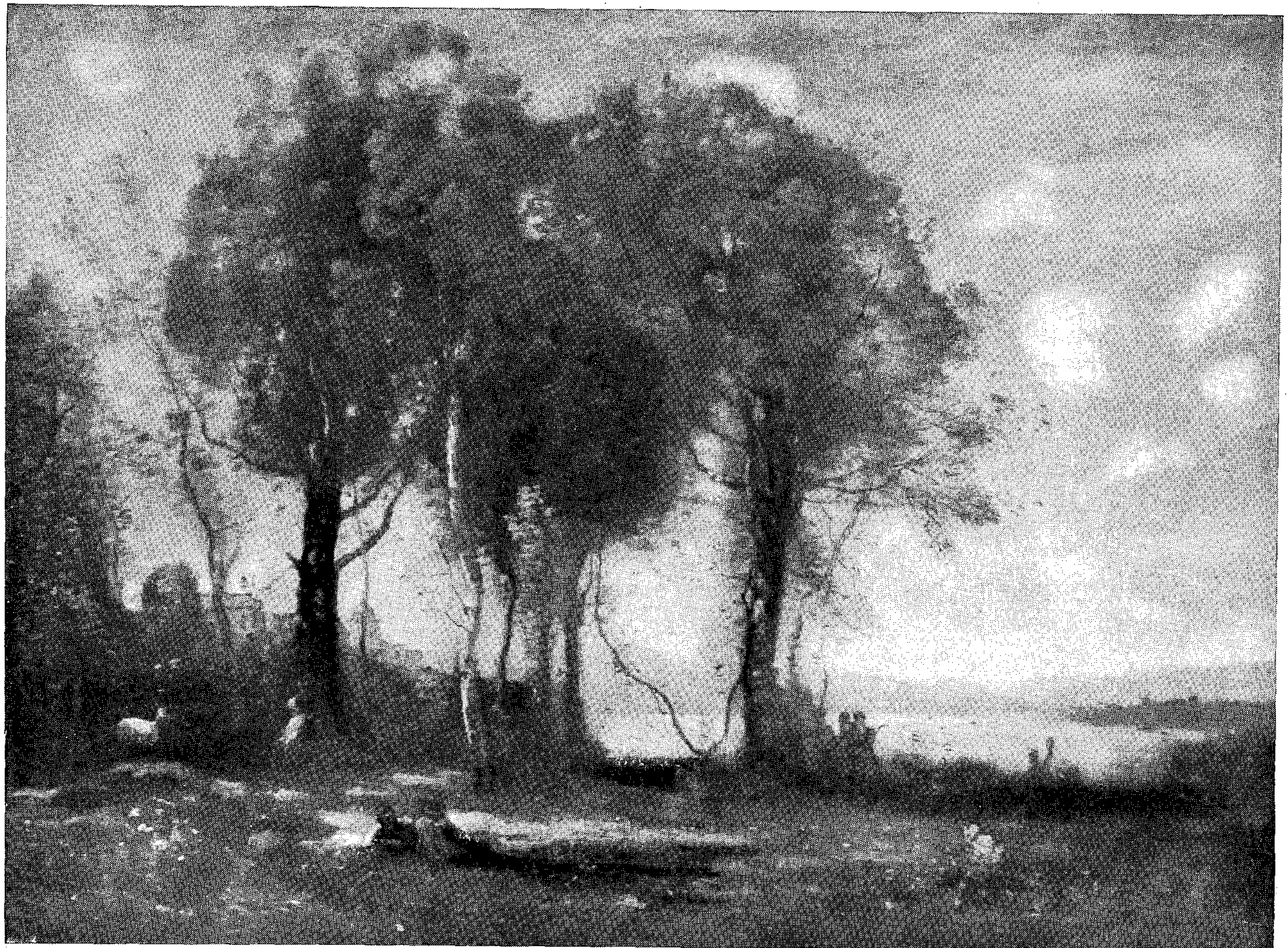
A Sheepfold Interior
By Charles Émile Jacque

The Artist
By Jean Louis Ernest Meissonier



COURTESY OF BRAUN & COMPANY

THE KNITTER. BY JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET



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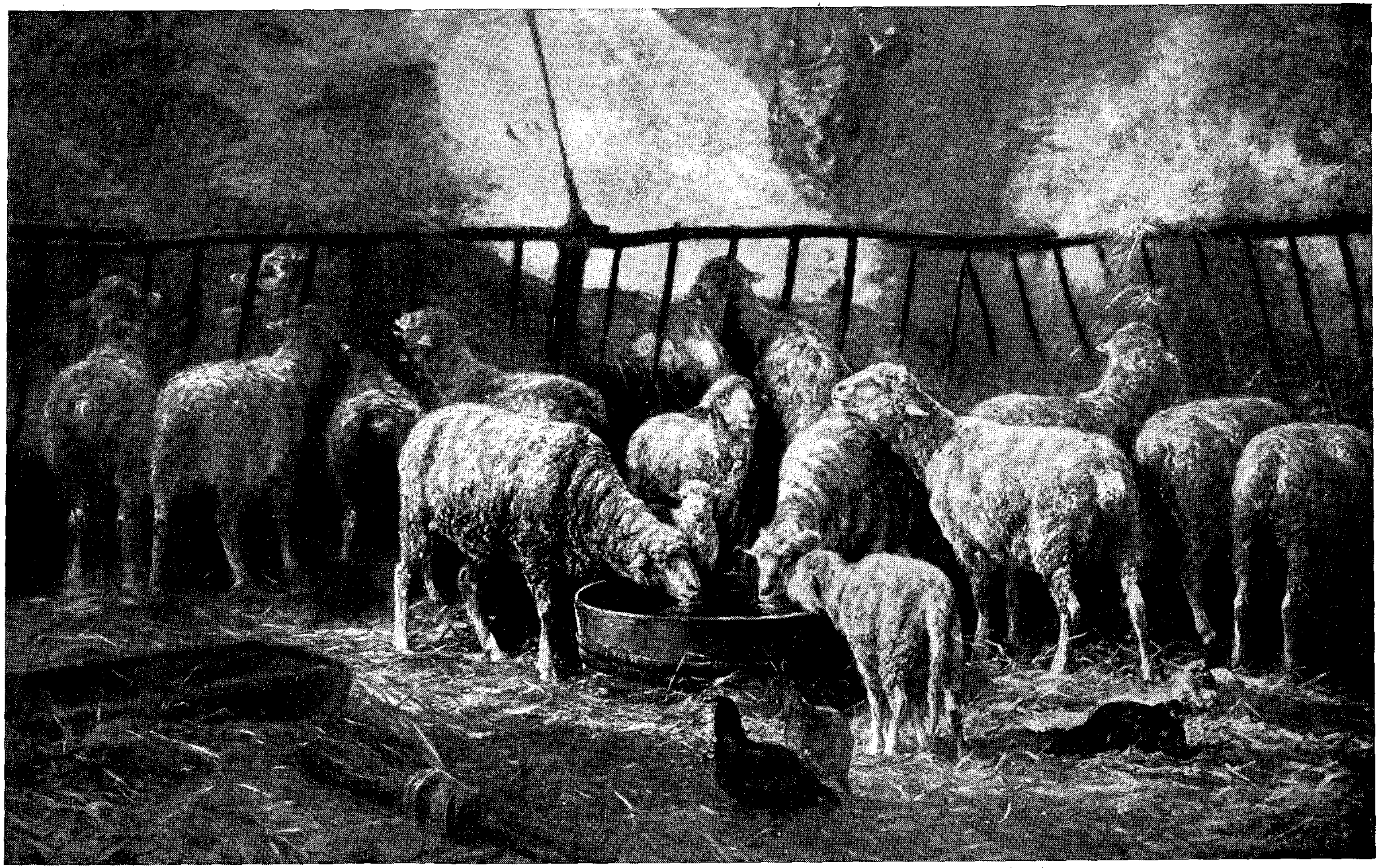
ITALIAN LANDSCAPE. BY JEAN BAPTISTE CAMILLE COROT



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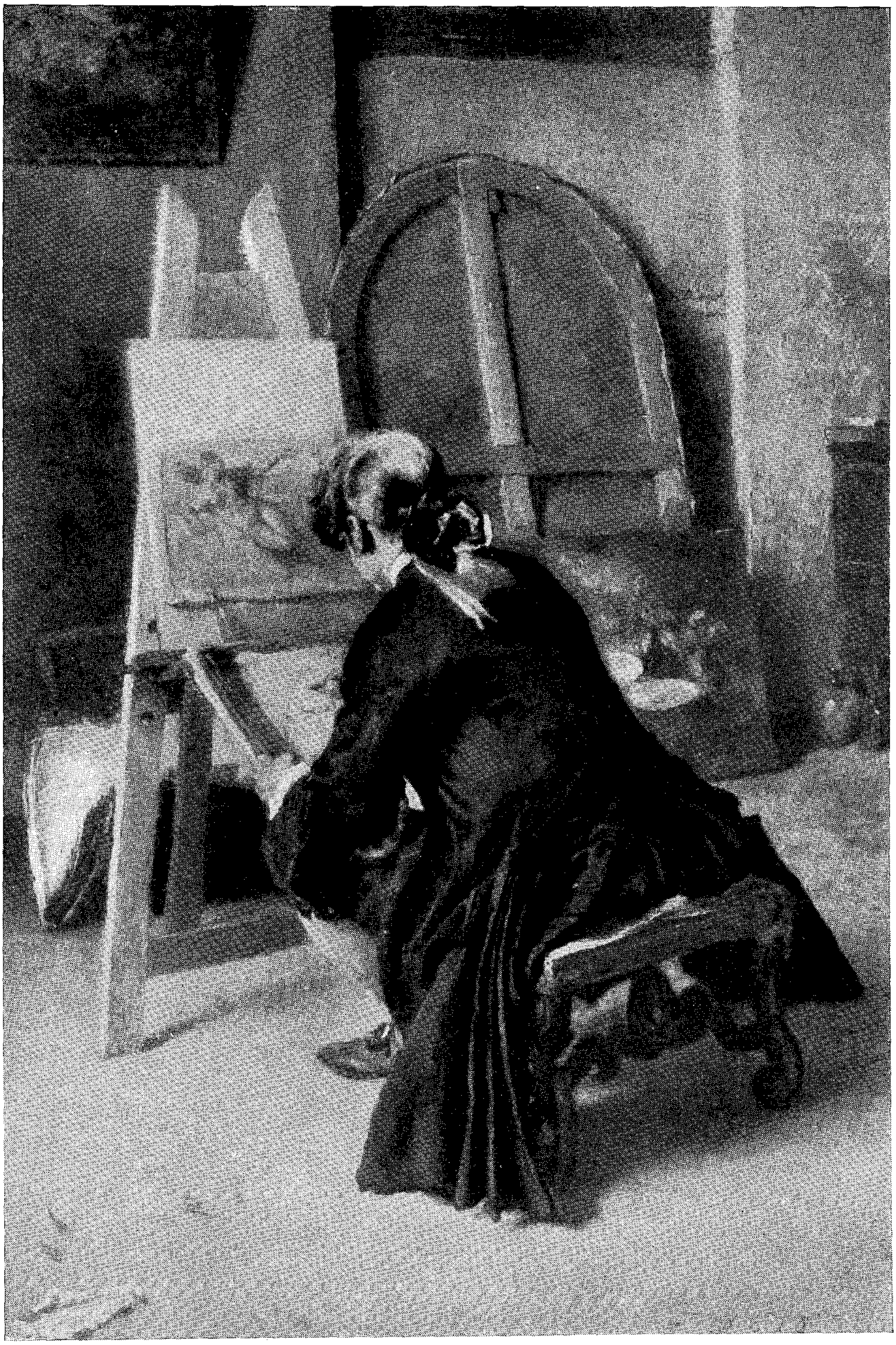
A SHEEPFOLD INTERIOR. BY CHARLES ÉMILE JACQUE



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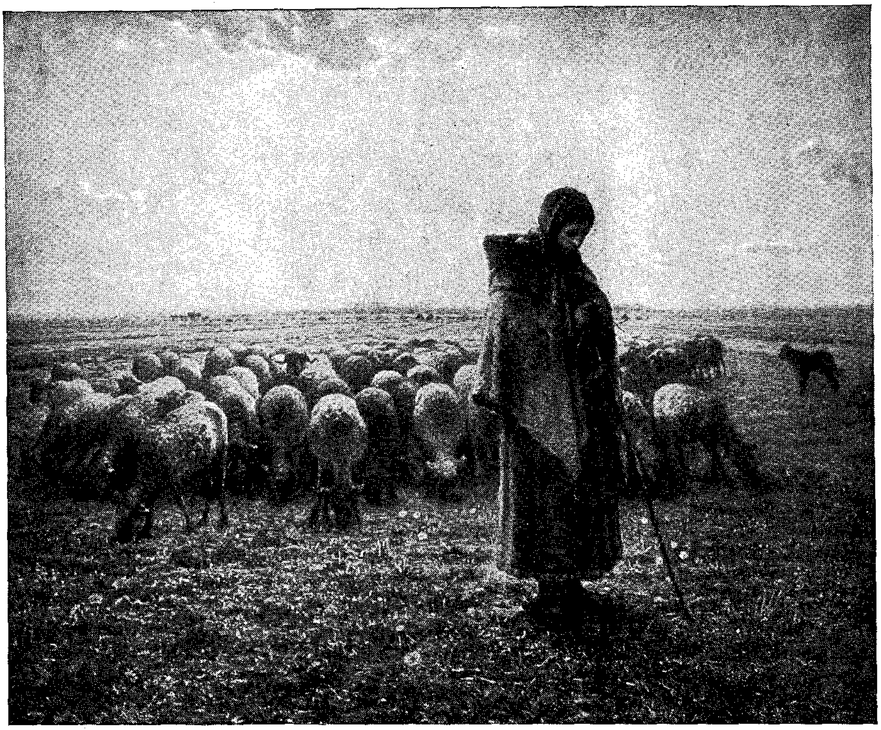
THE ARTIST. BY JEAN LOUIS ERNEST MEISSONIER



THE SPINNER. BY JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET COURTESY OF FRANZ HANFSTAENGL

The Louvre's New Treasures

The Chauchard Collection

By Edward Verrall Lucas

IN writing about Paris a few years ago I complained with some cockney bitterness that she was too rich in *objets d'art.* She had not only the Louvre but the Luxembourg, not only the Cluny but the Carnavalet, and so forth. She is richer now; for now she has the Chauchard pictures. That is to say, to the Louvre have just been added one hundred pictures of inestimable worth, by Millet, Corot, Daubigny, and others of the Barbizon school, together with twenty-six of the finest Meissoniers; so that in this one building you may now visit four distinct sets of Barbizon paintings: (1) those in the Musée proper, acquired from the annual Salons or the artists' studios as they were painted, now hanging in Salle VIII (but a little difficult to appreciate fully, so crowded are they by neighboring works); (2) those contained in the Moreau Collection; (3) those contained in the Thomy-Thierret Collection; and now (4) those bequeathed by M. Chauchard and thrown open to the public in December of last year. The total is some hundreds, and there is hardly a picture among them which, isolated, would not cast its spell.

Some hundreds—perhaps a thousand—in all; while in London, until George Salting died in 1910 and left his pictures to the nation, the National Gallery had no Corot of its own, no Daubigny, no Millet.

To-day it has perhaps a dozen Barbizon pictures all told, not one of which has been acquired by purchase; while in the Wallace Collection at Hertford House are a few more, and a few others in the Ionides Collection at South Kensington. No wonder, then, that one feels a little envious of Paris galleries.

I may say at once that the Chauchard Collection does not compare with the Thomy-Thierret in charm or the Moreau in courage. M. Thomy-Thierret liked his pictures to be small and exquisite and happy. Within the limits imposed, his favorite painters never did anything more delightful or, indeed, better. Corot's "Le Vallon," Rousseau's "Printemps," Troyon's "La Provende des Poules," Millet's "Précaution Maternelle" come to mind as I write, as perfect examples of these masters when painting for the adornment of the walls and the pleasure of the eyes and heart of this friend and patron. The whole collection—and it is beyond price—is homogeneous; it reflects the taste of one man. M. Moreau and his son had a robuster taste, a bolder eye. They wanted strength as well as sweetness, or strength alone. Hence their interest in innovation, and hence the presence of Manet's "Déjeuner sur l'Herbe." The Moreau Collection has not quite the homogeneity of the Thomy-Thierret, but one feels here also that personality has honestly been at work bringing together things of beauty and power that pleased it, and nothing else.

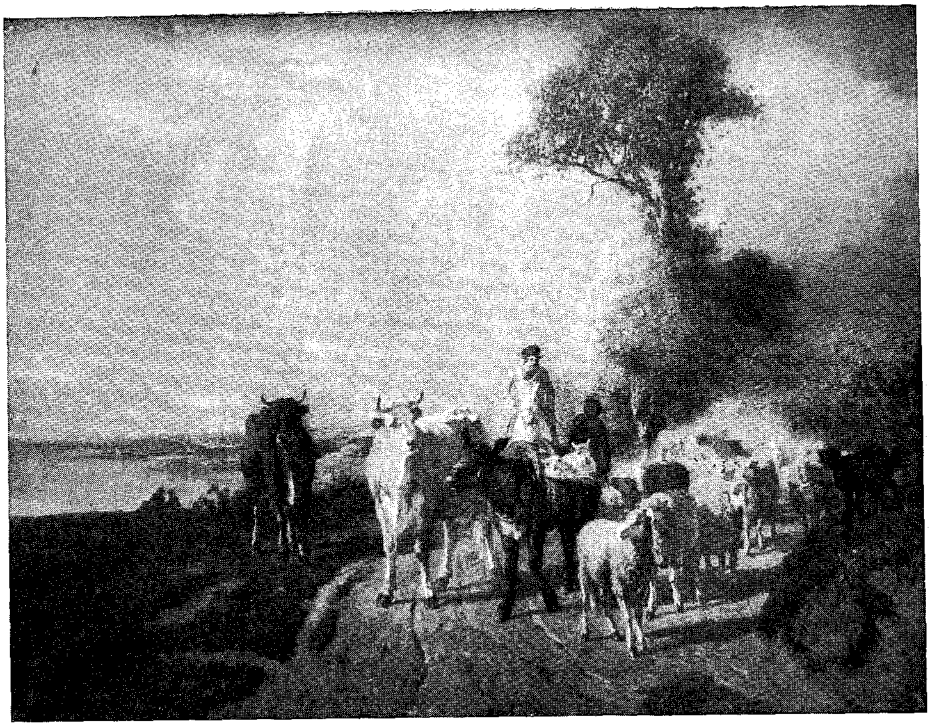
But M. Chauchard— It is perfectly evident in a moment that M. Chauchard had neither knowledge nor taste. He merely had acumen and good fortune. He was not the proprietor of the Magazins du Louvre (which some persons—and Americans among them—deem the true, or indeed only, Louvre) for nothing. At a certain moment in his successful life, one feels, M. Chauchard extended himself before the fireplace, stroked his spreading *favoris* (so like those of our own Whiteley), and announced, "I must have some pictures." Other prosperous men saying the same thing have forthwith taken their courage in their hands and bought pictures. But M. Chauchard, as I see him (both in his dazzling marble bust and in the portrait by Benjamin Constant), was not like that. "I must have some pictures," he announced, and then quickly reverted to type and cast about as to the best means of discovering whose pictures were most worth buying. That is how the Chauchard Collection came about, if I am not mistaken. It was the venture of an essentially commercial man—an investor-in-grain—who also desired a reputation of virtuosity, but did not want to lose money over it.

As it happens, M. Chauchard was well advised. The men most worth buying were Corot and Daubigny, Rousseau and Troyon, Millet and Meissonier, and with these he covered his walls; and now that he is dead, the French nation possesses one hundred and forty new examples of them. But, wonderful as they are, beautiful as they are, valuable as they are, there is not a picture here which suggests to the visitor that it ever brought a real gladness to the eyes of its owner in his own home.

But I can convince you only too easily that M. Chauchard's strong point was not taste. Do you remember when, driving out to Longchamps, through the Bois, either to the races or to Suresnes, just after you pass the Cascade, you come on the left to a windmill overlooking the course, and on the right to a white villa, all alone and unreal? A club-house, one naturally thinks it, for the French Jockey Club, or something of that kind. You may have forgotten the villa, but you will recall it when I say that on the very trim, vivid lawn in front of it, scattered about, supposed to be counterfeiting life, are various animals in stone—a stag, a doe, some dogs—all white and motionless, in the best mortuary manner, and all, to you and me, outrageous. Well, that was one of M. Chauchard's homes. M. Chauchard was the owner of that lawn and its occupants. The man who, looking out of the window, could feast his eye on these triumphs of the monumental mason was the same man who bought for his walls sheep by Jacque and Millet, and cattle and dogs by Troyon.

No matter. M. Chauchard acquired pictures and left them to the French nation, and they are now on view forever (always excepting the fatal French Mondays) for all of us to rejoice in.

It was at first stated, I remember, that



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RETURNING FROM THE MARKET. BY CONSTANT TROYON

a new building was to be provided for the Chauchard Collection; but I am glad to say that a place has been found in the main gallery. The five Chauchard rooms lead out of the Rubens Salon, and are thus the last of all on the first floor; which means that, in order to reach them, you have to walk the whole length of the picture galleries. There are several devices for inducing unwilling walkers to walk, of which golf is the most popular; but the Chauchard Collection strikes me as the most admirable, for you not only have to walk an incredible distance, but every inch of the way is amid masterpieces. You begin with the Luinis; then cross the Salle Carré, with a glance at "Balthazar Castiglione" and "Mona Lisa" on the right, and "Saint Anne" on the left; then you enter the longest gallery of all, at first among the Italians—more of Leonardo, and then Perugino and Raphael, Titian and Tintoretto—then Velasquez and Murillo on the left, Constable and Bonington on the right; and so past the Germans and Flemings, to Rembrandt's own room. Then the Salle van Dyck, and then (unless you yield to the temptation to diverge into the Dutch cabinets) the gorgeous Salle Rubens, and at last, with your eyes filled with gilt of the decoration and the ripe and ruddy contours of Peter Paul's exuberant brush, you pass into the quiet stillness of Barbizon. At last you are amid the Chauchard treasures, having walked not only some furlongs but clean from the fifteenth century to the nineteenth.

The first picture of all is a Diaz, quite typical; and it may be said at once of the Chauchard pictures that they are all typical. I have seen here and there better Corots, better Daubignys, better Rousseaus, better Troyons; but the Chauchards are unmistakable and true to type. Probably their purchaser insisted upon that. The Diaz is entitled "La Forêt de Fontainebleau"—the forest which he made his own and which made him his own. There, at Barbizon, he lived; he had but to open the garden gate to be among the trees and rocks that he never tired of painting. This first picture is pure Diaz—greenery, silver birches, and light. The next is a little Rousseau, "La Mare," small enough for M. Thomy-

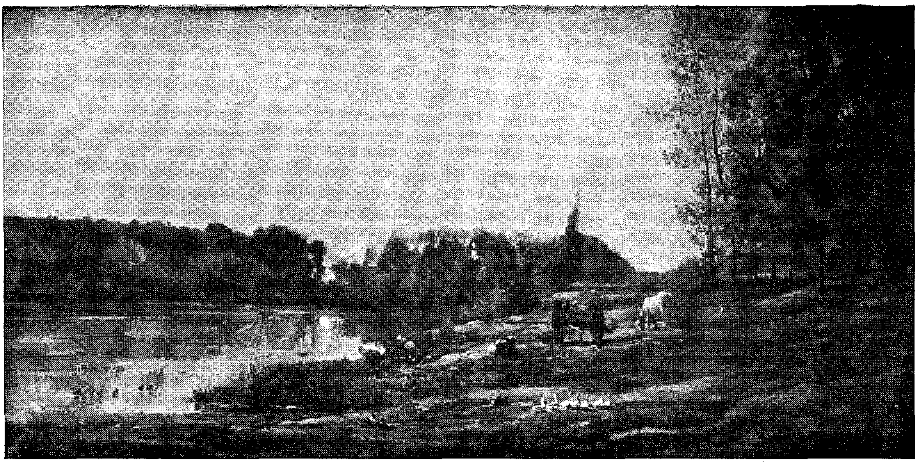
Thierret, and sweet enough, too, with its peaceful evening glow. Then two more Diazes, and we are fairly started: one, "La Route," a peasant girl with a white cap and a red scarf winding through the trees, and one, "Les Hauteurs du Jean de Paris" (also in the *forêt*), a lonely and threatening waste of sand and rock and autumn leaves beneath a thundercloud.

I am not going to pass the whole collection under review like this. Having thus struck the tuning-fork, so to speak, I will merely endeavor to complete the harmony, selecting only what to me (in the midst of a surging French crowd which never decreased day after day) seemed the best. A Dupré comes next, "Le Berger," a rich scene of sheep and sunset, more than a little suggestive of Diaz; and then the first of the six-and-twenty Corots—"Danse des Bergères," painted in 1871 (he died in 1875), very light and sweet and characteristic; and next it an ambitious but not quite satisfying Decamps, "Le Christ au Prétoire," a *tour de force* rather than a great religious picture, but very interesting. And so the way is open to the first really compellingly beautiful work, the first picture to touch the emotions—Rousseau's "La Charrette." It was painted in 1862, five years before the painter's death, which left the villagers of Barbizon the richer by a studio-chapel. It is a mere trifle, and it is as wonderful as a summer day: a forest glade, in the midst of which a tiny wagon and white horse with light-blue trappings are seen beneath a sky of intense heat—such a picture as ought to have a wall, if not a room, to itself—such a picture as I should like to see placed above an altar. It is the same subject—a forest wagon—that provided what, in some ways, is the best, or most attractive, Corot here. His "La Charrette" is a large, easy landscape lit by the gracious light of which he alone had the secret. In the foreground is a deep sandy road with the wagon laboring through it. But before we came to this we had stood before one of the finest of the seven Daubignys, "La Seine à Bezons," a river scene of almost terrible calm, with Mont Valérien in the distance and geese and boats on the near shore, and implicit in it the sincerity, strength, and humility of this great man. Perhaps the next most striking picture is the "Chasse au Tigre" of Delacroix, an immensely rich and vivid picture, but hardly in keeping with the room—any more than the gay and pageantish Isabeys are, or the glorious Venetian visions of Félix Ziem (the only pictures in the Louvre by an artist still living)—neighbored as it is by green and misty Corots and a tender Dupré.

We now reach the end of the room, the narrow wall facing the entrance, where hang two large and busy Troyons, one on each side of M. Chauchard himself, the donor of the feast, whose bust, in the whitest Carrara, with the whiskers in full fig, and the *croix de grand officier du Légion d'Honneur* meticulously carved upon it, stands here, as stipulated in the will. These two Troyons, of which there are eighteen in all, are, I think, the largest. One represents cows sauntering lazily down to drink; the other, the return from the market of a mixed herd of cattle and sheep, with a donkey in panniers, all being urged on by a man on a white horse. As was his wont, Troyon chose a road on the edge of a cliff with a very green border of turf and an exquisite glimpse of sea to the left. None of the new Troyons, perhaps, is as fine as those in Salle VIII of the Louvre collection proper, but this is a superb thing. The "Bœufs allant au Labour" and the "Le Retour à la Ferme" in Salle VIII should be visited after the Chauchards.

And so we leave the first and largest room, in the midst of which are two cases of Barye's bronzes—lions and tigers, bears and deer, snakes and birds—and enter the first room on the left as we came in; and here we begin to see for the first time pictures with special knots of people before them. The last room was crowded enough, and indeed Paris has perhaps never so swarmed to a collection as to this, for M. Chauchard had enough notoriety to allure others than the genuine art lovers, but now that we are drawing near to the real attractions of the exhibition—to the Meissoniers and the Millets—the congestion is becoming intense.

Immediately on the left we find the first Jacque—that patient delineator of sheep, who, in London at any rate, has



COURTESY OF BRAUN & COMPANY

THE WASHERWOMEN. BY CHARLES FRANÇOIS DAUBIGNY

latterly been rated at Christie's high above Troyon. M. Chauchard had only three, and all are beautiful. And then the Meissoniers begin; and what am I to say? For Meissonier leaves me cold. He is marvelous; but he leaves me cold. He painted with a fidelity and spirit that border on the magical; but those qualities that I want in a picture, those callings of deep to deep—these one seeks in vain. Hence I say nothing of Meissonier here, except that he was a master, that there are twenty-six of his masterpieces, and that the crowd opposite his "1814" extends to the opposite wall. How can one spend time over "Le Cheval de l'Ordonnance" and the "Petit Poste de Grand' Garde," when Daubigny's "Les Laveuses (effet de soleil couchant)" hangs so near—this great placid green picture, so profoundly true as to be almost an act of God? Corot's "Étang de Ville d'Avray" is here too, liquid and tender; and on the farther left-hand wall are two more Corots, one with one of his water-mills in it, and a Troyon, "Le Pâturage à la Gardeuse d'Oies," that recalls the "Provende des Poules" upstairs, in the Thomy-Thierret Collection, which we must certainly climb to after we have left M. Chauchard, no matter how many steps and how many miles of marine exhibits we have to traverse. I knew it all the time, but this Troyon settles it.

Returning to the right-hand wall as we entered the room, we find Isabey's "L'Emprisonnement," two good Diazes, a superb Ziem, "Barque à Venise," and a meretricious but intensely popular work by Henner which has no right here whatever: "La Liseuse," that glimmering naked girl lying prone over a book who found her way into all the print shops some few years ago—either she or one of the replicas or approximations which this artist existed to produce.

The little room that leads out of this one is almost unenterable by reason of the press before Meissonier's "1814." This undoubtedly is one of the little great pictures of the world, and I can understand the enthusiasm of the French sightseer whose blood is still stirable by the enduring personality of the saturnine man on the white horse. Neighboring pictures are a rich cattle piece by Diaz, immediately over "1814;" Rousseau's "La Mare," which is not a little like the Koninck in the Ionides Collection at South Kensington; and the same painter's "La Mare au Pied du Coteau," with its lovely middle distance. Here, too, is one of Corot's many *pêcheurs*, who little knew as they fished on so quietly in the still gentle light that they were being rendered immortal by the quaint little *bourgeois* with the long pipe sketching on the bank. One of the finest of the Duprés is also here—"La Vanne," a deep-green scene of water.

We now turn to the other little room, which contains one of Corot's fascinating bridges, "Le Pont de Palleul," the second of Troyon's "Garde-chasse et Chiens;" Diaz's "Lisière de Forêt," very typical;

and, lastly, M. Chauchard himself once more, this time in the sumptuous pigment of Benjamin Constant. In the passage is one of Corot's loveliest Italian landscapes, "Les Chevriers des Iles Borroméo," and then we enter the last room and come at last to that painter whose work, next perhaps to Meissonier's, is the magnet which draws such a steady stream of worshipers to this new shrine of art—to Jean François Millet. M. Chauchard had eight Millets, including "L'Angelus," but, though it is the "Angelus" which is considered by the French illustrated papers to be the very core of this collection, I find more pleasure in "La Bergère Gardant ses Moutons," which I would call, I think, the best picture of all. The first Millet—and all are in this room—that we come to is the "Parc à Moutons," next Meissonier's famous and much-engraved "Amateur de Peintures." Then Corot's "Les Saules" with its pollarded willows, and another of his "Danses des Nymphes," of which he painted—how many? And in the middle of this, the right-hand wall, are those two peasants whose bent heads, as the call of the evening bell reaches them, are familiar almost throughout the world. No reproduction, however, can convey the glory of the fading light or the richness of Millet's coloring.

But, as I have said, it is the chief picture on the next wall—"La Bergère Gardant ses Moutons"—which to me is the most beautiful of M. Chauchard's many possessions. That is the masterpiece of the collection. It has been remarked that no picture containing sheep can ever be a bad picture; but when Millet paints them, and when they are grazing beneath such a sky, and when one of those grave, sweet peasant women—a monument of patient acceptance and the humility that comes from the soil—is their shepherdess, why, then, it is almost too much; and the brave ardent Jacque, whose "Moutons au Pâturage" hangs close by, is half suspected of theatricalism. Millet is so great, so full of large elemental simplicity and truth, that one regrets that his eight pictures have not a room to themselves. That they should be elbowed by the neat dancing-master *chefs d'œuvre* of Meissonier is something of a catastrophe.

To the last Millet on this wall, the little charming "Tricoteuse" knitting away on a bank, we come by way of one of the loveliest of the Rousseaus, "La Passerelle," and Corot's "La Route." The "Tricoteuse" might be described as a Thomy-Thierret Millet, both in size and subject. It is wholly a delight, and the child has in perfection the countenance which the painter may be said to have created—the eyes set wide below the candid forehead, and the smooth, rounded, resolute features, so soon, one feels, to be marked by that hopelessness, or, at any rate, unexpectancy of anything better ever happening, which every Millet peasant betrays. The other Millets are the very delightful "Fileuse," the "Petite Bergère," "Le Parc à Moutons" (under the moon, an unforgettably beautiful effect), "Le Vanneur," and "La Femme au Puits," who fills her water-pots in the courtyard of the farm-house where the artist was born in 1814. And so we come to the end.

Before leaving the Museum, however, two further pilgrimages are necessary—one, as I have said so often—to the Thomy-Thierret Collection, at the top of the building, and one to Salle VIII, which is more easily reached, since it leads out of the long gallery along which we are bound to travel. The Thomy-Thierret rooms are Barbizon, and almost nothing else; but in Salle VIII you have to search for the great *pleinairistes* amid a wilderness of other work. But there they are for those that seek—the vast Troyons of which I have already spoken; Corot's magic "Souvenir de Castel-Gondolfo;" a great Daubigny, "Les Vendances de Bourgogne," very hard and fine, and the same gigantic painter's large and lovely harvest scene, "Le Moisson;" Rousseau's "Sortie de Fôret," not unlike the Rousseau in the Wallace Collection in London, with its natural archway of branches and rich tenderness of color; the sublime "La Vague" of Courbet, an artist whom M. Chauchard was evidently not advised to buy; and, lastly, Millet's "Les Glaneurs"—the three stooping women in the corn-field who come to the inward eye almost as readily as the figures in the "Angelus," but also need the calm, soothing power of the great colorist. The red, blue, and yellow of their head kerchiefs alone would make this picture worth a millionaire's ransom.

Thinking over the Chauchard Collection since I saw it—I write some three weeks after—I have very strongly the feeling already expressed that it was wrongly assembled. The investor, rather than the enthusiast, is too apparent. M. Chauchard, it is true, refrained from making money by his acquisitions, since he gave them to the nation, and this is eternally to his credit; none the less, I find it difficult to esteem him as perhaps one should even in the light of a generous testator. One so wants pictures to be loved. And of all pictures that are lovable and that exist to pass into their owner's being—to engentle his eyes and enrich his experience and deepen his nature—none equal those that were painted by the little group of friends who in the middle of the last century made the white-walled village of Barbizon their headquarters, and the Forest of Fontainebleau their happy hunting-ground, and a Wordsworthian passion for nature their creed.

Such pictures deserve the most faithful owners and the most thoughtful hospitality. But if we cannot get all as we wish it, at least we must be grateful for the next best thing, and to M. Chauchard and the Louvre authorities I am supremely grateful.

An Appreciation of Valiant Trees

By Maud Going

NOWADAYS, when the Pierian spring of science has so overflowed its banks that even yellow journalists dabble in its muddy shallows, we hear strange tales of "sensor" and "motor" nerves.

The hapless grasshopper, impaled alive as bait, vents his emotions in frenzied kicks, and seems to have the delusion of pain.

But "Oh," says the fisherman, calmly contemplating the athletics of his victim, "all his nerves are motor nerves; that is only reflex action."

The grasshopper and his sympathizers, it seems, are alike in error. He is not really hurt. With no sensor nerves worth speaking of, how can he be?

We think of the jellyfishes, with no nerves at all, sensor or motor, yet all alive to the nethermost tip of every streamer, pulsing rhythmically out to sea. How well they seem to know it when you make too free with them! How thoroughly they can convince you that they know it!

Ninety-eight per cent water, and with no nerves, they travel, seek for food, and repel advances. They are living arguments for Lamarck's theory that sensation precedes nerve tissue, and that life is to the sense organ even as is the workman to the tool he handles.

If this be true—and the newest science shows symptoms of reacting towards this view of Nature—may there not be even in plants some dim beginnings of consciousness?

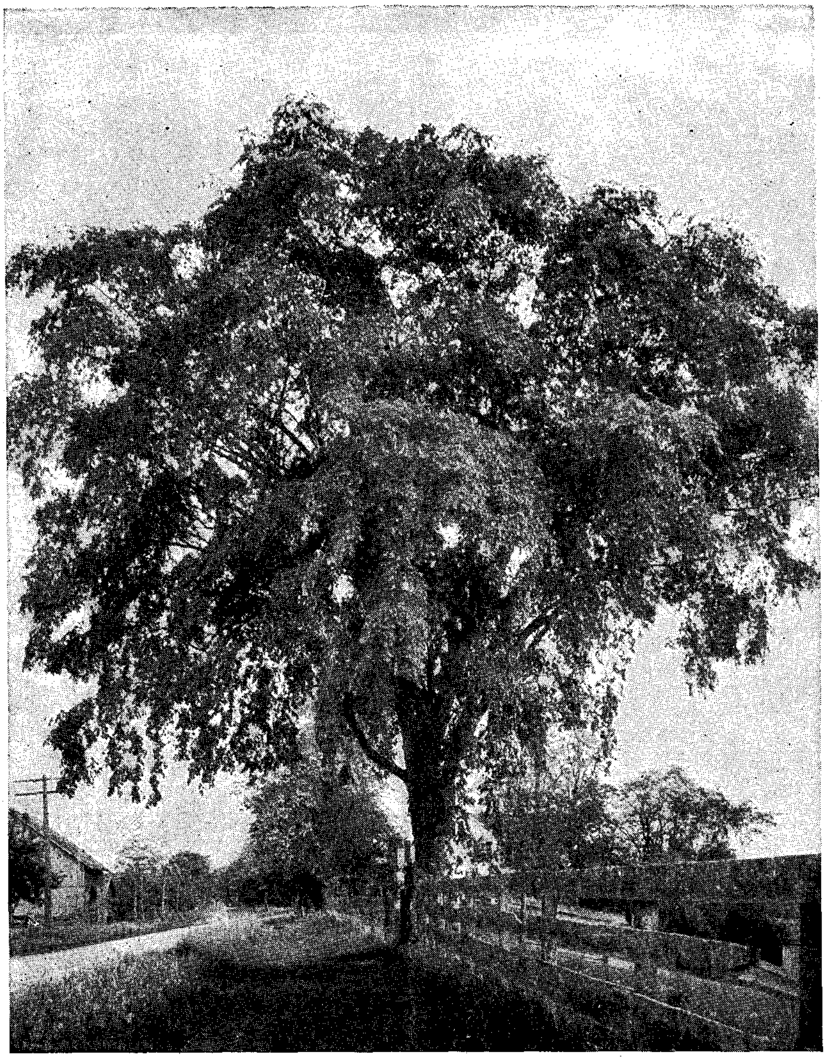
"Flowers," says Longfellow, "teach us by most persuasive reasons how akin they are to human things." Much more do trees, which live on, like men, through the changing seasons and the passing years.

In the folk-lore of our fathers are many tales of trees which cried out when the ax was laid at their roots and whose cut boughs dropped blood. Long, long ago, in the days of the great god Pan, each tree was inhabited by a beautiful creature, like a woman, but without a soul—the dryad of the trees. When the dryad's tree dropped, she languished; when it aged, her strength and beauty faded; and when it died, she perished forever. We know better nowadays. No hoof-print in loamy

THE POPLARS, PROSPEROUS AND TRANQUIL

soil suggests the great god Pan to any shepherd, and no seer finds any " wayside bush afire with God." But even now the customs of planting class and memorial trees survive, and are probably remnants of the tree worship of our ancestors. So, perhaps, are the feelings of veneration which cause successive generations to preserve the lives of well-beloved old trees, such as the shire oaks of Old England and New England's patriarch elms.

Personally, we confess to greater interest in the forest giants which have taken care of themselves. Each of these is a hero of twenty duels and of a continuous free-for-all fight. It has vanquished a series of rivals in a long struggle for earth, air, and water; and it has survived frosts, gales, and plagues of insects which have cost the lives of many tree neighbors. Perhaps it has come through great tribulations maimed and broken, knotted and gnarled, but still responsive to the sunshine and the spring.



THE GIANT ELMS WHICH ARE THE GLORY OF NEW ENGLAND

We know, for instance, a valiant elm which grew close to a burning house. Fire charred off most of its bark, and left all the limbs on one side blackened and dead. Then bluebirds called, the woods awakened, and every tree adorned itself for the wedding of earth and sun.

The maimed elm rose to the occasion. It did its poor best and used all its resources.

Along the trunk, on the side that had been farthest from the fire, young withes sprang out. They grew from latent buds which had been formed in long-ago springs, and, sleeping under the bark, awaited an emergency call like this. And so, recent and ruinous misfortune did not keep this elm aloof from the spring gladness of the woods.

Spring, too, puts enthusiasm into the willows which seem to have weathered such hard winters—and so many of them. There is a touch of the ridiculous in the rejuvenation of these uncouth antiques.

Their knotty and gnarly bodies, with the tender withes about them, make one think of a very old bathing-woman or fishwife fantastically gay in the finery of a society bud.

Some of the trunks, putting forth a luxuriant growth of leafy wands, are mere shells. Decay, beginning perhaps at the raw surface left by a broken limb, has eaten in till the tree-trunk is little more than a hollow column.

In such shelters the white-bellied swallows make their homes. We are warned away from the swallow's tree in nesting time by the downward rush of the excited birds, with backs blue-green like summer seas and breasts as white as foam. But if we defy the scolding of these proprietors and listen with ear against the bark, we can hear the tender twitter of nestlings within. They are living in the bottom of a dark tube, but few birds will be stronger and swifter of wing than they. The wide heavens are their heritage. Yet they know to-day nothing of sun or stars; nothing of cloud, field, or sea. They are little spirits in prison till they learn to use their wings.

Buds which develop on maimed trees are fed during their first growth by nourishment stored in the wood itself.

A thin morsel of wood, stained with iodine and placed under the lenses of a microscope, is seen to be made of cells like those of a honeycomb. Inside each cell is a great number of bluish-black specks. These are starch-grains, and besides all this starch the wood contains gum.

Nourished on this food, buds can develop even on boughs which have been severed from the tree. So we see green sprouts on floating timber and on fence posts, and we have known a rustic table to burgeon inconveniently forth with long, vigorous sprays.

Such sprays live only so long as the store of food in the wood-cells lasts. As soon as this is exhausted they wither away, because they have no root.

Every tree-grower, even one who is coaxing a single consumptive shoot in a city yard, has wondered at the perversity of trees. Why do they "up and die" when cash, time, muscle, and science are combined in the effort to make them live? And why do they live where, if one could wager on any action of a tree, thousands might be staked upon their sure death?

Spruces especially baffle all reasonable expectations, and nothing is certain regarding them except—uncertainty. One of the marvels of the Au Sable Chasm is the growth of large spruces supported on the gatherings of roots thrust into cracks where one cannot insert the blade of a penknife. We know a blow-down spruce, prostrated by a long-ago gale, which has right-angled its whole scheme of living. Lying flat upon the earth, it welcomes each spring with an outgrowth of feathery buds, and it ripens cones every autumn. But raised in one's front yard and fed, so to say, on the fat of the land, a spruce languishes and demands as much humoring as a prima-donna.

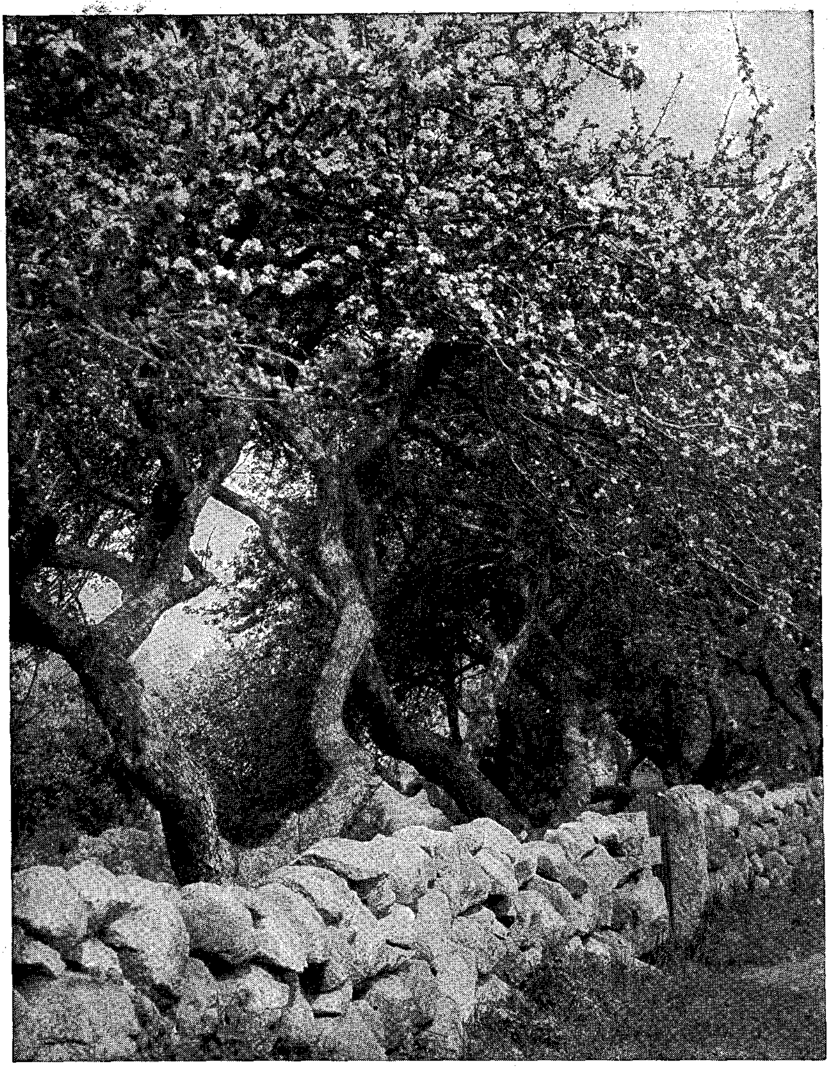
The dogged perseverance of some trees exceeds that of Robert Bruce's spider. In pasture lands are grotesque haws, bitten back year after year by browsing cattle or sheep, and raising their heads again year after year undaunted.

Darwin found a community of Scotch firs making a like valiant struggle in the very teeth of misfortune.

"In one square yard," says Darwin, "I counted thirty-two little trees, and one of them, with twenty-six rings of growth, had, during many years, tried to raise its head above the stems of the heath, and had failed."

Comfortable philosophers, with well-filled purses, one suspects, tell us that keen competition among mankind develops qualities which we think worth a high price when our neighbor has to pay. But the analogy of the woods does not justify this theory.

Where conditions of living are hard, where soil is poor, or where for any reason the struggle for existence is strenuous and unceasing, we find the tree children of adversity fallen far below the ideal of their type. Deserted trees growing in abandoned plantations or forsaken gardens soon lose their symmetry. Neglected orange trees in the abandoned groves of Florida become thorny, and bear small and bitter fruits. These trees were once digged about and fed with fertilizers purchased by a hopeful grower.

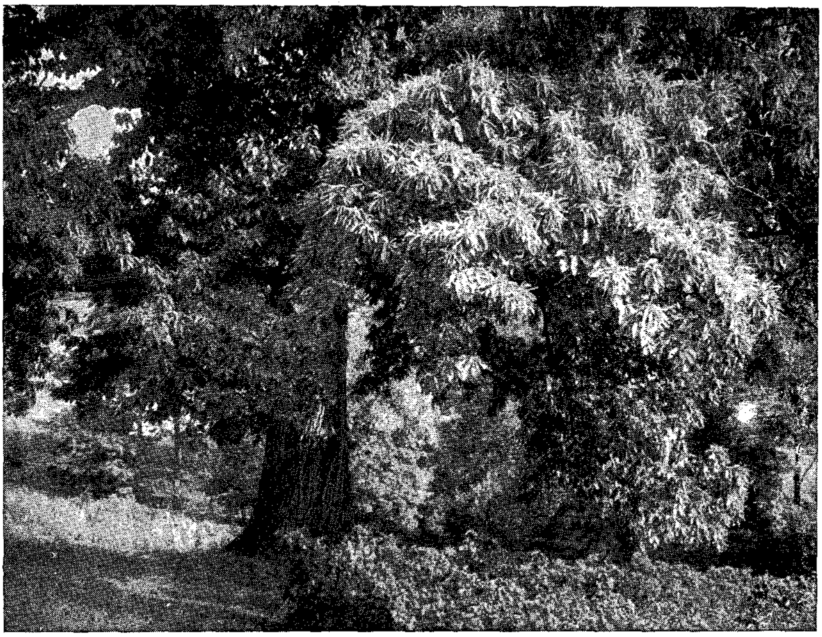


APPLE TREES WITH THEIR CONTORTED BRANCHES

Since he has gone North, discouraged, there is no one to supplement the root's starveling diet of sand, and the neglected trees approach the condition of the thorny shrubs of the desert.

Apple trees, when abandoned, degenerate in like manner. In upper New York, beside snorting drills and towering derricks one can see here and there lonely survivors of vanished orchards. They "have not been pruned nor digged." At first their contorted branches turned new-found liberty into license. Then came the evil days, the droughts, the late frosts, the insect destroyers, and there was no friendly gardener to save. Some forsaken trees left alone in uptown building lots seem to reach out gaunt arms in mute appeal for help; some bristle defiance against a hostile world.

There is little beauty in the attenuated growth of very dense woods where trees fight for light and air; and the trees of high mountains, fighting the cold at



THE MAJESTIC CHESTNUTS, WITH THEIR LUSTROUS LEAVES

the timber line, are just as far short of æsthetic perfection.

On Mount Washington spruces, mingled with dwarf birches, gradually degenerate till they become little gnarled bushes, so closely matted together that it is almost impossible to penetrate among them, except where paths have been cut. Finally they lie flat on the ground, so stunted that the reindeer moss may be seen overtopping them.

"The bush form," says Ruskin, "is essentially one taken by vegetation in some kind of distress—scorched by heat, discouraged by darkness, smitten by fierce winds, parched by thirst or bitten by frost. It is the form in which isolated knots of earnest plant life stay the flux of fiery sands, bind the rents of tottering crags, purge the stagnant air of cave and chasm, or fringe, with sudden hues of unhoped-for spring, the arctic edges of retreating desolation."

On the other hand, the majestic chestnuts, with their lustrous leaves, and the grand willows which make the borders of the rivers glad, "are expressions of vegetable power in its accomplished felicities." In green pastures and by still waters we find the stately poplars and the giant elms which are the glory of New England.

And yet one feels interested in the valiant stunts and starvelings as in some brave human soul meeting misfortune with courage and with cheer.

"I thought," says the crippled child in Mrs. Ewing's exquisite "Story of a Short Life," "that perhaps there are lots of brave afflicted people—poor things. And then I thought of a book—a collection, you know. And I thought perhaps by degrees I might collect three hundred and sixty-five poor things—all brave. So, if you can think of anybody, you must tell me, and if I think they're brave enough and afflicted enough, I'll put them in."

In Hugh Price Hughes's work among the poor of East London this little incident has been taken as a suggestion. In this settlement, as in others, the workers find that much pleasure and benefit come from organizing people into clubs, and the most unique and interesting of these clubs is one called "The Poor Brave Things."

All the members of this pathetic company are cripples. Some of them were born misshapen, and some have had

THE BOAT-BUILDER SEEKS OUT THEIR HARD AND CROOKED TIMBER

cripplehood thrust upon them by a painful accident. Their bond of unity is their weakness and their deformity. Their common effort is to be cheerful and, as far as their deformity permits it, helpful. And who knows how ill some of them could be spared from their homes or their communities! Looking at the half-human struggle for life made by trees living in adverse conditions, trees blighted by fire and frost, by drought and insects, and trees in the very grip of death, one is reminded of the "poor brave things" making the best of life lived in a deformed body and amid the penury and squalor of East London. And, seeing maimed stumps budding forth at the call of the bluebird, we think of men and women shot through and through by the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," who keep, nevertheless, their love for laughter, flowers, and little children, and their serene faith in the goodness of God.

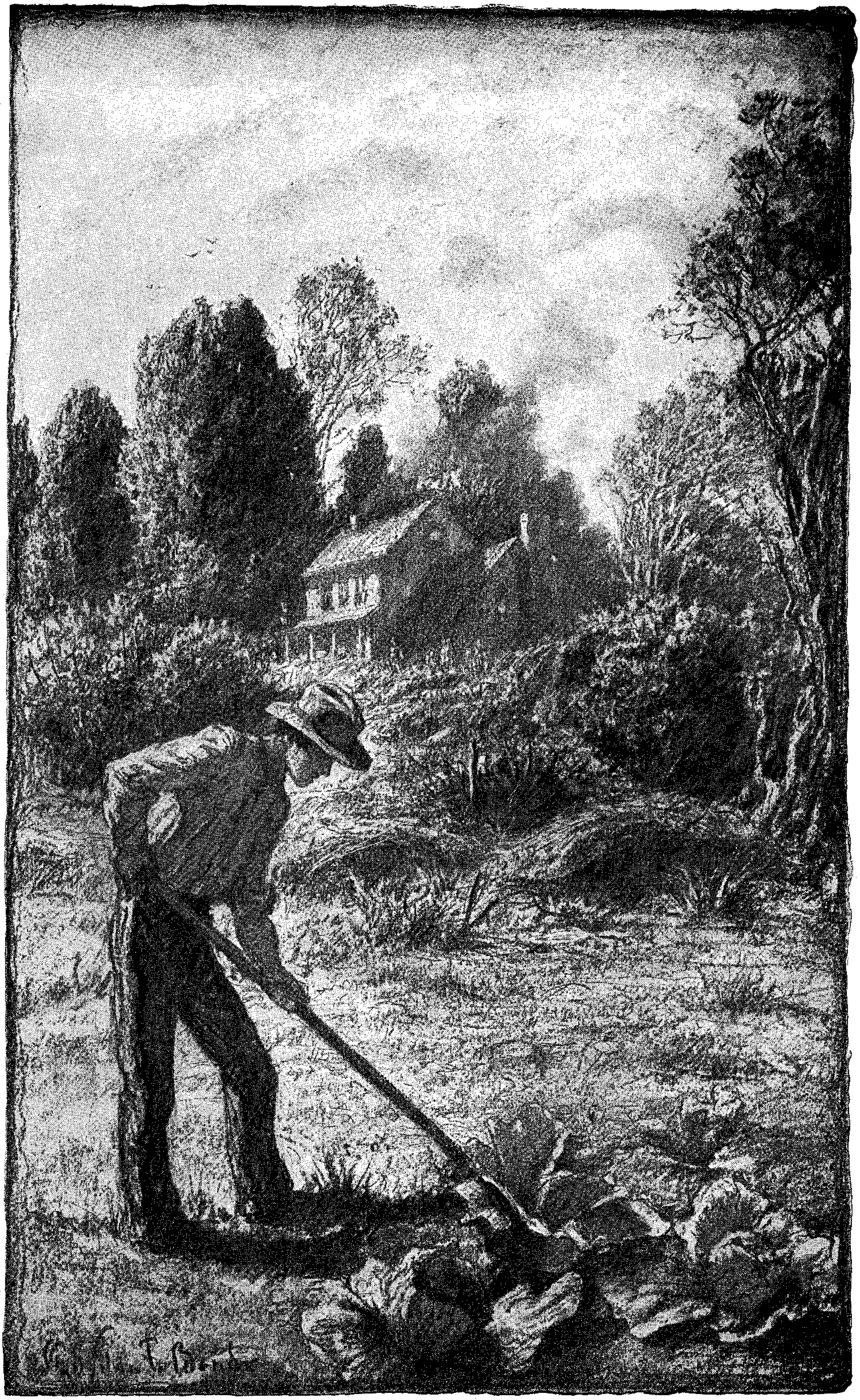
Moreover, the unfortunate trees have their uses.

The boat-builder seeks out their hard and crooked timber. The wood-worker, who goes to the heart of things, finds in the humps of distorted trees "burls," all lovely sinuous lines and richly contrasting tints.

A multitude of wild creatures, like the tree-swallow, use the hollow trunks as nesting-places where they may lay their young.

The coast-cedars, blighted into grotesque forms, shelter sea gardens from ocean gales. And the twisted dwarfs that crouch and cower high on the mountain sides are doing most important work in the world. Their roots bind down the earth and boulders of the uppermost steep slopes, and their branches make life possible for the reindeer moss which soaks up the mountain rains. Hence water seeps and percolates gently into river head and spring, instead of tearing down the slopes, bringing destruction to the lowlands.

Aristocratic elms and poplars, living in luxury beside still waters, owe their prosperity and tranquillity to the stunted spruces high up on the steep and misty slopes. The proletariat of the trees fighting their battle on the heights win peace for the valleys—and so our interest in the "poor brave things" is not without its justification, after all.



"I HAD THE CHANCE TO WORK THE WHOLE DAY IN THE OPEN SUNSHINE"

Through the Mill

By Al Priddy

With Drawings by Wladyslaw T. Benda

CHAPTER X

A YEAR was a long time for Uncle Stanwood to live in one house. We were constantly on the move. The main difficulty lay in my aunt's violent treatment of the neighbors she did not like. About my fifteenth birthday we found a home near the most disreputable tenements of the south end. These tenements faced a forlorn, grassless park, and in the rear were marshes, dumps, and chicken yards. The tenements themselves were painted a dull drab, and the sun burned the paint into blisters, which peeled and left the houses looking as if they had suffered from smallpox. Neither shade tree nor porch could be found. The yards, back and front, were made from mill cinders, and not a wisp of grass could be found attempting to grow. The back yards were crisscrossed with clothes-lines strung from short stumps. Near the outhouses were heaps of tin cans and past-tense vegetables.

The park would have been beautiful if the tenements had allowed, but the policemen were kept busy carrying settees from the gutter back to the shady spots from which the ambitious youths had torn them, and in righting those which had been overturned out of sheer mischief. One day the councilman for that ward succeeded in getting an appropriation for a bronze drinking-fountain to be erected on the corner opposite the police station and directly on the main street. In due time the pretty fountain was established, and the tenements had delightful anticipations of cooling draughts of water on July nights. But, lo! no sooner was the bowl in place and the water turned on than the tenement children came to bathe their feet and wash their faces in it. It was soon after taken down by the authorities.

Directly opposite this park my uncle opened his little shop and sold confectionery and pork pies. I was brought into the heart of a new "gang;" this one was noted throughout the city for its criminal operations. My new companions were mostly Irish and were still wearing "knee-pants." They visited the wharves and stripped sheets of old copper from abandoned whale-ships. They visited houses in the process of construction and cut out new lead pipe from sinks and drains. They tore lead from eaves, and appropriated copper wire from the electric company. One of the boys, Taddy, stole from his own grandmother, and was sent to the reformatory. Nearly every one of the gang had been caught by the police.

Their viciousness repelled me, and I did not stay with them long. When Hern, a young Irishman, was sent to the lunatic asylum from excessive cigarette-smoking, I bade farewell to the crowd and spent my nights in roaming the city alone.

But Uncle Stanwood did not keep his business long. The profits meant an increase of beer. He sold out, and moved to a tenement at the lower end of the city, and I found myself once more in the bosom of the "Point Roaders."

It was at this time that the "Deaf-and-Dumb Woman" made an acquaintanceship with Aunt Millie. This woman, born in Scotland, was the wife of a day watchman. He was a man of the highest integrity and honor, but his wife went among the women "for evil and not for good." The sum and substance of her influence was to get women to buy and drink whisky. If every page of these recollections bears some allusion to intoxicants, it is unavoidable, for every hardship—my labor in the mill, lack of education, vicious home influences—all were rooted and nourished in intemperance.

The Deaf-and-Dumb Woman came first on a day when I chanced to be at home. She brought a flask of whisky, and invited Aunt Millie to share it with her. Soon the flask was empty. The Deaf-and-Dumb Woman never seemed to be affected by the taste of intoxicants, but her victims were always at her mercy. While in her drunken stupor that day

Aunt Millie parted with money and provisions, and I saw the Deaf-and-Dumb Woman go silently away with a basket of provisions and money enough for a few drinks in the corner saloon.

The acquaintanceship thus begun soon ripened into a daily renewal. As soon as uncle and I left the house the Deaf-and-Dumb Woman would enter, and the morning would be spent by the two women in one of the saloons or at home, emptying glass on glass, without a thought or care for housekeeping duties.

The saloon bills contracted by my aunt caused her little embarrassment, for she had the disposal of our wages and paid all the bills. She generally aimed to involve Uncle Stanwood in the saloon debts so that he would not question her.

Day after day we came from a hard day's work and found Aunt Millie either not at home or lolling in a drunken stupor. If she chanced to be at home and had been drinking, immediately on seeing the door open she would straightway begin to scold over some imaginary fault in a pathetic attempt to divert suspicion from herself. My uncle's face on beholding such a sight would flush with shame, and he would do his best to keep silence. Our supper on these occasions was made up of indigestible pastry which my aunt had bought at the nearest store. If we did not eat, we were scolded with such a torrent of abuse that silence was welcome at any cost.

If, after supper, Uncle Stanwood dared charge his wife with drunkenness, she would scream, tear her hair, and throw the handiest kitchen utensil at him.

At this time I began to keep a small diary. Every day I faithfully inserted a line of comment. In red ink I wrote it, and the days on which I came home and had to witness the scenes above described I simply wrote in big, significant letters, "Dark to-day!" That diary, from January to December, is full of such lines. Every time I take it from a certain old trunk and turn its pages tragedy after tragedy unfolds itself.

I was now nearing my sixteenth birthday, and the dream of entering college had not perished in me. In the midst of such a home I had my little sanctuary in which I devoted myself to self-education as strenuously as ever did Greek devote himself to the worship of an oracle.

The sanctuary was my study. In our tenement was a large front room, unused, because we did not have furniture. The floor was carpetless and the walls unadorned by pictures. The shutters were kept closed because we had no window curtains, and the beams of light streamed in during the day and lighted up the dust which had collected on the floor. In this large, cheerless room I had a small writing-desk and a bedroom chair. The only other furnishing, but chiefest of all, was a row of books which I had arranged with great affection on the white mantel-shelf directly over the gaping hole in the chimney where the stove-pipe was due to enter.

In the selection of these books I spent delightful Saturday afternoons poking in auction rooms and in the dusty windows of the second-hand clothing stores. I also paid weekly visits to the Salvation Army salvage rooms, where, among cast-off clothing, I managed to dig up precious volumes at five cents each.

The following is a partial list of my library gathered at that time:

Hume's "History of England," printed with old fashioned s's—the second volume, bound in calf, with one cover missing.

A well-bound copy of a civil trial which took place in Boston in the late eighteenth century, and chiefly important to me because Paul Revere was listed as one of the witnesses.

A tiny cloth-bound copy of "The Mariner's Progress," stamped with gilt.

Cruden's "Concordance," bound in calf, for which I paid twenty-five cents.

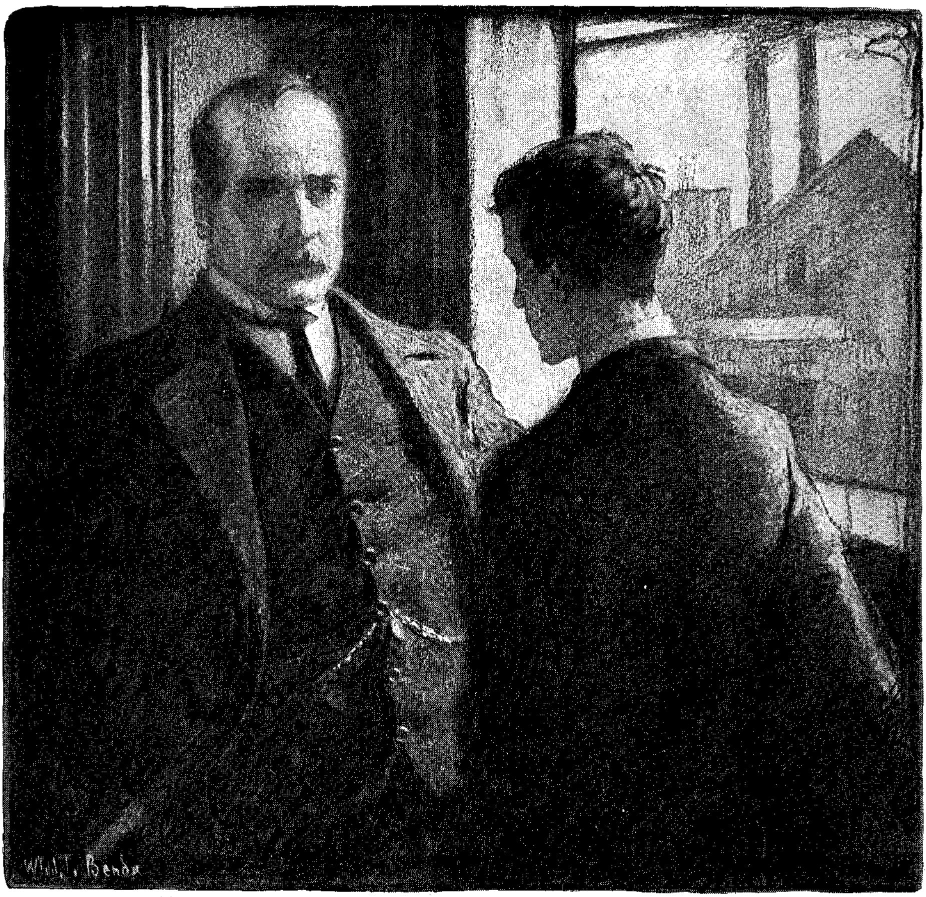
"The Cottage Bible," in three bulky volumes and printed about 1800. Of the three volumes, two were without covers.

"Poor Boys Who Became Famous," by Sarah K. Bolton. I bought this new at a city bookstore.

"The Life of Calvin," by Guizot, printed in pamphlet form and bound in manila.

"Biblical Theology," a book in black cloth and very old, which proved doctrine by exhaustive Scripture texts.

"The Koran," Sale's translation, which I bought on account of the thrilling legends in the appendix.



"'BUT, SIR, WON'T YOU GIVE US A CHANCE?' I PLEADED"

An old-fashioned grammar arranged on the question-and-answer method for self-teachers.

Two well-worn arithmetics.

"A History of the Ancient World," which was published about 1830 and was filled with quaint woodcuts.

Binney's "Compend of Theology."

I have read that in the midst of the rough ocean there are quiet places where a storm-driven ship may ride at peaceful anchor. That dingy room, with its desk and shelf of dilapidated books, meant as much to me. Through the winter months when the household was in the turmoil caused by the association of my aunt with the Deaf-and-Dumb Woman, I made this room my quiet place.

After an hour of verbal abuse from my aunt I could shut the door and forget the painful incident. One night, after she had roughly assaulted me and had roused in me the murderer's passion, I fled to my little haven and received consolation from "Poor Boys Who Became Famous." There I read of men who had attained to fame through patience and hard work. My ideals were thus stimulated and my ambitions kept at full pitch.

I was not only anxious to improve my mind, but I also wished to be on hand in case of a serious quarrel between my foster parents. That this precaution was necessary will be evident by one or two illustrations as to the progress of events between my aunt and uncle. One night I came home and found no supper provided. Aunt Millie sat in a chair, nodding her head as if half asleep. Presently my uncle arrived from the mill, and, on catching sight of his wife, went up to her, sniffed of her breath, and then dragged her, in a great rage, into the middle of the floor and struck her a savage blow. With a bloodcurdling scream my aunt lurched toward the table, picked up a saucer, and hurled it straight at the head of my uncle. It crashed against his brow and fell to the floor in fragments. With the blood streaming down his face, and without any further word, my uncle tenderly carried the raging woman into her bed and soothed her into sleep, while I went into my study and attempted to quiet my mind with a study of the adverb.

Of course, after spending the whole day from early morning till darkness in a vitiated atmosphere, out of the fresh air, and after one has endured labors that are the limit of physical endurance, one is neither physically nor mentally fit for study. Yet I was never told so. In fact, the school authorities and our employers wanted us to crowd the evening schools. I always went into my study more fit for bed. I could not sit still in one place long. My eyes needed constant rest, and the blood surged to my head and made me dizzy. But I wanted to learn. I craved a wide knowledge, such as the "Poor Boys Who Became Famous" obtained in spite of tremendous handicaps. I planned an extensive course of study. First I read a page from the "Life of Calvin," then several of the romantic legends in the appendix to the Koran, and then passed on and tried to memorize a half-page from the "History of the Ancient World." By this time I felt too weary to proceed. I paced the room and tried to recollect what I had been reading, but my mind was a blank, and I considered myself without the necessary mental qualifications for becoming famous. In a few minutes, however, I was able to resume, and after a page had been filled in my diary, I applied myself to more serious study, namely, snatches of grammar or arithmetic, ending all with a few verses from the Bible and the reading of a few definitions of Biblical terms in Cruden's "Concordance." This sounds like a formidable schedule, but in reality I understood little of what I read. Latin, Hebrew, or Spanish might have been included so far as the retention or apprehension of the subject-matter went. I went through most of it in a weary and perfunctory manner. I should much rather have been in bed resting or out under the electric lights with the gang. The motive underneath was the one controlling desire to break away from the mill and its terror. I knew that education alone could effect the freedom. I reasoned, for instance, that Joe Helphin, who had been a weaver, had obtained his position as a letter-carrier mainly through his ability to pass the educational test. I reasoned that the positions which offered short and easy hours were obtained alone through mental superiority. Hence I worked and lived to acquire an education.

The gang noticed, that winter, that I seemed to have withdrawn myself from them. "He's got the book bats," suggested Yellow Belly. "Goin' daffy over learnin'," sneered "Whizzy" Schon. The boys expressed contempt and pity for me. "Well," I explained, "you fellows can hang around this corner nights, but I'm going to learn something that will get me out of the mill. It's none of your business, anyway!" and with this last fling I had to run to escape the shower of stones the gang sent after me.

The numerous family rows in our house finally brought a letter from a lawyer in which we were ordered to remove from the neighborhood. The letter stated that our presence would not be tolerated any longer. Aunt flew into a passion and named certain of the neighbors whom she charged with all manner of petty conduct. I flushed and went to my room, shut the door, and prayed that God would in some great miracle give me a good home and respectable parents—like other boys.

CHAPTER XI

After we had received notice to remove my uncle went to a little town in Connecticut and obtained work in a cotton-mill. He next secured a place to live in one of the corporation tenements and wrote for us to follow him.

"The beauty of the place where we're going," said my aunt, "is that the whole place is owned by the company and they don't allow any drink to be sold. That will help us, and we can save money. If once we can get away from the saloons, your uncle will be able to keep straight, won't he?"

It was the beginning of spring when aunt and I arrived in the village of S——. We were delighted with the evidences of prosperity in the houses. Every brick cottage had its little garden under its front windows. There were ample lawns and grassy back yards. In the center of the village was a triangular park.

The house which my uncle had rented was as pretty as the best. It had its front garden and its lawn. Aunt was delighted and could hardly await the arrival of the household goods.

While waiting for the furniture we lived at the corporation boarding-house. My uncle obtained for me a very desirable position in the mule-room, and every day he painted in glowing colors the opportunity that had come to us.

"No drink here," he said, "and we ought to get along and save money, Al. It's a pity that we have spent so much and got so little, but now it's all changed." His pale, drawn face took on a cheerful look the first week of our life in the village, and when the furniture arrived our joy was complete.

The afternoon that the furniture did arrive the superintendent of the mill called for my uncle and had a long talk with him. The upshot of which was that we were ordered not to unload our furniture, but to go back to our former home. When my bewildered uncle pressed for a reason, the superintendent sternly informed him that my aunt had been found drunk in one of the cottages.

The bottom went out of the fairy world we had planned. My uncle said to me in a choked voice: "The superintendent wants to have a talk with you too, Al. Do your best to get him to give us a chance."

The superintendent waited for me in the elevator-room, where we had strict privacy. When he had shut the door, he said: "Mr. Priddy, I want to ask you a very hard and delicate question. You must give me a frank answer, even though it is very hard." "Yes, sir," I said, huskily, wondering what the question would be. "Mr. Priddy," said the old man, very sternly, "is your aunt a regular drinker?" I gasped hard and deliberated a lie. Then, in a choked voice and with my eyes on the floor, I confessed, "She is, sir." "Well, I am very sorry for you, my boy," said the superintendent; "I am sorry that I have to be so hard. You and your uncle have just settled down to work, and we need you, but we cannot allow women who drink to live in our houses. They will corrupt the town. Your furniture is not unloaded from the freight cars, and we shall pay for its return to the city. We shall also pay your railway fares back, but you cannot live in our village, that is certain. I am sorry for you, my boy." "But, sir, won't you give us a chance?" I pleaded; "that is what we came here for. In the city we are near the saloons and the beer wagons come around to the houses every morning. If we can live here—" "But your aunt has managed to get drink already, and she has been in town only a few days. That is a very bad start, isn't it?" said the superintendent. "But, sir, you are a member of the church and believe in forgiving, as Christ did. Won't you give us a chance?" The old man sternly said: "It is not you I am thinking of, as I am of the whole village. I am determined to keep liquor out of it even if you have to suffer. That is final. Go back to your work now and I will talk further with your uncle!"

The miserable hours of the morning wore on, and by noontime there seemed to be no change in our unfortunate situation. In the privacy of his room my uncle informed his wife of the misery her action had brought upon us. My aunt was crazed and ran out of the room. We could not follow her, as the one o'clock bell was ringing and we had to return to work. In conferences with the overseer that afternoon my uncle learned that there was a vacant house on the outskirts of the village not owned by the corporation. He also learned that if we could rent this, we should be allowed to retain our positions in the mill. This gave us hope, and we went to our suppers determined to view that house and make arrangements for occupying it.

The place was about a mile distant from the boarding-house, and could be reached by the trolley car. Aunt was not at supper, neither could she be found in the house. No one had seen her, but we knew she would return in her own time and way.

The car was speeding along a stretch of country road, skirting a meadow at the foot of which ran a river, when Uncle and I, who were standing on the rear platform, beheld a woman running through the fields towards the river, screaming and waving her hands in the air. "Millie!" gasped my uncle, leaping from the moving car to the ground. We followed the crazed woman and caught her as she was about to hurl herself into the water. It took a long while to bring her to her senses, and then we learned that, brooding over the misery into which she had brought us, and thinking that the superintendent would brand her as a public disgrace, she had obtained some drink and had spent the afternoon in trying to forget her troubles. She had been afraid to come back to the boarding-house that night, and had determined upon suicide.

When she was quieted, we took her with us to view the house, and to our joy the landlady was willing that we should move in immediately.

CHAPTER XII

One of the first discoveries I made in our new neighborhood was the existence of a saloon in a basement next door! It stood directly on the town line, and was the common resort of the village. I knew that our residence in that vicinity was fated to be brief. Aunt and Uncle, however, made firm resolutions not to patronize the place, and for a few months maintained their positions very firmly.

Meanwhile I was in the seventh heaven of enjoyment. First of all, I made the acquaintance of a young cloth designer who loved books and talked very intelligently on learned subjects. I became also a regular attendant at the village church. My whole life was washed of the grimy atmosphere which had enveloped us in the city. To go from week to week and not see the cheapness and vulgarity to which I had become habituated was dreamlike and delightful.

I responded to my opportunity. First of all, I paid frequent visits to the historical places and spent my holidays in Indian cemeteries reconstructing ancient times and familiarizing myself with weird legends. I devoured a copious history of the city of B——, our neighbor, visited the museum, and talked with a very learned and venerable librarian about local Indian history.

The result of this crystallized in the formation of a historical society, of which the five young fellows who were charter members with me made me president. We invited the learned librarian to lecture to us. He came to our first meeting, and put in our hand typewritten sheets of unpublished history. That was our first and only meeting!

In the city, on Saturday afternoon, when the week's work was done, I paid frequent visits to a noted museum. One day I stood before a copy of "The Dying Gaul" in the statuary hall, and soon found myself shedding tears over the pain which the hero seemed to feel, and I even caught myself speaking works of pity into the clay ears of the prostrate hero.

In the middle of summer also, much to my delight, I was offered a position on a farm directly across the road. At last my ambitions were beginning to be realized. I had the chance to work the whole day in the open sunshine! I have had many joys come into my life, but none more splendid than this.

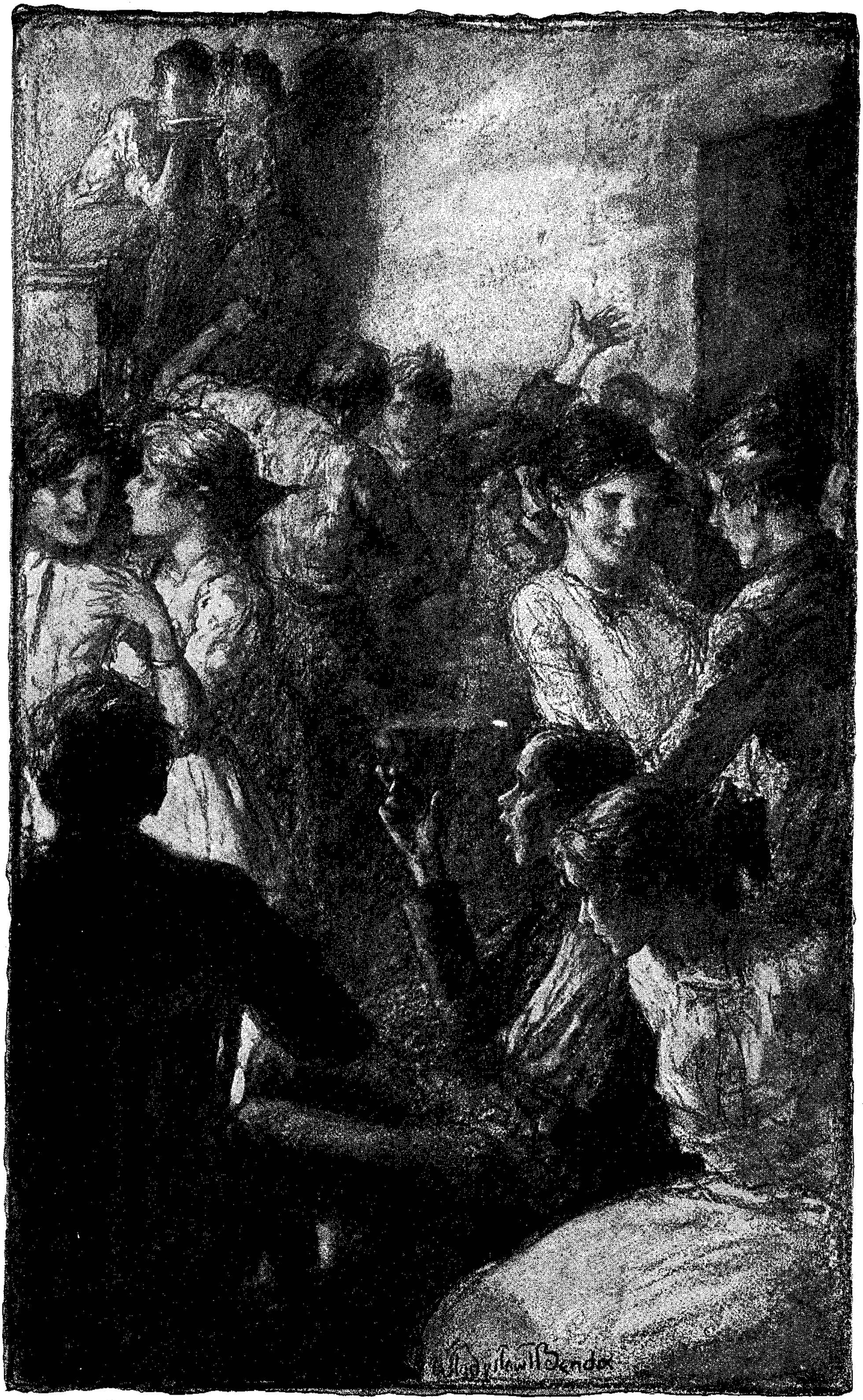
"You'll get some flesh on your bones now," declared my aunt. "We'll see you with rosy cheeks and an appetite like a horse's."

The farmer for whom I worked was an exacting master, but the joy of breathing the pure air strengthened me for the severest labors. I milked cows, delivered milk in a town three miles distant, and attended to the ordinary chores about the place.

On Sunday I attended church with the farmer, and, though daily exposure to the air made it impossible for me to keep awake in church, I always brought to mind the pleasant places into which I had been led, and joined with the minister in a sincere and joyous prayer to the God who was leading me.

But there is a serpent in every paradise. At last the will of my uncle and aunt broke down, and the peace of the house was gone. The next-door saloon took much of our money, brawls and fights ensued, and the whole matter ended by my uncle leaving home.

The farm was paying me four dollars a week, and I had to live at home. My aunt had no money saved, and we entered upon a struggle with hunger that lasted well into the winter. The dark gulf once



"ABOUT TWENTY-FIVE PICKED COUPLES WERE GENERALLY INVITED" more had swallowed up my dream. My aunt resolved to go back to the city, where I could earn a larger salary and where she hoped my prodigal uncle would join us.

With bitterness I had to turn my back on the good friends that had been given me. I had little patience with the Providence that willed things so badly. I knew that I should be tripped at every wide turn in the road. To return to the city meant plunging once more into the hot, vulgar shadows of the mill.

On the eve of our removal, one clouded night, about nine o'clock, I went across the road and down an embankment to draw water from a spring. Out of the shadows came a man and a bicycle. He stopped, and said, "Hello, Al!" "Good evening, Mr. Lewis," I returned, recognizing an old mill friend who lived outside the village. "I hear that you are planning to go to college," he said. I was astonished, for I had kept that ambition away from even my foster parents. "Who told you?" I demanded. "Your uncle. He told me that you were buying books and wanted to learn. He told me that he would like to have you go if only things were brighter. Now, keep up your courage, lad. Go right ahead and make the best you can of yourself. There's a chance for those of the right stamp. You are young and can make your own way, all right. Don't give up, and God bless you!" and with that word, he climbed up the embankment, mounted his bicycle, and rode off in the direction of his home. His words were a tonic to me, and I resolved, then and there, at the first opportunity to leave home and use on my education the money I earned.

CHAPTER XIII

"Al," said Aunt Millie, "before we move, you had better go to the city and pick out a tenement, and then I will come along."

Accordingly I hurried to the city and searched over the South End for a tenement remote from a saloon. I wanted to keep my aunt as far as possible from temptation; my happiness depended upon it. I found a desirable place on a quiet street and in the midst of good neighbors. I then sent for my aunt to come.

As soon as we were settled I sought out the "Point Roaders." I recall the night very distinctly. Changes in stature and ideas of life had taken place since we first organized. The boys had begun to leave their homes. One was boarding just around the corner from the house where his parents were living. Another, Jakey, had been to a distant city, and was with us that night to offer some suggestions in regard to "life."

"Now, fellows," he said, "what's the matter with being sports, eh? Let's pass the hat for some money and rush the growler like the rest of the chaps." Fifteen cents was collected. "Now, somebody run and get a pail, and then let me go to Donovan's for fifteen cents' wuth." A large pail was speedily brought, while we all thrilled at the daring things about to be done. Jakey importantly swaggered off and soon returned with a can of beer, the first official venture the gang made into inebriety.

We stood in a circle and Jakey took the first drink. There were ten in the circle, and only three of us refused.

From that night the gang went to pieces. Jakey began to invite us to "surprise parties" on Saturday nights. These affairs were arranged as often as once a week, and were extremely shady functions. The intention was to present some girl with a present, the excuse being a birthday, a wedding engagement, or a token of popularity. The recipient was kept in ignorance, but her parents were informed. From the collections made beer and refreshments were bought, and a "gift" obtained. About twenty-five picked couples were generally invited.

After the presentation speech dancing on the cellar floor began and refreshments were passed. Boys and girls freely indulged, and by midnight the party had attained the proportions of a revel. The effects of these parties were of the grossest indecency.

I now began to live my own life. In the mill I was fortunate enough to meet two young fellows of my own age who had the same ambitions as I, and who grasped every opportunity for bettering themselves. One was an Irishman by the name of Pat Carroll, the other was an Englishman by the name of Harry Lea. Pat had been through the common schools, and by faithful attendance at the evening schools had the equivalent of a high school education. Harry Lea was even further advanced. Harry had a very original mind, did not care for companionships, and lived a very thoughtful life.

I began to bring my grammar and arithmetic to the mill, and at every opportunity sought the assistance of these two friends. I was then stumbling over common fractions.

I found it an almost impossible task to dodge the eyes of the overseer long enough during the work hours to study with any degree of application. Pat said to me: "Never mind, Al, some day we'll be in college together. Keep right on." I replied: "Yes, Pat, but see the muscle you've got, and see how thin and weak I am. I can't get through the day without getting all tired out, and if I am moved to a better-paying job I sha'n't be able to measure up to it. I don't see but that I shall have to just wear myself out in the mill like Bill Langdon."

Harry attended a private evening school and invited me to the annual graduation. I put on my Sunday clothes and attended. It was held in one of the lecture halls of the Young Men's Christian Association. It was a brilliant scene. It was the first time I had ever seen men, off the stage, in evening dress. Then a tall young man was announced, and he stepped forward and read an essay. I was considerably astounded when the principal, at the conclusion of the reading, announced, "Mr. L—— has been studying English but five months!" I took him literally and asked Harry if the man was a Swede, declaring that he must be a wonder to learn English so rapidly.

One morning I read an announcement in the mill to the effect that a school of design would be opened in the Textile School, and that tuition would be free to mill-boys. I enrolled myself. The schoolroom was extra brilliantly lighted, and in the minute tracing of small designs for book-covers my eyes grew tired, and I had reluctantly to abandon that opportunity for culture.

Next I saved my money and enrolled myself in a correspondence school, and received a first lesson in drawing. But when evening came I did not have strength to apply myself to the lessons, and I had to forego that opportunity also.

Meanwhile my uncle had returned home and left us again three times in less than five months. He could not keep a position long on account of his drinking habits. My aunt piled up bills with the grocer and with the installment men. I was looking for my first opportunity of leaving home, but I did not want to make my aunt suffer by doing so.

The mill in which I was working had opaque windows, so that from morning till night I could not get a glimpse of the outside world. I began to suffer from severe attacks of weakness. I was now seventeen years old, measured almost six feet, and weighed but one hundred and sixteen pounds.

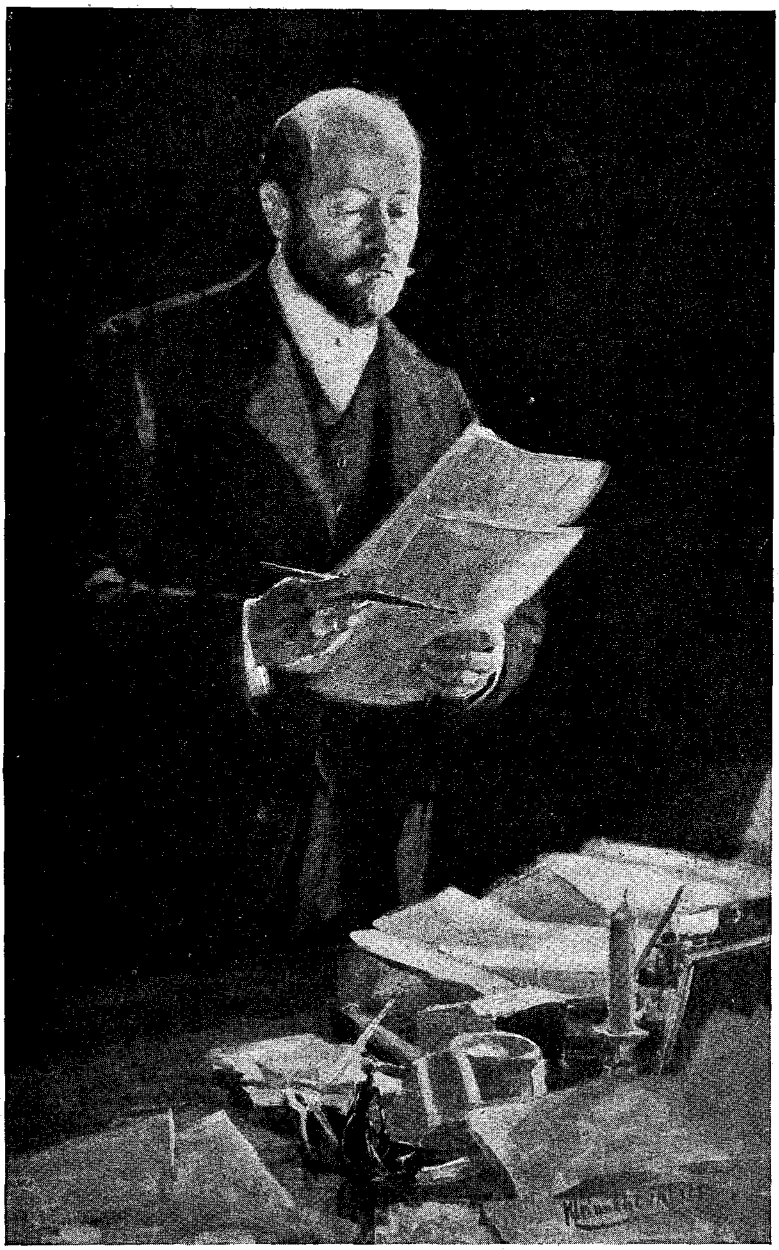
One autumn night, as I was nearing my home, a young lad ran up to me, stopped and poked his finger almost in my face while he shouted derisively: "Aw, yer aunt's been arrested fer being drunk and was carried off in the 'hurry-up'! Aw, yer aunt's got jugged, shame on yer, shame on yer!"

I ran home, found the house empty, and knew that the news was true. I lay on the bed and cried until Uncle came home. We ate our supper in silence, and my uncle said there was nothing to do but wait until morning, when he could go to the court, pay the fine, and bring her home.

I went to work the next morning with a note to my uncle's overseer to the effect that he would be unable to come to work that morning. The boys in the mill knew about our misfortune, and had not the delicacy to refrain from mentioning it before me. That day I felt like one apart, and worked through the day moodily. On going home at noon, I found both my aunt and my uncle waiting for me with smiles on their faces.

"Al," said my aunt, "we've turned over a new leaf. Uncle and I have been to the city mission and have taken the pledge, and this time we mean to keep it. We've put you to shame often enough and are sorry for it. You're to have a better home, and we'll get along famously." She meant it, too. I could tell by the new earnestness on her face.

(To be concluded in the Magazine Number for June)



PAINTING BY KLEIN-CHEVALIER

DR. EMIL A. BEHRING

The antitoxin of diphtheria, discovered by Dr. Behring, of Germany, has brought about the reduction of the death rate from this disease to a small fraction of what it formerly was. Dr. Behring was born in Prussia in 1854, studied medicine in Berlin, and was for several years a surgeon in the German army. In 1895 he became the Director of the Hygienic Institute at Marburg. In recognition of his important contributions to medical knowledge he was made the recipient of one of the Nobel prizes in 1901

The Conservation of the Child

By Earl Mayo

The fourth of a series of articles on "Big Battles Against Disease," in the preparation of which the author has had the assistance of eminent physicians, surgeons, laboratory workers, and scientific experimenters in the field of medicine and surgery

IF we can imagine all the children born in the United States in a single year assembled in one gathering, we shall picture to ourselves a mighty army more than two million strong. Each member of this multitude bears the love, the hopes, and the aspirations of parents and other relatives. Each embodies possibilities of helpful achievement for family, nation, and mankind. It is a wonderful host, the most wonderful and the most appealing that could be marshaled on this old earth.

If again we look at our army after the lapse of a year, we find that its first encounter with the world has been disastrous, that its numbers have sadly decreased. More than four hundred thousand of those who started out under childhood's white banner are missing. At every fifth place in the ranks there is a vacancy. Likewise, if we follow their course to the end of the second, third, fourth, and fifth years, we find that further deep inroads have been made on the numerical strength of our army, though the fatalities of this second period of four years are rather less than half those of the first twelve months. From one-quarter to one-third of those who enlisted for the warfare of life have fallen before the enemy in one-seventh of the average span of service.

This is heavy campaigning. The loss in numbers of the infantile army in its first twelve months is greater than has been sustained by any actual army in active warfare in any armed conflict of modern times. It shows how ill equipped we still are for the conflict with man's one mortal and never-resting enemy. More especially it points the need of intelligent and united effort in the greatest of all conservation movements, that which looks to the care and preservation of the most important of all our crops, the child crop, on which the future of the Nation depends.

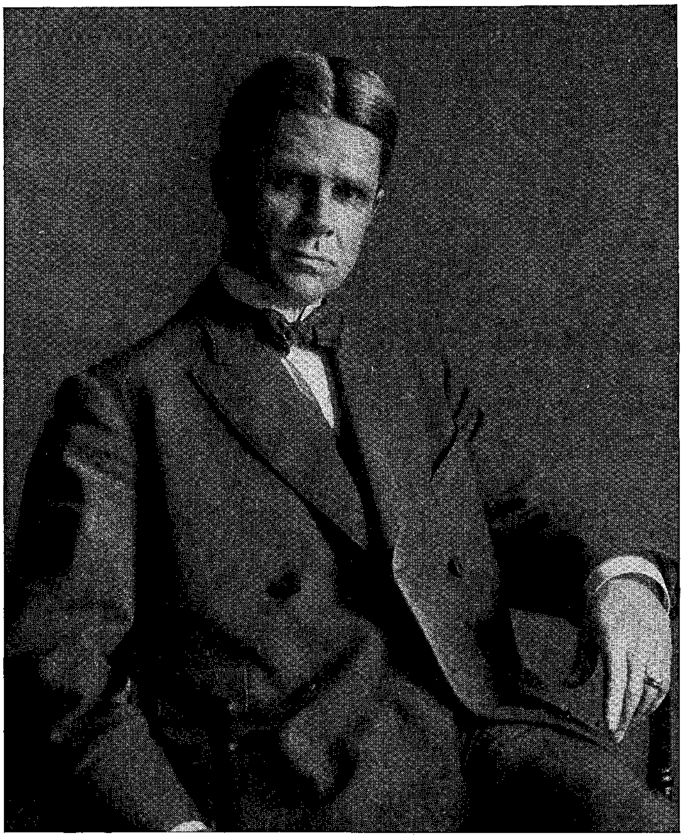
The showing made by the statistics of infant mortality, however, is by no means a discouraging one. It is unsatisfactory, but it is distinctly hopeful. The child born in the United States has an appreciably better chance of life than he would have in most other countries—in Russia, for example, in Austria, in Germany, or even in England. He has a better chance than he would have had in this country a generation ago, or twenty or ten years ago. Since the organization of the Department of Health in New York City in 1866 the death rate of those under five years of age per thousand of total population has fallen from 16.4 to 5.5. The death rate of infants under one year has been lowered from 10 to 3.67 per thousand of population. The general death rate for all ages has dropped from 35 to 16.5 per thousand. While the average death rate has decreased slightly more than one-half, nearly all this gain has been accomplished among children, the death rate of those under five having been reduced about two-thirds. Progress has been made, is being made, but we are still far from giving to the child at birth a full opportunity to live and to make of life whatever his capabilities and his environment may render possible.

Aside from the considerations of fundamental humanity involved, and viewed only in its social aspects, the problem is more important now than ever before. With a declining birth rate, it becomes of increasing moment that the children born should be permitted to grow to maturity. It is asserted frequently by those who cling to Malthusian theories that society, by preserving the lives of those who would be destroyed by the working of unrestrained competition, is tending toward the deterioration of the race. It would be a difficult task, however, to prove that the three thousand lives saved every year in New York by the use of diphtheria antitoxin represent individuals less fit than the average, or that the victims of the various gastro-intestinal ailments that carry off great numbers of young children are on the whole less promising than others in the same surroundings who escape the attacks of these diseases.

A factor too often overlooked is that mortality figures by no means measure the entire effect and the full injury of disease. Its greatest injury from the social view-point is inflicted on those who fall into its clutches but escape its final blow. Every illness leaves its mark, hidden or open, in retarded physical growth or slackened mental virility, in lowered vitality, which means less power of resisting other forms of disease, in the earlier waning of the exact functioning of various organs, and in shortened lives. The killing off of great numbers of young children by the unchecked ravages of disease does not mean that those who are left are of superior quality. Rather it means that many of these are weakened and rendered less fit for the combat of life. The abolition of disease, or even its measurable control and reduction, is of benefit socially not only through the lives it saves from extinction, but also, and chiefly, because it prevents the infliction of lasting hurt on a vast number of those who survive its attacks.

There are two main factors that contribute to the reduction in child mortality. One of these is more intelligent care of infants, especially during the first year of life. The other is the increased ability to prevent or cure those infectious diseases of which childhood is the favorite target. Prevention, of course, is more useful than cure. As was pointed out in an earlier article, the great progress that has been made by medicine in recent years has been in dealing with those diseases of an infectious character in which it has been possible to identify the microbic agents responsible for their spread. Several of these diseases, including those in which the greatest results have been achieved, are essentially diseases of childhood, with the highest mortality among those less than ten years of age.

Of these diseases diphtheria affords the most striking example. Less than one-tenth of the deaths from diphtheria occur among persons above the age of ten. Virtually the whole incidence of this dreaded infection falls on childhood. The discovery of the bacillus of diphtheria in the early eighties and the application of the antitoxin treatment about ten years later provided a highly effective weapon with which to combat this disease. The result of the general adoption of this treatment is evident in a comparison of diphtheria mortality as shown by the census returns for 1890 and 1900. The earlier date was before the introduction of antitoxin; the latter followed its general though not universal adoption. In 1900 the deaths from diphtheria in the registration area of the United States, which includes nine States and 153 cities, was 45.2 for each 100,000 of population. In 1890 the rate was 97.8 for each 100,000. In other words, the deaths from diphtheria had been reduced more than one-half in this ten-year period. The improvement in this one disease represented the saving of 45,000 lives a year; and of these 45,000 more than 40,000 were children under ten years of age. In view of the organized efforts made from time to time to prevent the carrying on of medical research by means of experiments on animals, it may be pertinent to point out again that the discovery of diphtheria antitoxin is one of the notable advances in



DR. L. EMMETT HOLT

Through his work as attending physician to the Babies' Hospital in New York, as a member of the Advisory Board of the Health Department of the city, and as Secretary of the Rockefeller Institute, Dr. Holt occupies a position at the forefront of the effort to reduce infant mortality. He was born in Webster, New York, in 1855, and has made his professional career in New York City. Dr. Holt is widely known to the lay public through his practical and popular handbooks on the care and feeding of infants, which have gone through a large number of editions and have helped many young mothers over the hard places in the bringing up of their babies

medicine made directly as a result of animal experimentation, and that the continuance of the supply of this life-saving product depends absolutely upon the use of animals not only for its production but also for its standardization and for the accurate diagnosis of cases of the disease.

The reduction in the death rate from diphtheria, which began with the introduction of antitoxin on an extensive scale in 1895, has continued since 1900 as its use has become more general. No figures are available for the whole country to show what this gain has been, but in the State of New York, which had a death rate of 45.4 for each 100,000 population in 1900, or just about the average for the country, the rate in 1908 had fallen to 28.9. If this gain is uniform throughout the United States, it means an additional saving of roundly fifteen thousand lives every year. It is safe to say that, except for the use of antitoxin, sixty thousand more Americans would die every year from diphtheria than do at present. The saving of over fifty thousand children—for, as we have seen, more than nine-tenths of the victims of diphtheria are children of tender years—is an achievement of the greatest importance, for it represents a grand total of over three-quarters of a million in the sixteen years since the antitoxin began to be widely used.

Before the adoption of vaccination as a preventive of smallpox, this was essentially a disease of children. In fact, the name by which it was known in Germany was *kindspocken*—childpox. So widespread was smallpox, or childpox, that almost all the adult population was made up of survivors of attacks. Statistics collected from various English towns before the era of vaccination show that ninety per cent of the deaths from this disease occurred among children less than ten years old. At the present time, with vaccination enforced almost everywhere in the public schools, smallpox does not figure appreciably among the causes of child mortality in the United States.

A group of diseases which formerly every child was expected to have, and which even now are considered to be unavoidable, are scarlet fever, measles, and whooping-cough. The two latter are not regarded as alarming ailments, but they are very regular and persistent contributors to the mortality figures. According to the statistics collected in the census of 1900, these three diseases were responsible for upward of thirty thousand deaths in the course of a year. There was a slight reduction in the death rate for each of these diseases between 1890 and 1900. The deaths from scarlet fever decreased from 13.6 to 11.6 for each 100,000 of population; those from measles fell from 13.5 to 13.2, and the mortality from whooping-cough was reduced from 15.8 to 12.7. In none of these diseases, it will be seen, was the reduction in any way comparable to the improvement recorded in the treatment of diphtheria. The explanation is to be found in the fact that while scientists and medical men are satisfied, from the characteristics of these afflictions and the manner in which they spread, that they belong in the class of germ diseases, the particular microbes responsible for them have not been identified, isolated, and studied. Consequently it has not been possible to devise a preventive or a specific treatment, as in the case of smallpox and diphtheria. Such progress as has been made toward the more effective control of these afflictions of childhood is due primarily to more general enforcement of quarantine against them.

There is a marked difference between those infectious diseases to which some specific therapy is applied and those which are kept in check only by measures of quarantine and disinfection. This difference is clearly shown if we follow the mortality rates platted upon a scale map for a number of years. In those diseases for which a preventive or curative treatment has been discovered, we find the death rate rapidly declining, with slight interruptions, for several years, and then remaining practically stationary or declining very slowly, indicating the general adoption of the successful mode of treatment. On the other hand, the contagious diseases which remain unconquered show wide fluctuations. Thus the death rate from scarlet fever has varied in New York from 35.6 to 8.4 for each 100,000 population. The high marks represent periods of epidemic which are followed usually by several years in which the rate is well below the average. In the case of measles the fluctuations are not so great but are much more frequent. Measles, being a disease that is highly contagious and spreads very rapidly, usually assails within a relatively short time nearly all those in a locality who are not immune by reason of previous attacks, and the disease for the time being falls off for lack of additional material to feed on.

Although scarlet fever, measles, and whooping-cough are diseases that cause a great number of deaths during the course of every year, it is true of them, and especially of measles, that little effort is made by many parents to avoid the exposure of their children to them. In fact, the point of view is often taken with reference to measles that it is better for children to have it in their earlier years in order to acquire immunity at a later period. As a matter of fact, however, this immunity often is purchased at too dear a price. All three of these diseases are frequently followed by injurious after-effects. Scarlet fever may result in deafness or in the impairment of heart or kidneys; measles not

DR. WILLIAM H. PARK

As Director of the Research Laboratories of the Department of Health of the City of New York, Dr. Park has had an important part in the promotion of practical measures for the improvement of the city's health which have had a direct effect in decreasing the death rate, particularly from infectious diseases. He is a bacteriologist and hygienist of recognized authority. He was born in New York City in 1863, and received his professional training in Columbia University and in the hospitals of the city. As an investigator rather than a practicing physician, Dr. Park is typical of the men who are contributing most largely to modern medical progress

infrequently is followed by injuries to sight or hearing; and all three leave behind a fertile field for the seeds of bronchitis, pneumonia, and tuberculosis. In the absence of more effective measures of control, the enforcement of a strict quarantine on all cases of such diseases, the thorough disinfection of the rooms and premises occupied by patients, and careful attention to those attacked by it throughout the period of convalescence, are measures of great importance. In the cities quarantine is very generally enforced against scarlet fever and less effectively against measles, but in smaller towns and in rural communities it is more often disregarded than enforced in the case of all three.

Less effort has been devoted to determining the cause and the mode of transmission of these so-called minor diseases of childhood, for the very reason, probably, that the proportion of fatalities is lower in them than in some others. With the gaining of more complete knowledge and control of the more fatal diseases, greater attention is likely to be given to these lesser ailments, and by means of investigation and experiment more definite measures of prevention or control may be devised.

Cerebro-spinal meningitis (the conquest of which by Dr. Flexner and his associates of the Rockefeller Institute, as a result of experiments on guinea-pigs and monkeys, was described in an earlier article [1]) and infantile paralysis are two other diseases that claim the great majority of their victims from the ranks of childhood. According to the figures of the census of 1900, some seventy per cent of the meningitis deaths occurred among children less than ten years old, while infantile paralysis, as its name indicates, is confined almost entirely to children. While these diseases are not sufficiently widespread to cause the deaths from them to figure largely in the totals of child mortality, it is comforting to know that a means exists of saving those attacked by the former, and that a similar effective method of overcoming the latter is reasonably certain to be worked out within a short time as a result of animal experiments now under way. The importance of the serum treatment for cerebro-spinal meningitis is particularly great in reducing the number of those who are permanently crippled or injured as a consequence of its attacks, and the same thing probably will hold true of infantile paralysis when it is finally brought within control.

Many of the diseases that are by no means confined to children claim large numbers of victims from those of tender years. This is true of bronchitis and pneumonia, which cause three times as many deaths in children under two years of age as at any other age period. Tuberculosis also claims many child victims. In the Babies' Hospital in New York ten per cent of all the deaths are due to tuberculosis.

Of all the disorders that decimate the ranks of childhood, the most serious as a cause of death are those classed as gastro-intestinal diseases. These, in fact, rank fourth among the causes of death, taking in all ages and all ranks of the population. They are exceeded only by tuberculosis, pneumonia, and heart disease. Of these, heart disease does not assail small children as generally as older persons, and pneumonia, while responsible for a high death rate among children in the first year of life, finds the majority of its victims among those in middle age. Diarrhœal affections, on the other hand, record their fatalities among the very young and the advanced in years. Among children especially they form a scourge that reaches impressive proportions during the heat of summer.

These diseases work their most serious results in large cities, where overcrowding in unsanitary quarters is most prevalent, where summer heat is most oppressive, and where tainted milk and other forms of food unfit for consumption are more widely used than in smaller cities and rural communities. Thus the death rate from this cause in New York City in 1908 was 137.7 for each 100,000 of population, while in the rural counties of the State it did not run over fifty to each one hundred thousand population in most cases. The death rate for the registration area of the country from this cause was reported as 132.8 in the census of 1900.

The great contributing factors to the existence of disturbances of the digestive organs in children are improper care and impure food, the two usually going together. Inasmuch as proper care comprehends good feeding, it may be said that this is the one all-important factor, but of course it is possible for improper feeding to go along with good care in other respects, and *vice versa*.

A few years ago a study of the feeding of a large number of infants was undertaken in New York City by the Rockefeller Institute and the Department of Health, under the direction of Dr. William H. Park, Director of the Research Laboratory of the Department of Health, and Dr. L. Emmett Holt, the eminent authority on children's diseases. The cases were divided into two classes, those observed during the summer and those observed during the winter. The difference in the two classes was marked chiefly by the absence of diarrhœal disturbances in those observed during the winter period. Out of 211 of these, 156 did well, only six died, and only one death was due to an ailment of the digestive tract. Of the 421 summer cases, on the other hand, 41 died, 88 did badly,

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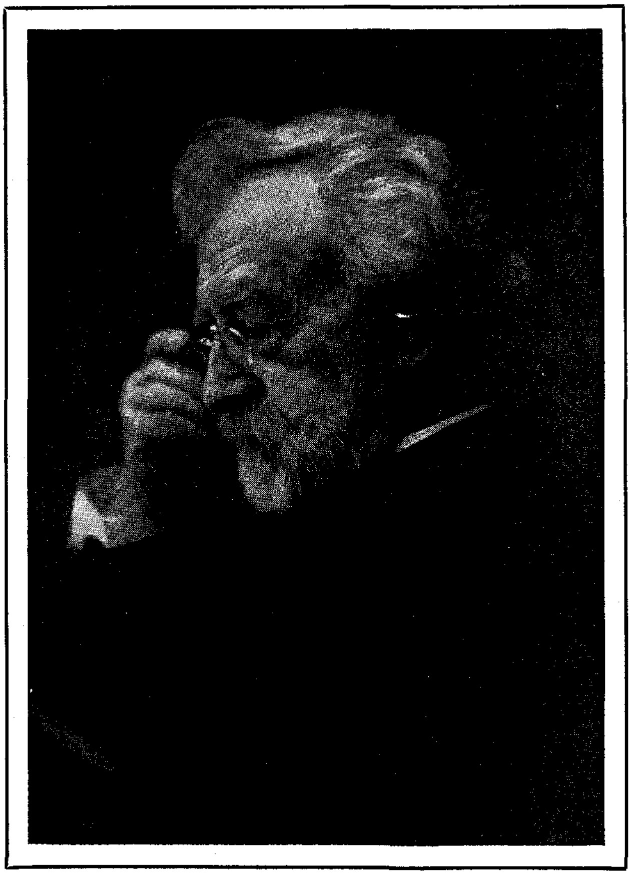
[1] "The Conquest of Germs," The Outlook, January 28, 1911.



DR. ABRAHAM JACOBI

Dr. Jacobi is recognized by medical men as the dean of their profession in the treatment of children's diseases. He was born in Germany in 1830, and received his medical education there. For over forty years he occupied a prominent position as Professor of Diseases of Children in New York medical schools and as consulting physician to various hospitals. He has been president of numerous organizations of medical men, including the New York Academy of Medicine, the Medical Society of the State of New York, and the Association of American Physicians, and has been honored by election as honorary fellow of many European and American medical societies. The degree of LL.D. has been conferred upon him by Columbia University, University of Michigan, Harvard, and Yale. He is the author of several important works on diseases of children, and at eighty-one is still an active and powerful force in the fight to protect childhood against disease

and 184 were classed as doing well. The children were all healthy at the beginning of the period of observation. In practically all the cases of those who failed to do well the immediate cause was diarrhœal disturbance. This, of course, indicates merely the much greater danger from this cause in summer than in winter.

An examination of the cases observed during the summer with regard to the source and quality of the milk supply showed that this had much to do with the progress or lack of progress made by the children. The least satisfactory results were obtained with the children fed on what is generally known in New York as store milk—that is, milk kept in small grocery stores in cans and served to customers in pails or other receptacles which they bring for this purpose. Next to this ranked condensed milk, and then the ordinary bottled milk produced by average country dairies with no special sanitary equipment. Above this came the milk furnished by central distributing stations, of which there are a number in the poorer districts of the city. This milk was either pasteurized or sterilized, and an influence tending to the better results obtained from its use was found in the fact that the mothers called at the stations for the milk and had the advantage of advice from those in attendance. This milk was put up in small bottles, each containing sufficient for one feeding, and some attempt was made at its proper modification according to the age of the child. In this way the risk of overfeeding—a very common error—was avoided, and the milk station provided some of the elements of care in the supervision of the child's diet which depended upon the intelligence of the mother in the other cases. On the whole, this was found to be an efficient method of providing milk for children in poor surroundings, and its extension throughout large cities undoubtedly would result in an appreciable reduction of infant mortality. At the present time a campaign is under way in New York to provide funds for the establishment of a large number of additional milk stations.

The best results of all were obtained from the few cases fed upon the best quality of bottled milk—that is, milk produced and handled under sanitary conditions. The high price of this product, however, puts it beyond the reach of most tenement dwellers.

While this investigation demonstrated the close relation between the quality of milk fed to young children and the diseases of the digestive organs which are such heavy contributors to infant mortality, it showed no less clearly that the treatment received by the milk after it entered the home had much to do with its effect. Filthy feeding-bottles, milk allowed to become sour in the bottle, irregular feeding, overfeeding, or generally dirty and unsanitary conditions were found to exist in the homes of most of the infants who did not thrive. Some mothers using the poorer and cheaper grades of milk were able to bring their children through the summer without illness. One instance is mentioned of an Italian mother whose baby, two months old at the beginning of the season, thrived throughout the summer on store milk carefully treated and administered. During the following winter the mother became ill, and the child ran down steadily in spite of the cold weather and its greater age.

Two encouraging facts were noted in this investigation. One was that the great majority of tenement children—eighty-five per cent of the cases under observation in the test referred to—are breast-fed for at least six months after birth. The other was that among those depending upon cows' milk some attempt at sterilization was made in nearly every case. In other important respects conditions were not so good. Of the children that died, only one-third were classed as receiving good care, while more than a third were actually neglected. In nearly half the cases with a fatal termination the surroundings were bad.

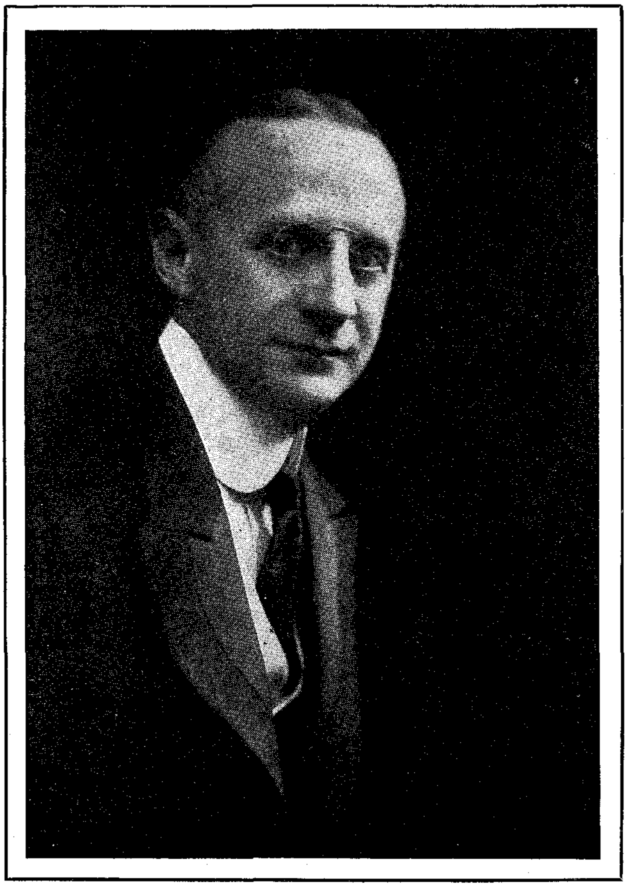
One of the causes of a high child mortality, particularly among the poor of the larger cities, is found in the fact that very little supervision is exercised over the baby's diet after the first year. A visiting physician sent out by one of the New York hospitals to call upon tenement dwellers reports bananas, watermelon, beer, and similar delicacies among the common articles of diet of children under two years of age. Cheap candy smeared in the dirt of floors and pavement is responsible for a long death roll, and in many homes of this class children are allowed to eat food which has been left lying about and over which swarms of flies have trooped with every opportunity to leave behind the infection of diarrhœal and other diseases.

Every investigation that has been made into the causes of disease and death among young children indicates the necessity—not the importance, but the *necessity*—of these three measures:

(1) The careful inspection and supervision of milk from the point of production to the place of consumption. This is now provided in greater or less degree in many communities.

(2) Similar inspection and supervision of food products, particularly fruits, candies, and vegetables sold in the poorer quarters of cities. This is almost universally neglected.

(3) The instruction of mothers in the



DR. SIMON FLEXNER

Both by his important contributions to medical knowledge and by his position as Director of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, Dr. Flexner has come to occupy a position as the foremost exponent of medical research in the United States. By experiments upon animals he produced the anti-meningitis serum which has brought about a great reduction in the number of deaths from cerebro-spinal meningitis, and he is now working toward a similar specific cure for infantile paralysis. Dr. Flexner was born at Louisville, Ky., in 1863. He studied medicine, first at the University of Louisville, then at Johns Hopkins, and later in Germany. He was one of the medical faculty of Johns Hopkins for several years, and from there went to the University of Pennsylvania. He was a member of the Commission for the Investigation of Tropical Diseases sent to the Philippines in 1900, and of the commission that investigated the bubonic plague in San Francisco in 1901. Upon the organization of the Rockefeller Institute Dr. Flexner was placed in charge. Under his direction the Institute has accomplished results of the highest importance in the advancement of medical research

elementary principles of the care and feeding of children. This is most important of all, for intelligent care often will overcome all obstacles to the successful rearing of children, but nothing else will take its place. In a very limited degree this is provided as a part of the philanthropic activities of various societies and institutions. It should be supplied systematically and universally, not only in the tenement quarters of large cities, but in smaller towns and rural communities as well. A simple and inexpensive measure for disseminating information of this sort suggests itself as part of the new movement to make of the public schools social centers of use to all the people. It would be entirely feasible to have lectures given in the school buildings by physicians or qualified nurses, telling in simple terms how to care for babies and how to ward off and detect the common ailments of childhood, particularly derangements of the digestive organs. Such popular lectures would prove an important step in a campaign of child conservation. That they would be well attended and carefully followed is a certainty, for few mothers are indifferent to the fate of their offspring. Ignorance and lack of spirit to cope with unfavorable surroundings make them the unconscious slayers of their children.

So far we have been considering the case of children in their tenderest years—those under five, among whom from a quarter to a third of all deaths at all ages occur, and more especially those in the first year of life, who alone furnish a fifth or more of all the victims of disease and death. At the age of five the child is just entering upon the most healthy period of life. This extends from five to twenty, or, to bring it within more exact limits, from ten to fifteen. From five to ten he is not yet freed from the risk of those ailments which are confined chiefly to children—diphtheria, scarlet fever, measles, and the rest. Tuberculosis is an ever-present danger, but it bears more heavily upon the very young and upon adults than upon those in this middle period of youth. From fifteen to twenty the child is entering the zone of the diseases of mature life. Roughly speaking, the period of the child's school-days is the healthiest period of his life. Yet this period is very far from representing an ideal condiiton of affairs.

An experienced health officer asserts that seventy per cent of the children who enter school are physically incompetent, and he gives as a reason for this condition the fact that their parents have had no training in the care of children. The gastro-intestinal diseases of the first or second year, the mumps, measles, scarlet fever, and whooping-cough of the succeeding period, with perhaps a case of bronchitis thrown in for good measure, have left scars and injuries which are none the less real for being invisible. It may be in abnormalities of an overworked lymphatic system, such as adenoids or enlarged tonsils, in impaired hearing or vision, in undergrowth or lack of muscular development, but in some form the child who has undergone attacks of childhood's diseases usually suffers some ill results from them which may extend throughout his life.

Until recent years almost no attention was paid by the schools to the child's physical condition. Except for vaccination or for inquiries into occasional outbreaks of contagious or infectious diseases, the physical welfare of the child in the public school was wholly neglected. With the realization of the fact that what appears to be dullness and inability to learn is often the result of some physical incapacity, more attention is being devoted to this matter. In the cities medical inspection is being introduced, and in some progressive communities a school nurse is provided. In most of the cities in which this forward step has been adopted the number of pupils over whom the inspector and the nurse exercise supervision is so great that they are unable to give adequate attention to any of their charges, while it is only in a very few places that any provision of this kind has been made.

In every school of graded size there should be regular medical inspection and a school nurse or a number of nurses to take charge of those children whose physical shortcomings are such as to interfere with their mental progress. Not only the physically deficient but the healthy children as well should receive practical instruction in the care and development of their bodies. The child's play during his school years is almost as important as his study, and may be made to contribute even more largely to his future welfare and success. With the growth of city dwelling the intelligent direction of the physical as well as the mental growth of the child becomes more and more important.

There is a still more serious aspect to the problem of the school and child health. While the schools receive a vast number of physically backward and incompetent children and do little or nothing for them, there is abundant evidence that they often undermine or injure the health of those who come to them in good condition. The school-room too often takes in bright-eyed, clear-skinned youngsters overflowing with health and lively spirits in the autumn, to turn them out in the spring listless, anæmic, fertile fields for the sowing of tuberculosis and other diseases, if, indeed, the seeds have not been planted under the favorable conditions that have prevailed throughout the winter.

The indictments that can be drawn against the average school building are many. The most serious, however, are the lack of fresh air and the prevalence of improper methods of heating, ventilating, and cleaning the rooms. The maintenance of an adequate supply of fresh air is in a measure dependent upon the methods of heating and ventilating employed, but even where these are faulty it is not necessary to do entirely without air.

In any group of eighty to one hundred or more children, such as is often to be found sitting in a single room, there are very likely to be some who are suffering from tuberculosis. In some cities, as in New York and Chicago, following the inauguration of medical inspection, separate departments have been established for such children in rooms the windows of which are never closed. Here the children sit, warmly wrapped, in even the coldest weather. They gain in weight, improve in health and appearance, and make more rapid progress in their studies than do the pupils in the regular schools who are not suffering under the handicap of disease, but who are forced to breathe air lacking in oxygen, and to work in a temperature better suited to the production of hot-house plants than of active minds and bodies. It seems the height of the ridiculous that we should deny to children who are well and strong, and who ought to be permitted to remain so, the advantage of a liberal supply of fresh air, which works such marked improvement in their less vigorous fellows, but this is the condition that prevails in even the most advanced communities.

In too many school-rooms the teacher herself is afraid of fresh air. One or two windows opened a few inches from the top are relied upon to let in air enough for scores of children to breathe. Meanwhile the janitor makes superhuman exertions to maintain the torrid temperature which is the bane of American homes and public buildings. From time to time the pupils march about the room, stirring up the germ-laden dust which floats about in the hot, dry atmosphere until every child has full opportunity to inhale a generous amount of it. At night, when the rooms are vacant, brooms are brought into play to stir up the death-bearing dust once more, allowing it to settle on desks, window-sills, and wall projections. In the morning before school begins dusters are brought into play to get the dust once more thoroughly into circulation for the benefit of the children as they come in for the day.

Many improvements in school architecture have been made, including improved methods of ventilation, but such improvements can be introduced only slowly, for no community has the courage to throw away an antiquated school plant as the enterprising manufacturer discards out-of-date machinery. But all school-rooms have windows that can be opened by the teacher who has the intelligence and courage to do it; and effective appliances for removing dust and dirt without blowing it hither and thither through the rooms can be installed at no overwhelming expense. One may be a conservative in most things and yet be willing to work and pray for a revolution in our educational methods and mechanism that would lead to the giving of some attention to the physical side of the child's upbringing, that would give to the boy and girl who enter school physically deficient a chance to improve their condition, and that would permit those endowed at the beginning with good health and strong vitality to emerge with these unimpaired.

"SHE WAS BORN ON ACHILL ISLAND"

A Substitute for the Poorhouse

By Harris R. Cooley

IN a nook in one of the gloomy halls of the old Cleveland Infirmary or Almshouse an aged, crippled woman in a wheel-chair was comfortably smoking. As we approached she slipped the pipe under her apron, but, seeing that she was too late, for the last puff of smoke was still wreathing itself about her rugged, wrinkled face, she said in the most bewitching way, "It's me only comfort." She was born on Achill Island, off the west coast of Ireland, and her lot was one of constant drudgery from earliest childhood. Left an orphan at five years of age, she tells us that she was obliged to make her own way and that she never had a chance to go to school. She worked in the fields tilling the soil, digging the peat, cutting the hay, and at all kinds of hard labor. Now, eighty years old and crippled with rheumatism, with husband and children gone, Mrs. Madden, with her careworn, kindly face, was smiling and cheerful.

The "*alte Grossmutter*" of the Almshouse was one hundred years old. Seamed and wrinkled by years of care and toil, her face had the mingled pathos and beauty of a Rembrandt. Her home was in Constance, on the Bodensee. In eighty-two years she had never passed beyond the borders of her ancestral town. Although surrounded by children and grandchildren, her heart yearned for the one boy who had come to America, until at length her mother-love drove her forth over land and sea to a foreign shore. Eight years after she came to this country

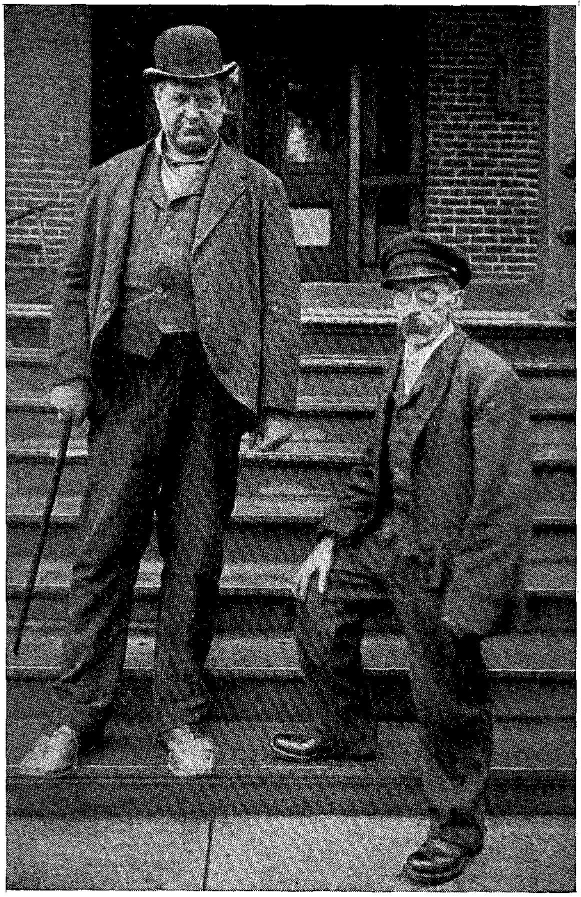
"MOST OF THEM HAD DONE THEIR SHARE"

GRANNY BONE

her son, who was a musician, shot himself, leaving his mother, then ninety years old, alone and desolate in a strange land, with no other refuge than the city's home for the unfortunate.

As we entered her room, she, with the old spirit of hospitality, arose and insisted that one should sit in her chair and another on her bed, while she herself stood. She remembered seeing Napoleon, and at the mention of his name her eyes brightened, her bent figure became more erect, and there flashed forth something of the defiant military spirit which, as a child, she must have felt. With a shrill and trembling voice she sang the "Lorelei" and the "Wacht am Rhein." In all weather she insists on going out daily for a short walk. For ten years the Almshouse had been her home, and each year she had grown a little weaker, a little more bent, a little more helpless, until, as she herself said, "I can no longer sew, or mend, or read, or knit, for my head is always dizzy; I can only pray, and that do I all the day long."

Seated in her favorite corner was the witty Mary, at times demented. She spoke with a Scotch accent, and told a rambling story of a quiet village and the bonnie heather growing on the moor. She cunningly concealed her real name. As she was recounting in a disconnected way her girlhood and her marriage in the village church, thinking to find out her secret, I suddenly said to her, "Whom did you marry, Mary?" Quickly she answered, "I married me mither-in-law's son."



"JUMBO" AND MR. NORD

"Granny" Bone came to greet us with her hospitable Irish welcome. She had had two boys, one wild and the other always thoughtful of his old mother. The good boy died, and her mind was unbalanced. She was still expecting her John to come home again, and was often hunting for the t'akettle so that "we can have a cup of t'a together when my boy comes home." Looking intently into our faces, she asked, "Have you seen my John lately?"

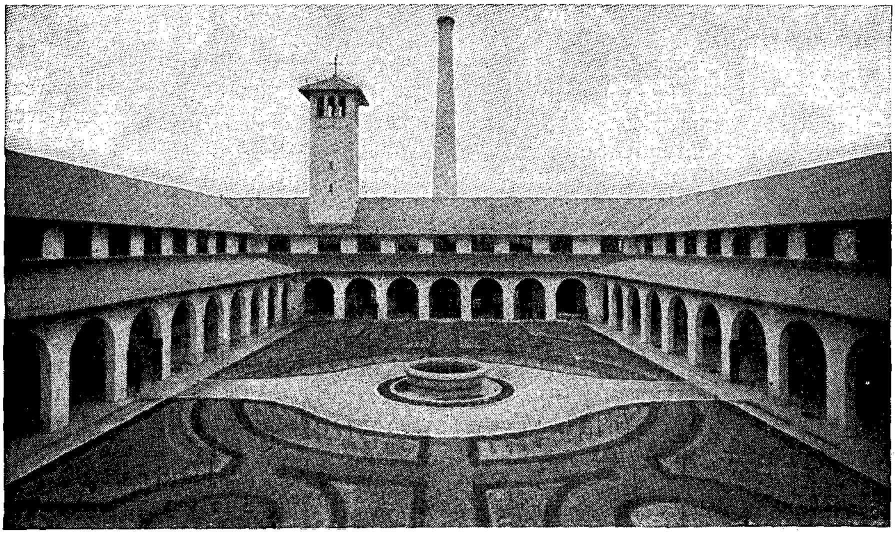
Out in the yard we met "Jumbo," big, good-natured, simple-minded, loose-jointed Jumbo, willing and ready as a child to run errands, to carry ice in summer and shovel snow in winter, but utterly irresponsible and unable to care for himself. In striking contrast to him was Mr. Nord, small of stature and of a nervous and excitable temperament. His parents were wealthy and gave to their son every advantage. After graduating from one of our Eastern colleges, he spent several years in a polytechnic school in Vienna, becoming an expert naturalist. He could speak fluently several languages and converse with intelligence and even brilliancy on many subjects. With the culture of extensive reading and wide travel, but broken in health and unable to cope with the practical world, he also found a home with the city's poor.

Sitting at his bench in the basement was an old man making the wooden buckets and tubs used in the institution. In his younger days in Germany he was a worker in wood, with an intense passion for carving. His untrained skill wasted itself in trifles and made him a wanderer. He finally drifted into the Almshouse, and for many years he was an industrious worker at his rude bench. Beside him was an old man who could make by hand a complete pocket-knife, but machinery had rendered his skill of little commercial value.

Among the others were those who had been wasteful, intemperate, and vicious. Some were undeserving, many of them had done wrong, but these things are true of a part of the children of luxury. The bent backs, the swollen joints, the wrinkled faces, of these unprivileged told the story of toil, hardship, and suffering. Most of them had done their fair share of the world's work. The Almshouse was the last gathering-place of the wreckage of a great city, of the abandoned derelicts of our social and industrial life, but each one had made the human voyage.

THE PATHOS OF AGE

The only fair method of the citizens of a municipality dealing with unfortunates is that of the Golden Rule. What would I desire if the misfortune should come to me, or, worse still, to mine? Society can well afford to be generous and merciful, for the fullness of the blessing comes more to him who gives than to him who receives. The social feeling for justice and kindness grows broader and deeper. In the long run the community reaps the greater reward because of its generous beneficent service. The old poorhouse was not the best which a prosperous city could do for its children of adversity.



THE COURT AND CLOISTER

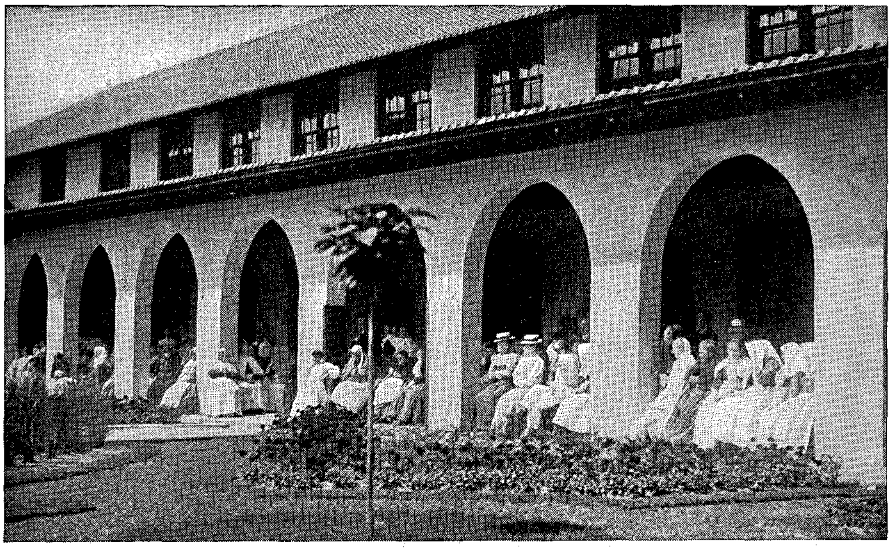
" ALTE GROSSMUTTER "

In order to provide freer opportunities for life and happiness we purchased for the city of Cleveland a great tract of nearly two thousand acres of rolling land, of meadow, cultivated field, forest, and pasture. It absorbed twenty-five farms, and is located on an electric line ten miles from the business center. On this three square miles of land, named by the City Council the Cooley Farms, four broad estates of five hundred acres each were set apart for different purposes: the Colony Farm, for the Almshouse people; the Overlook Farm, for the tuberculosis patients; the Correction Farm, for the House of Correction prisoners and vagrants; and the Highland Park Farm, for the development of an extensive park cemetery. They are so distinct that the entrance from the public highway to the Colony Farm is nearly three miles from that of the Correction Farm, yet there is opportunity for the absolute control for all time of a great, free, open environment.

The Colony Farm is high and has a magnificent outlook over the surrounding country. The gardens, fields, orchards, pastures, poultry yards, and barns invite to useful, helpful tasks. In the city the speed and output of the shop and factory must be maintained and the inefficient are crowded out, but Mother Earth still has a place for men past their prime, for the weak, the crippled, and the aged. If they only do according to their ability, she has ample room and welcome and reward for them. They can all be given some needed, useful work, and are happier for the doing of it for the common life of the colony. Their own labor brings from the orchards, fields, and gardens better and more nourishing food. The normal environment of the country restores normal hopes, feelings, and interests. To most of them nature is as much a delight in their second childhood as it was in their first childhood.

Four of the permanent buildings were completed, and in April, 1909, the six hundred people, crippled, defective, infirm, were moved to their new home and the old Almshouse or Infirmary in the city was abandoned. The inmates of the Poorhouse became the residents of the Colony Farm. The change from the crowded, humiliating life of the traditional institution to the freer and more open life under the whole sky immediately expressed itself in the bearing and attitude of the residents.

The new buildings, which are a part of plans for a complete group, are of marble-dust-plaster finish with red tile roofs, and in the setting of green fields and forests present a fine architectural appearance. Political opponents gave them the name of the "Moorish Palaces." They are simple, but practical and beautiful. The use of the reinforced concrete construc-



LISTENING TO THE BAND IN THE COURT

tion has enabled us to say that " strength and beauty are in the sanctuary " even of the poor and unfortunate.

The main building, the Service Quadrangle, is two stories in height and covers an acre of ground. In the center is a large open court entirely surrounded by a covered archway or cloister. It includes the service rooms, and forms the center of the life and industry of the village. It is an adaptation of the monastic mission architecture to present uses. The monks were wise builders, and they built with the accumulated wisdom of their order. They lived the communal life, as do our old people in the Colony. The cloister is very attractive, and affords protection from the heat and storm and gives more opportunity for outdoor life. Under its archways in summer is abundant room for carrying on the old hand-crafts.

A separate building was erected as a Home for Aged Couples. Their rooms on the ground floor have French windows opening out on to the lawn and flower-beds, giving the effect in summer of a cozy cottage by itself. This is to be their humble home together as long as both shall live. Suggested by the tender devotion of an old man to his sick wife at the time of their moving into their new cottage, we inscribed over the doorway the motto, "To lose money is better than to lose love." Above the great fireplace in their common living-room are the lines of Browning's " Rabbi Ben Ezra :"

"Grow old along with me,
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made ;
Grow old, . . . nor be afraid."

The atmosphere and environment of the Colony suggest, not a retreat in which to die, but rather a community in which to live the declining years in some comfort and enjoyment. Some are too badly wrecked in body and mind to be influenced by the new life, but with most of the residents there is responsiveness and appreciation. A crippled woman in a wheel-chair was on one of the wide verandas looking out over the fields and forests. A visitor said to her, "This is fine here." "Yes," replied the cripple; "sometimes when I look out over the hills, it is so beautiful, I just cry."

Two years ago the Japanese Government sent a delegation of some of her ablest men to study our American industries and institutions. When they came to Cleveland, Baron Shibusawa, the head of the delegation, asked to see the Colony

Farm. He was much interested in the trip about the farm and through the buildings. He could not speak English, but if our old people had been kings and queens he could not have treated them with more courtesy. On leaving him at his hotel he took my hand, and, through his interpreter, said: "Since coming to America, they have shown to us wonderful mills and factories, beautiful banks and business places, but the most interesting thing which I have seen is the Colony out on the hill." The next day he sent to me a letter of appreciation of the work, and inclosed were two fifty-dollar bills, sent that the old folks at the Colony might have a happier time at Christmas.

The governments of the countries of Europe are giving increasing attention to old age pensions, to accident, sickness, unemployment, and infirmity insurance. The soldiers of industry are to be cared for as generously as the soldiers of war. The rising movement for Conservation is an effort to realize justice in restoring and preserving birthrights for the unprivileged. The growing social heart or feeling toward the unfortunate is to express itself in larger brotherly services and unconscious kindnesses, of which the old individual conscience has been hesitating and afraid. The problem of protecting and caring for human life is rapidly becoming the question for National Assemblies and Imperial Parliaments.

MAY

BY JOEL BENTON

Iris-tinted May now skirts the woods and hollows,
And, where the south wind leads, swift and soft-footed follows;
There's incense in her breath, before her steps and after,
And in her loosened brooks echoes of woodland laughter.

In the bosky thickets birds are briskly singing,
While the lofty swallow some message must be bringing
From the far Azores, so strong is his endeavor
To brush against the azure, and go sailing on forever.

Not less the crystal lake he puts in his dominions,
He skims its polished face; and, with his preened-out pinions,
Single-eyed, surveys all his insect quarry,
Having two highways, the mundane and the starry.

That white sheet you see, where all the greenery varies,
Is the petaled snow shed by the sanguinaria's
Clear and spotless blossoms—seen by every comer—
A chosen scarf of spring thrown on the neck of summer.

The wind-flower, all alone, that with no other matest,
Lifts tremblingly its head—the dearest, delicatest;
More than all flowery forms in wood or meadow places,
Its rose-edged, pearl-like tint, grim winter's spell effaces.

May, the maiden month, has in her rich possession
All the cavalcade of nature's fair procession;
Even the bobolink, that like a fountain rises,
Soon will add his song to her supreme surprises!

Learn We to Live

By Lee Wilson Dodd

I

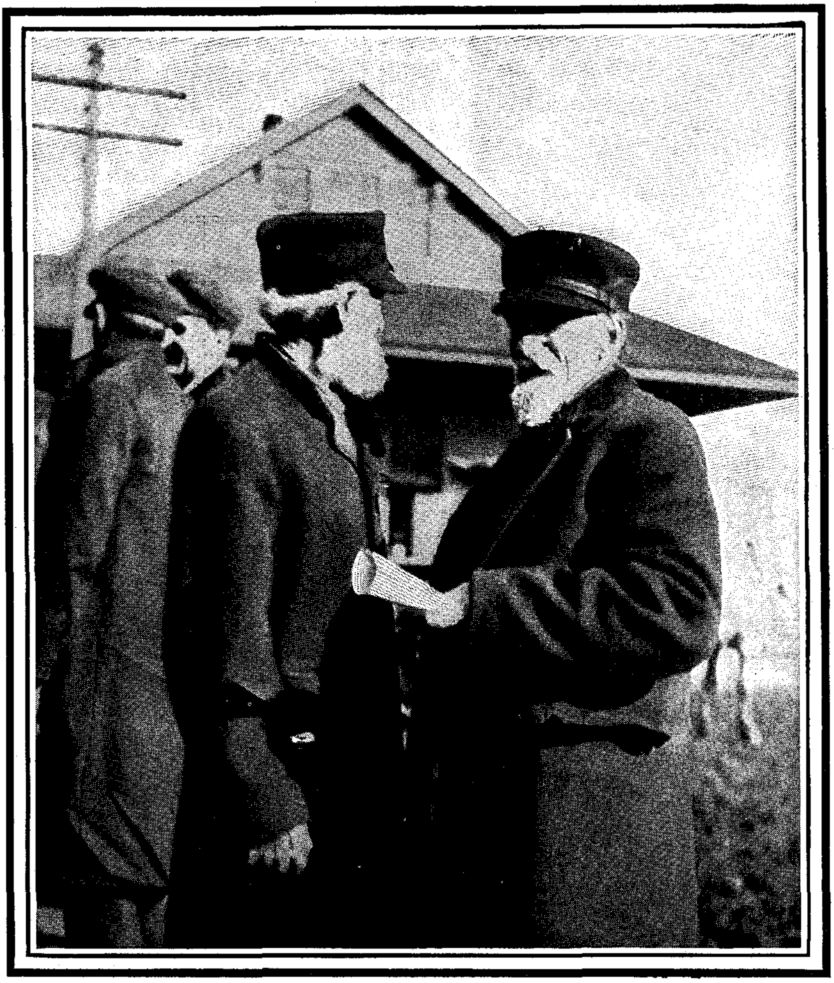
Light, light and air! the colored earth and sea!
O woman that I love, fly to the hills with me!
Or to the cleansing breadth of wave, where night and day
The unreluctant winds pursue their ample way!
Are you not sick, beloved, as I am sick,
Of the sophisticating city-world, where trick
O'erreaches trick, where life's a game of cards
Played with sharp lust for pitiful rewards?
O come, heart of youth, recover the delight
Of satisfying song!
We once were eager for the soul's persuasive right
To banish right and wrong,
Duty, and all his kin,
Sad thoughts of destiny,
Fears of a world to be,
Deep arguments of sin,
Doubt's dubious eclipse,
Death, sorrow, and disease,—
To banish all such dreary folk as these,
And kiss the dreaming Rose of Beauty on the lips!

II

Is there not moon-fire, star-dust, lily-shine?
Is there not a gleaming bow round your head and mine?
Are we not immortal,—young for ever, fair?
Is it not our beauty silvering the air?
Surely these our kisses leave our lips to fly,
Blue birds, singing birds, all along the sky?
Surely when our eyes meet in a fixed delight
All the stars in heaven tremble, and the night
Sighs and is silent, and the dawn is stirred
To flutter o'er the eastern hill like a sleepy bird?

III

Light, light and air! the magic earth and sea!
O woman that I love, fly home to poesy—
Home to the beauty man forgets to praise,
Wasting his heart in labor all his days;
Home to the beauty God delights to spread
Broadly and kindly round about man's head;
Giving him the spaces of the myriad sky,
And the shimmering pastures of the sea. Ah, why,
Why do we struggle ever, strive and cry?
Learn we to *live*, dear, ere we learn to die!



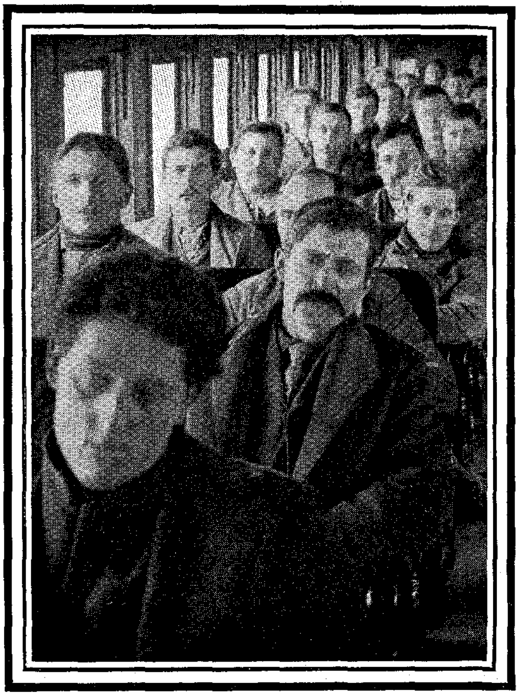
TALKING IT OVER AT THE STATION

Farming by Special Train

By Clifford V. Gregory

THAT a college professor should be given a special train with which to spread his ideas over a great State is significant of the changed relation of the people to the colleges. It shows that the college has come to a better appreciation of the problems of everyday life, and is earnestly trying to help solve them. It shows that the people are learning that science can accomplish results where " main strength and awkwardness " fail. The agricultural college was first to realize that while it is important to educate man so that he can enjoy life, it is just as important to teach him how to make the wherewithal that makes enjoyment possible.

The agricultural college has brought science down to a practical basis. It has argued that science that cannot make some one's burden lighter is not worthy of the name. From science for learning's sake it has come to be science for humanity's sake. At first this popularized science was furnished in the form of bulletins. These reached a few people, and did a



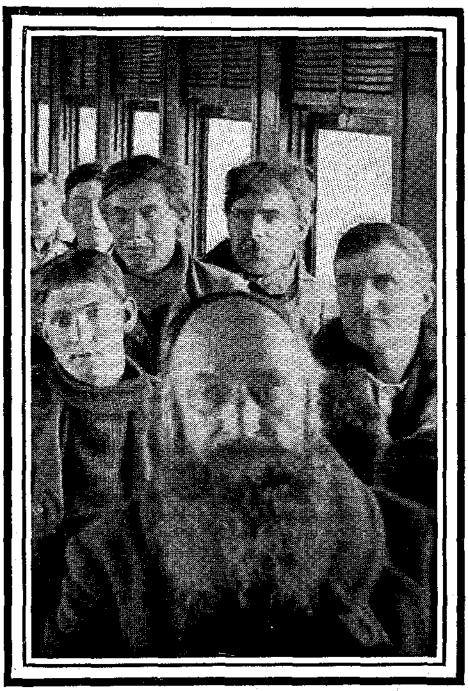
ON THE SEED CORN SPECIAL

great deal of good. But the personal element that must furnish the inspiration for any new movement was lacking. The colleges tried institutes, and reached more people. They tried short courses, and reached still more. It needed something spectacular to complete the waking up of the farmer. That is how the college professors came to ride in special trains.

In the spring of 1910 the farmers of Iowa faced a crisis. Corn is Iowa's principal crop. A failure in the corn crop of Iowa would mean disaster to the State. Also, it would mean hungry mouths all through the country, for Iowa stands at the head of the corn-producing States. With the present narrow margin between production and consumption, Iowa's corn crop would mean the difference between plenty and hunger. With Iowa corn out of the running there would be a good many car-loads of hungry cattle and hogs rushed into the Chicago stock-yards, and when they were gone the meat famine would be on in earnest. Even a twenty-five per cent reduction in Iowa's corn crop would turn the Nation's wild hallelujah over bumper crops into a wail for johnny-cake and spare-rib.

There was a hard freeze early in October, 1909, that covered Iowa and portions of adjoining States. The corn was full of moisture, and many of the germs were frozen so hard that they were killed or badly weakened. Most of the seed corn was not saved until after this freeze, and most of it would not grow. Eight hundred samples of the best corn in the State were shown at the winter short course at Ames. The tests showed that but sixty-six per cent was able to germinate strong, while twenty per cent would not grow at all. And this was the best corn in the State, mind you. The exhibitors knew beforehand that it was to be tested, and that none but the strong ears would receive prizes. Yet twenty kernels out of every hundred were absolutely dead.

Even after a winter of strenuous work by the extension lecturers and months of campaigning by the agricultural press and the daily papers, the danger of a partial



AN INTERESTED AUDIENCE

LISTENING TO A PLEA FOR BETTER SEED CORN

crop failure was still apparent. It was at this juncture that the railways came to the rescue. Professor Holden smiled as he dictated replies to letters from railway presidents offering trains and asking for men. Six years before it had taken all of the Professor's arguing ability—and he has a great deal—to convince a few of the railway managers that a corn gospel train would be a paying proposition. It took all his persuasion and all the pressure he could bring to bear to get these trains. This year the railways were so eager to put on trains that it was difficult to find speakers enough to man them.

Spring came early in 1910, and the farmers were at work in the field when the first gospel train started. It was with considerable trepidation that the professors watched for the first station platform. It takes a great deal to pry a farmer loose from his field on a sunshiny day. But the platform was full to overflowing. The train had hardly stopped before the men began to crowd aboard the cars. They had found out that their seed was poor. They wanted to know what to do.

To make the object-lesson more effective, a man had been sent on ahead of each train to get in touch with the farmers and tell them what was coming. This man put in half a day or so at the rural telephone, calling up the farmers and inviting them personally to meet the train. When the college takes enough interest in a man to give him a personal invitation to come out to hear its professors talk, he can hardly refuse, no matter how busy he is. Except for the absence of screaming posters, the seed-corn train was just about as well advertised as any circus that ever came to town.

This advance man procured ten ears of seed corn from each of thirty or forty farmers, and put kernels from them in the germination box. When the special arrived, the station platform was crowded with farmers eager to learn whether or not their corn had made a satisfactory test. Occasionally a man was found who had corn that would test ninety per cent strong. More often the test was around thirty. At no station was an average test of more than twenty-five per cent found.

"Do you know what this means, men?" Professor Holden asked. "It means that you are going to plow a hundred acres of ground, and disc it and harrow it and get it into shape to plant, and then plant only twenty-five acres of it to corn that will grow. You may think that these kernels that test weak will produce something. Did you ever see a hill of corn with two big healthy stalks and one little spindling one? What do you suppose was the matter with the little one? You may say that the others got the start of it. But why was it that they got the start? They were planted at the same depth, in the same kind of soil, and they all had the same kind of a chance. The reason that the little spindling stalk wasn't able to keep up with the others is that it came from a weak ear—one of the kind that sends out a little sickly sprout in the germination box.

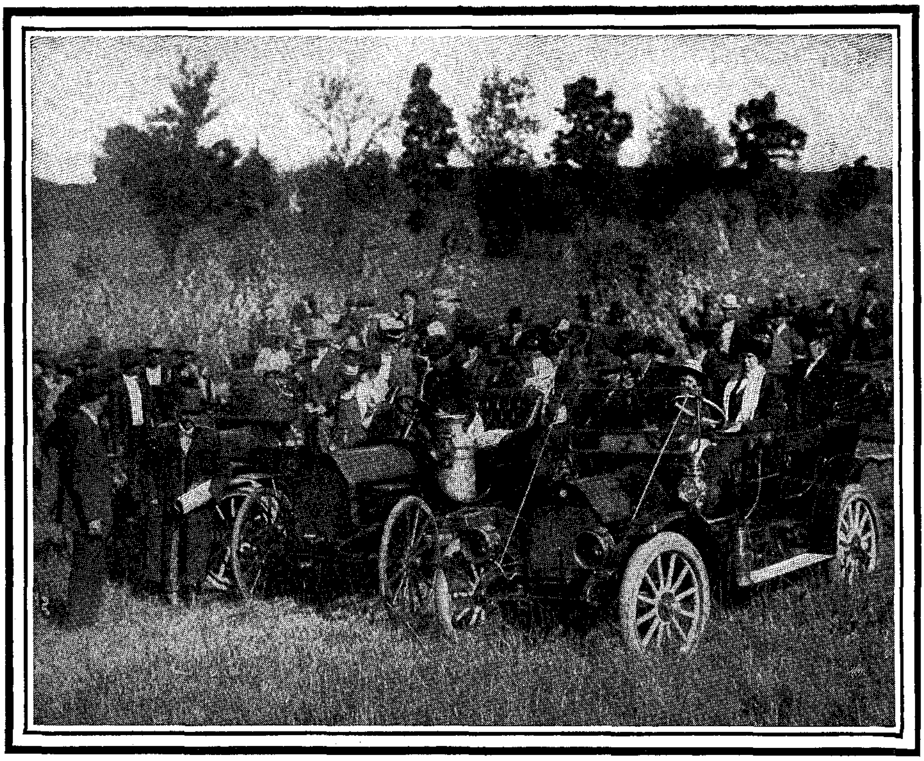
ON THE HOG TRAIN SPECIAL

"And that isn't the whole story. That weak stalk has from eight hundred to a thousand little brothers and sisters scattered around over the field. Did you ever mark that kind of a stalk and watch it till husking time? It sends out a tassel as big as life and lets loose a million little pollen grains to fertilize all the good ears for a rod around. Next fall you will pick out a big, good-looking ear and think you have something pretty fine for seed. You won't know that the father of that ear is the same measly stalk that hasn't the sign of an ear of its own.

"When you plant that ear next year, some of the characteristics of that scrubby father are bound to crop out. You can't get away from this law that 'like produces like.' The father stalk has just as much to do with the offspring as the mother ear does.

"Now the thing to do is to test your corn and get rid of the weak ears and the dead ones. Instead of planting twenty-five acres out of that hundred with good seed, plant it all with seed that you are certain will grow. Then, when husking time comes, you won't have to ask the produce of twenty-five acres to pay the expense of cultivating a hundred."

AFTER THE LECTURE



THE FARMERS COME IN THEIR AUTOMOBILES FROM MILES AROUND

The Professor then proceeded to explain how to make a germination box that will do the work of selecting the good ears from the weak and dead ones. "If I would advertise to tell you how to spend five dollars and get ten dollars back, you would fall all over yourselves to get to hear me," he said. "Now I've told you how you can increase the average yield of corn in this county ten bushels to the acre without spending a cent. What are you going to do about it? Are you going to go home and test your corn, or are you going to plant it a little thicker, and then blame your crop of nubbins and barren stalks to your luck or say it was your wife's fault?"

At one station I asked a bright-looking young farmer to tell me just what he thought of the Professor's idea of corn-raising.

"I don't think, I know," he said, "that Professor Holden has added millions of dollars to the wealth of the State. He's taught us farmers to take an interest in our work and to study our crops. It isn't so much just this idea of teaching seed corn. That's good, of course, but if a man tests his seed corn it means that he's pulled himself out of the rut and taken a new start.

"I just want to tell you an instance that happened over in my own locality. I have a neighbor over there, a strong, healthy young fellow, but he never could seem to get ahead. He said the farmers didn't have any chance, and he just plugged along in the same old way, considering himself lucky if he made enough to pay the rent.

"The first year the corn trains were run I got him to come over with me to hear Holden talk. He went home and tested his seed corn. He seemed to spruce up from that time on. He took an interest in his work and began to keep things up in shape. He began to make money, too, and last year he bought a quarter-section. I laughed when he told me about it, and asked him what he thought now about the farmers not having any chance. He said the trouble was there were so many chances that he didn't know which to take hold of first."

Most of the farmers who visited the special train and heard the lecturers went home and tested their seed corn. They saved the good ears to plant, and fed the others to the hogs. The second week out the corn trains—there were two of them—reached about forty thousand farmers. Careful inquiry showed that about one-fourth of these farmers tested their corn as a direct result of attending the lectures on the seed corn train. By doing so they increased their crop at least ten per cent. At that rate the one week's work increased the value of Iowa's 1910 corn crop by over half a million dollars. As a matter of fact, the average yield in the State this year was thirty-five bushels to the acre, almost up to the average of the past five years. That such a record should be made when a third of the best seed corn in the State was dead is phenomenal.

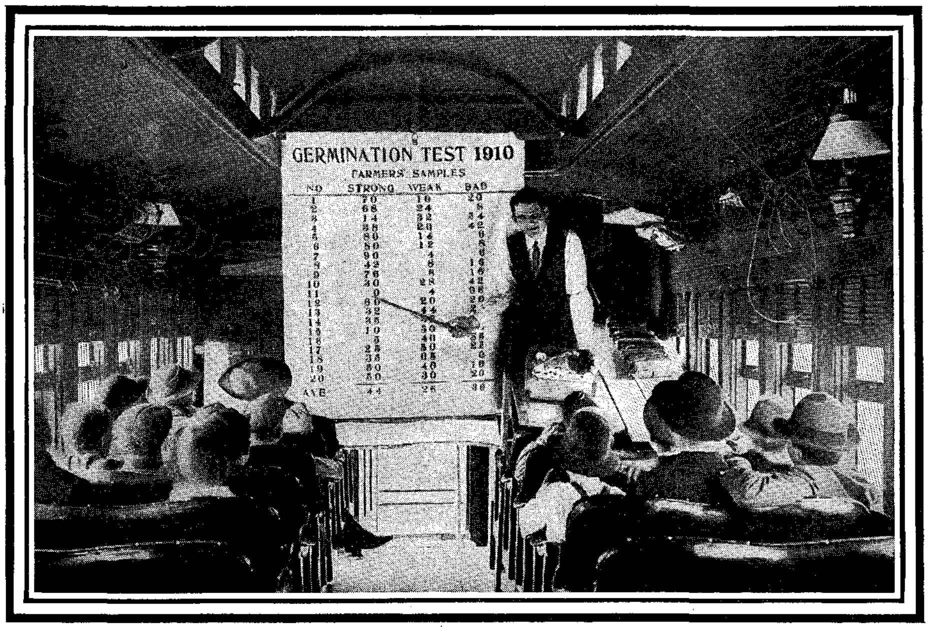
There are critics of the special train idea, of course. Some ridiculed it as being an expensive way of reaching the people. These same people do not object to attending a show that comes to town on four or five special trains. The expense is a secondary matter. An increase of one bushel of corn per acre on Iowa's nine million acres will pay for a good many special trains at $100 per day.

The first year the corn trains were run they met with strong opposition from the co-operative elevator people. This was at the height of the desperate fight between the co-operative people and the strongly intrenched "regulars." Professor Holden, with more ambition than discretion perhaps, accepted the help of Secretary George A. Wells, of the Iowa Grain Dealers' Association, to secure the special trains. He needed help of some kind, and the Grain Dealers' Association was strong with the railways. In the eyes of the co-operators Wells was the arch-fiend of the power that so ruthlessly opposed them by every questionable means that could be devised, and they hated him accordingly. The "Wells-Holden corn specials," as they called them, aroused their ire.

The six years that have elapsed since then have witnessed the dissolution of the Iowa Grain Dealers' Association. The co-operative people have intrenched themselves beyond any fear of opposition. But it takes time to forget. When the oat train went through their territory in the winter of 1908–9, some of them attended the lectures to criticise. They went away thinking. They were beginning to see that it is even more important to have grain to sell than it is to sell it to advantage. When the corn train came, they met it with a brass band. They are raising money to put on a seed corn train of their own next year.

Then there are other people who are suspicious of the railways and shy away from the specials as if they were dangerous. The running of the specials is simply a business proposition on the part of the railways. They are

PROFESSOR HOLDEN EXPLAINING THE GERMINATION BOX



A LECTURE TO THE SCHOOL-CHILDREN

not doing it from any particular spirit of philanthropy. The truth is, the railways are learning that their profits vary directly with crop yields. They cannot cultivate the farmer's corn for him, but they can help influence him to test his seed.

King Corn cannot claim a monopoly on the special train. South Dakota and northern Iowa have added millions of bushels to their oat crop by means of oat trains. Illinois ran a "good roads" train and taught the farmers how they could have hard roads the year around. Washington ran a dairy train and taught thousands of farmers how to separate the good cows from the poor ones. Ohio and New York have spread new agricultural ideas throughout the State by means of special trains.

During the coming winter it is planned to run an entire domestic science train through Iowa, with demonstration and lecture cars. Commissioner Cottrell, of the Rock Island, already has his plans complete for a rice train in Arkansas, a cotton train in Louisiana, a dry-farming train in Texas, and a horse train in Kansas. The Burlington Railroad last fall ran a soils special through the southern half of Iowa. Its object was to teach the farmers the principles of soil conservation, so that they might put off the day when they will have to divide their profits with the fertilizer manufacturer. The Iowa Dairy Association put on a special dairy train for a two-thousand-mile trip last winter. One-third of the cows of the State are on the loss side of the ledger. Their owners are paying for the privilege of having them around. The dairy-train lecturers taught the farmers how to feed their cows. They taught them how to use the Babcock test and the scales to tell how many cows are producing butter-fat enough to pay their board. Dr. David Roberts, of Wisconsin, one of the foremost veterinarians in the United States, told the farmers how to combat the tuberculosis problem, which is the bogy-man that frightens many a prospective dairyman into some other business.

Everywhere the dairy train met with enthusiastic crowds. The farmers of the northern half of the State have followed the lead of the farmers of Minnesota and Wisconsin and gone into the dairy business. They are making big money at it. In the southern part of the State, where the dairy train was run, the farmers have an idea that milking cows is too much work, and a large share of them still let the calves draw the milk in nature's way. The dairy train opened their eyes. The grain farmers have been watching the

WOMEN LEAVING THE BREAKFAST BACON SPECIAL

bank account. When Professor Van Pelt told them that they could make from forty cents to a dollar an hour milking cows, it sounded too good to be true. Dairying means more intensive methods and better farming generally. There are no better-tilled farms in the country than in the prosperous dairy districts of Wisconsin and New York. The spread of dairying means prosperity for the country and the hastening of the day when there will be butter enough to go around and the wage-earner can cut loose from the oleomargarine trust.

Last summer a "better wheat" train was run in Kansas. Previous to this Kansas farmers had been raising mixed wheat. The flour made from this wheat would make only 130 loaves of bread to the sack, while the leading Minneapolis flour mills guarantee their flour to produce 180. In consequence they refused to touch the Kansas wheat, although it comes on the market several weeks earlier than the wheat

fertility of their soil grow steadily less. Professor Van Pelt, the official lecturer of the State Dairy Association, figured out for them that for every ton of butter they sold they were taking out but eighteen cents' worth of fertility from the soil. This makes a striking contrast with the $10 worth that is taken away by a ton of corn.

The men who have been raising beef have had a hard row to hoe for the past few years, in spite of climbing prices. It takes nearly two years at best to mature a beef steer, and he gets away with a whole lot of feed in that time. The beef men have been keeping up the fertility of their soil, but, one year with another, they have not been adding appreciably to their

of the Northwest. As a direct result of the "better wheat" train 300,000 acres of pure wheat were sown in Kansas last fall. This year's crop from these 300,000 acres will amount to something like five million bushels, and will be worth ten cents a bushel more than the mixed wheat. This increase of half a million dollars will pay the Kansas farmers big wages for the time they spent listening to the wheat lectures. The Rock Island figures on hauling a large share of that five million bushels of wheat to Minneapolis, and so getting back in freight charges many times the thousand dollars a week that it costs to run the special train.

The latest in the way of special trains

is the "Breakfast Bacon Special." There was a shortage of three million hogs at the six chief packing centers during the first six months of 1910. At these same points the shortage during 1909 was five million carcasses. The people who were hungry for the pork and bacon from these eight million hogs had to satisfy their appetites with canned salmon or turn vegetarians. By rights, pork should be the poor man's meat. While a steer makes but five or six pounds of meat from a bushel of corn, a hog will make ten or twelve. But the man who has breakfasted on bacon very many times during the past year has seen very little reason for calling pork cheap meat. The result of the shortage in the pork supply sent prices skyward. They reached a point higher than at any time since the Civil War. The farmers who were fortunate enough to be "long" on hogs reaped a rich harvest. As a typical instance, a farmer in Illinois who keeps books figured up his profits on a car-load of hogs, and found that they paid him $1.25 a bushel for all the corn they had eaten. For once, at least, he had the laugh on his neighbors who hauled their corn to the elevator at 55 cents a bushel. And when it comes to his children and grandchildren, they will, to a still greater extent, have the laugh on the children and grandchildren of his grain-farming neighbors. Every time a bushel of corn is marketed by the hog route only 3 cents' worth of fertility is taken from the farm. When the corn itself is hauled away, 18 cents' worth of fertility is taken with every bushel.

If all of these things are true, why don't the farmers raise more hogs? Well, it is due to habit, largely. They are not used to caring for hogs, and they think it is more difficult than it really is. Some of them fear the cholera. They have been through a siege of it, maybe, and they know from bitter experience what it means to have the year's profits swept away in a few days. They have heard of the serum treatment, perhaps, but they are skeptical. It will take much teaching and demonstration to convince them that the Government veterinarians have really discovered a treatment that is a sure preventive of the dread disease. The main thing that these farmers need is a little explanation, a little clearing up of the points about the hog business of which they are not quite sure.

It was with this thought in mind that Agricultural Commissioner H. M. Cottrell, of the Rock Island lines, joined with the hog experts of the State Agricultural College of Iowa to jar the farmers into a realization of the profits of hog culture. While they are urging the farmer to go into the hog business to make money for himself, they are not neglectful of the demands of the laborer for cheaper ham. They are showing the farmer how to produce pork on clover or alfalfa pasture for three or four cents a pound. With pork produced at this price, it would be a very selfish farmer who would still claim that he should still have ten cents on the hoof for his hogs.

The hog experts are urging the farmers to eliminate the waste, to put the hog business on a strict business basis. In Iowa twenty-five per cent of the hogs that are farrowed never live to reach the packing-house. Most of this loss is due to improper feeding of the sow and lack of

EVEN THE TOWN LOAFERS ARE MILDLY INTERESTED

attention at farrowing time. The average sized litter raised in Iowa is four. If that number could be increased to six, it would add four million to the annual hog crop of the State.

At every one of the 137 stations where the special made its half-hour stops it was met by enthusiastic crowds. The farmers and their wives came in wagons and buggies and automobiles. The merchants and bankers locked their doors and came down to the train in force. The teachers came marching down to the train at the head of their flocks. At one place a conference of Presbyterian preachers adjourned by unanimous consent and came down to hear the lecture on hog culture. One lady eighty-five years old came down to hear the lecture on domestic science. "I expect to cook pork for a good many years yet," she smiled, as an attendant helped her aboard. One old gentleman, disregarding the shouted instructions of the attendants to "take the front car," made his way back to the ladies' car. "My wife makes me get up and get breakfast in the morning," he said. "I'm tired of toast, and I want to learn how to fry bacon." Almost every one came to learn. The few who came to scoff usually "remained to pray."

The actual results of the special trains are, of course, rather hard to determine with any degree of accuracy. It has been long enough since the first trains were run, however, so that a comparison of the crop yields shows some interesting figures.

In 1904 the first special agricultural trains were run. They reached 670 towns in 97 counties out of 99 in the State. The total distance traveled was 10,000 miles, in the course of which 1,085 talks were given and 127,000 people were reached. During the five years just previous to 1904 the average corn yield in Iowa was 33.5 bushels. The average for the five years following the advent of the special trains was 35.9 bushels. A five-year average should be sufficient to eliminate differences due to the varying weather conditions. The increase of 2.4 bushels to the acre must be attributed largely to better methods. A large share of the credit for the dissemination of these better methods belongs to the special trains. For the last five years the average acreage of corn in the State has been nearly nine million acres. The average farm price for the five years has been 39 cents. At this rate the value of the increased corn yields has been worth over eight million dollars a year.

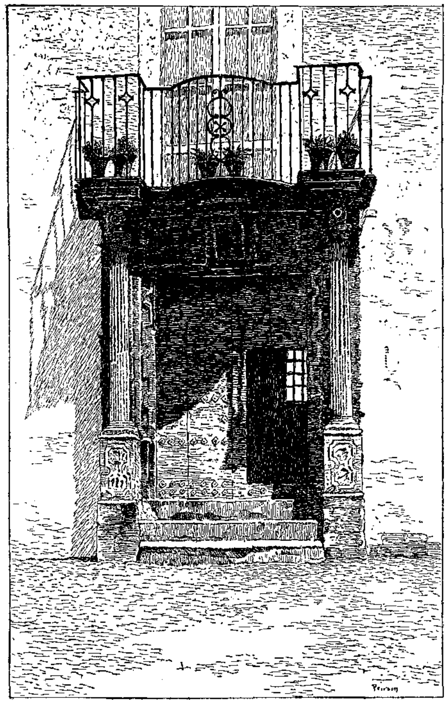
While the cities are boasting of the added thousands or millions for which the new Census gives them credit, the farmer is looking at the matter from a different angle. On him rests the burden of supplying these additional millions with food. The problem is not so simple as it was twenty-five years ago, when the wants of each added million could be met by opening new farms in the West. To-day there are few new farms to open. The farmer must by hook or crook get more out of his soil. At this stage of the game the Nation needs men who can increase crop production more than it needs men who can corner the stock markets or get themselves elected to Congress.

In the face of these facts it is little wonder that the railways are asking for more special trains, or that the farmers leave their plows in the fields when they hear the whistle of the special train. The college on wheels seems to have come to stay.

How We Found Ronda

By Clara Crawford Perkins

With Drawings by Alden Peirson



THE OLD DOORWAY

FIFTEEN years ago we discovered Ronda. We had landed at Gibraltar in a cold March rain. Two weeks we had allotted ourselves for a first glimpse of Spain, and, with Western notions of travel, we were counting on Granada, Seville, Cordova, and the Prado at Madrid, not to mention several lesser points of interest. But we had reckoned without our Spain. Barely had we elbowed our way to our hotel through the seething, shrieking mass of men and beasts which make a Babel of the streets at the foot of the mountain of Tarik than we were informed that the one railway running from Algeciras across the bay up into Spain had been washed out by the spring rains. Not a train had run between Algeciras and Ronda, thirty miles to the north, for sixty days.

"We must go by boat, then, to Malaga or Cadiz," we quickly decided, fearing for our look at the Prado. But the boat service, too, was interrupted. Since a recent storm one of the local steamers had been missing, and all the others were out seaching for her.

Our anxious inquiries as to when the road might be in order or the boats running were met by a shrug and outspread palms. "*Quien sabe?*" Only time could tell. "*Acaso manaña! acaso no!*" Not only the Prado, but all the rest of our hoped-for look at Spain threatened to be swallowed up by this unexpected and, we soon learned, most Spanish suspension of the facilities of travel. We were in despair, for, although we had already discovered the fascinations of the Gib, we did not desire to spend all our cherished fortnight there.

At this desperate moment an enterprising fellow-traveler suggested horses to Ronda, from which point the railway appeared to be running. "Splendid!" we cried. "But what about Ronda? What kind of a place is it? Could ladies spend the night there?" The information elicited by these questions was not very promising as to creature comforts, but most alluring as to Ronda's mediæval atmosphere and extraordinary beauty of situation. We recalled, too, the siege of Ronda in Irving's "Conquest." We would go to Ronda on horseback.

But we did not go to Ronda on horseback. No one would furnish us horses, or even mules. "The roads were impossible; we would mire at every step." But by the time we were able to leave Gibraltar on a tramp steamer for Malaga, when the delay had rendered Madrid and the Prado impossible, our disappointment was measurably lessened by the prospect of a stop at Ronda instead, on our way back.

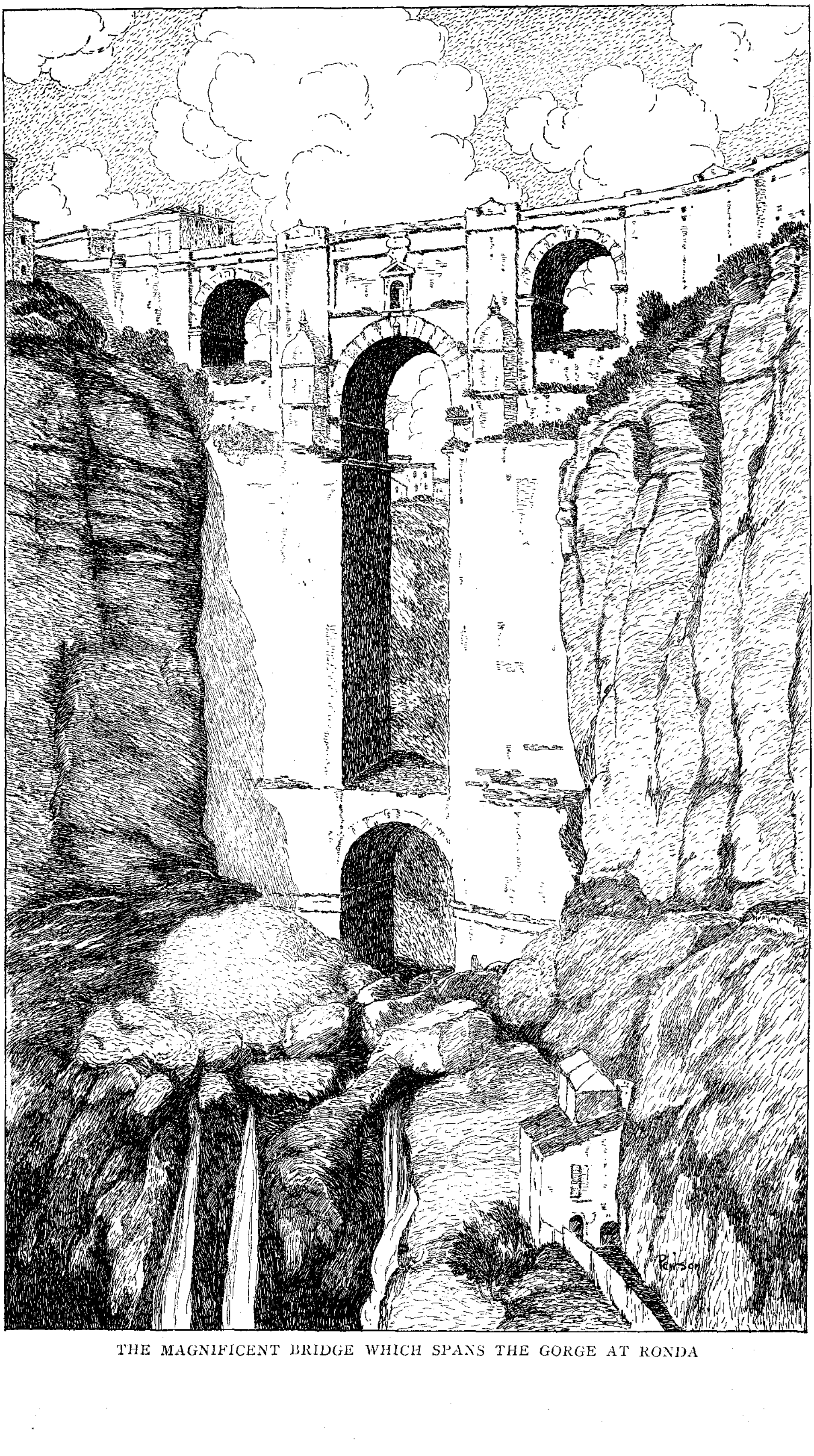
Our train puffed up to the little town after dark. We saw the usual bare and characterless wooden station, feebly lighted by flickering oil lamps. The few attendants were lolling half asleep when we rolled up to the platform, but no sooner had we descended than pandemonium was let loose. Evidently visitors from overseas were rare birds in this mountain nest, and every man of them wished to have a hand in the bestowal of our persons and our luggage in the creaking and protesting omnibus which was expected to transport us to the only possible hotel.

I say "expected to" advisedly, for there appeared to be no certainty about it. The road was evidently totally unfit for the passage of wheels; and to our apprehensive senses the aged and loose-jointed vehicle constantly threatened to fall to pieces and deposit us in the road. We plunged, lunged, and swayed over stones and into ruts; but fate was kind, and we finally pulled up in front of a door in a whitewashed wall from which streamed a welcome radiance. The labor of unloading ourselves and our belongings was not without its difficulties. News of our arrival had spread through the town, and already there was a large and rapidly growing crowd desirous of seeing these strange creatures who came to Ronda from such a vast distance. But *el posadero* came to the rescue, and with the aid of loud and evidently strong language, emphasized by frequent blows, we were at last disembarked and safe inside the door.

It was much better than we feared. There was a tiny court paved with red bricks, with a circular depression in the middle, presumably for a fountain, although then dry. Rooms, mostly small and of confusing irregularity, opened from this court. Somewhere a crooked stairway mounted to a second story. There were smells of strange foods, but they were not unappetizing, and everything appeared to be most scrupulously clean. We had been to Granada, to Cordova, and to Seville, but already, before we had seen anything of Ronda save tantalizing glimpses caught through rents in the curtains of our decrepit omnibus, we realized that this was different. Here was the real Spain.

As we sat at dinner the strangeness of it, together with occasional surprises to our protesting palates, mounted to our heads. Running through the middle of the table was a long row of black bottles, twenty-five or more, all apparently empty. A special course of long, thin asparagus, whose appearance was hailed with delight, but whose unexpected bitterness caused many a grimace, still remains in my memory. Then there was music, not the suave, obvious melodies to which our ears were accustomed, but the weird, wailing cadences of the East. It was not cheerful or enlivening, but, by the rule of contraries, it went to our heels. A dance in the brick court was suggested, and the rather undignified romp which followed doubtless left in the minds of our bewildered *posadero* the impression that the inhabitants of America were still savage. During a breathless pause in our hilarity some one glanced through the door into the street. Apparently the entire town was gathered there, spellbound by what they saw. Then we fled to our rooms.

The next morning the town lay before us, and we soon found that the half had not been told. All day long we wandered along the brows of steep bluffs and through



THE MAGNIFICENT BRIDGE WHICH SPANS THE GORGE AT RONDA steep and crooked streets—for the most part, all too steep for wheeled vehicles. Here, then, was the cause of our hectic ride of the night before. Except to bring strangers from the station, no one ever attempted to ride in Ronda. Indeed, our consumptive omnibus was the only wheeled conveyance in town; manifestly it would have been extravagance to keep roads in order for one vehicle.

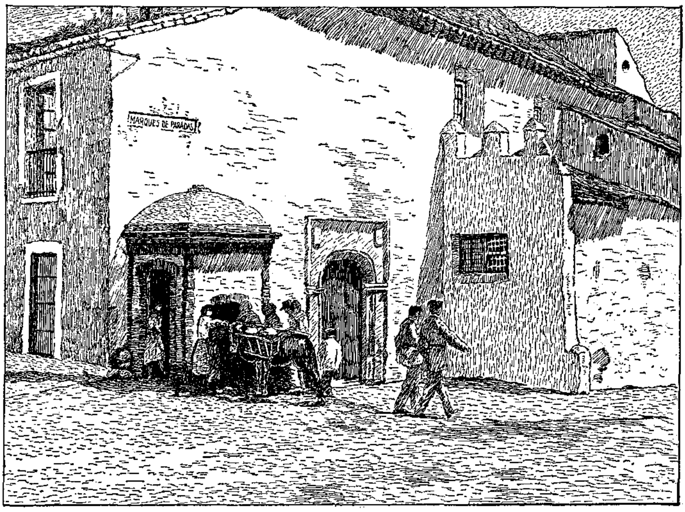
Almost at once we were reminded of the situation of Orvieto. Like that hitherto incomparable crag, the cliffs occupied by Ronda rise sheer out of a lovely valley. But Ronda's altitude is greater, the encircling mountains higher, many of them snow-covered, and every detail is on a grander scale. Moreover, while Ronda's perpendicular crags drop down six hundred feet and more on three sides, on the fourth there is a gradual approach, that up which the railway climbs. Finally, Ronda is cut in two by the gorge, three hundred and fifty feet deep, of the Guadelavin, and this gorge, spanned at its narrowest point, two hundred and fifty feet, by a magnificent bridge of a single arch, is the climax of a majestic yet savage beauty which leaves the milder picturesqueness of Orvieto far behind.

But this was not meant to be a description of Ronda. Such may be found in guide-books and in the occasional pages of tourists, who, alas! are finding their way in rapidly increasing numbers to this marvel of a Spanish town. As with every one who "finds" it, our senses were fairly stunned by the natural grandeur of the place. But even on this, our first visit, we were more impressed with the vividness of its life, both past and present. Never were such imps as the boys of Ronda. No need of the Piper's magic flute to keep a train of them at our heels; and before the day was half over we were fully convinced that these were the lineal descendants of the daring Gomeres, who, under the leadership of the intrepid Hamet el Zegri, so long terrorized the borders of Castile and held the Christian advance at bay.

As we gazed down from our giddy height we saw, not alone strings of piebald donkeys laden with bags of grain from the mills below mounting the face of the cliff, but bands of wary horsemen crossing the sunny *vega*, setting out on marauding expeditions or returning with booty of herds or captives, the latter to swell the numbers of those already rotting in the dungeons whose black mouths we could pick out in the face of the cliffs beneath us.

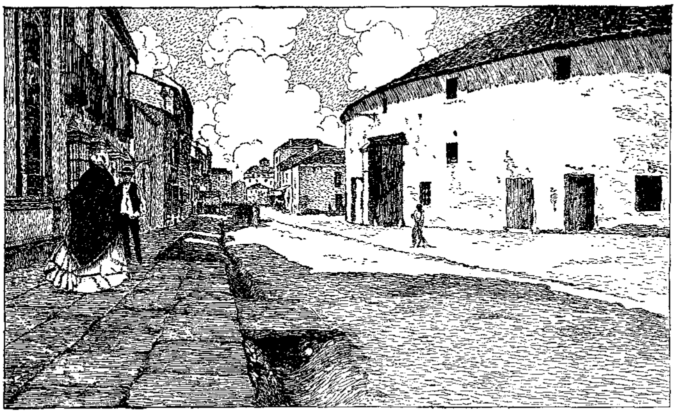
With such a situation, well might Ronda be reckoned impregnable; and when word was brought that a large Christian army had gayly marched down to besiege Malaga, what wonder that the wily Hamet set out at once to ravage the country left unprotected by their departure? With his band he had suffered defeat at the defense of Lopera. Now he thirsted for revenge. Moreover, Ronda stood in need of food.

At the head of his impetuous Gomeres the Arab leader swept down into the *vega*, then up into the Serrania de Ronda, and across into the rich pasture-lands of Medina Sidonia. Bells were rung and alarm fires kindled to rouse the country for defense, but no effective opposition was possible, and within a few weeks the exultant band, leaving devastation in their

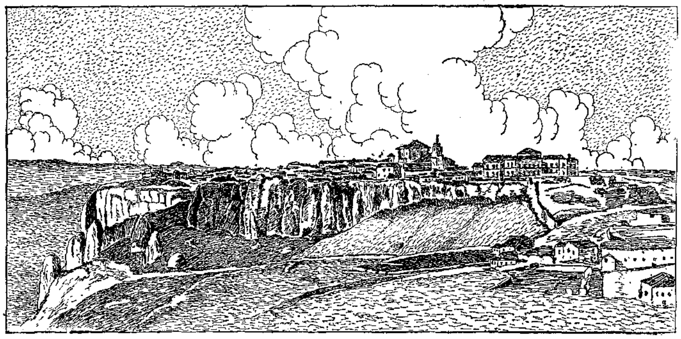


THE STREET FOUNTAIN

track, were homeward bound, and safe from pursuit in the wild passes of the Serrania. The narrow ravines were fairly choked with their booty of herds and provender. Whole droves of cattle and sheep bore witness to the prowess of Hamet and his band, and once more they boasted a quick and ample revenge.



THE BULL RING



GENERAL VIEW OF RONDA

It was over there to the north that Hamet, alarmed by strange reverberations, broke into a sudden gallop. Gaining a rocky height, he gazed over toward Ronda, and with eyes bursting from their sockets he discovered the encircling valley white with the tents of besieging Christians. Among the gay banners which floated from their peaks the most conspicuous were those of the Most Christian King and Queen—Ferdinand and Isabella. The siege of Malaga had been a ruse, then, and Hamet had fallen into their trap.

Although for centuries considered impregnable, Ronda was already in a bad way from this her first bombardment with gunpowder, and Hamet quickly saw that only prompt and bold action could save his home. That very night the daring little band made a heroic attempt to cut through the lines of the besiegers. The weakest point in the circumvallation was chosen, and they were very nearly successful. But their numbers were too few, and they were driven back into the Serrania, where the pursuing enemy were easily persuaded to retire by the simple expedient of dislodging huge boulders which went crashing down on their heads.

Alarm fires calling for help from other Moslem towns were now lighted on all the surrounding heights, and soon, hidden in the crags and crannies known only to themselves, Hamet had a little army composed of these neighboring mountaineers and led by his swift Gomeres. With this force he made repeated attempts to relieve the now nearly ruined town. Again and again the besiegers were hard pressed by the rapid tactics and sudden onslaught of the fiery Moslems. But Ferdinand was a man of resource, and Isabella was possessed of indomitable perseverance. Save for its incomparable position, the town had been theirs long ago. They would never give up now—and so the siege went on.

Explosive shells, thrown by clumsy cannon, had already battered down most of the walls. Now balls of tow soaked in oil, pitch, and gunpowder were shot into the town, where they quickly set fire to all that was inflammable. From their hiding-places over there Hamet and his Gomeres watched these horrors with burning eyes and gnashing teeth. The rage of impotence was in their hearts, for it was fast becoming evident that theirs was a lost cause.

But Ronda was brave too. Although surprised with no fighting force within her walls and subjected to new and terrifying horrors, she did not capitulate until the enemy had discovered and cut off her most precious possession—the spring at the foot of the cliff from which her water supply was carried into the town. With no water surrender was inevitable. But after so heroic a resistance they were allowed to march out with all the honors of war, plus their effects—as much as they could carry. Some were even assigned lands elsewhere in Spain, and for a time at least were allowed the practice of their religion.

Hamet, perforce, drew off his Gomeres, hoping for an augmented vengeance in other fields, while the Christian army mounted Ronda's cliffs and threw open the dungeons where languished so many of their brethren. As a proper finish to the story of this siege there is not wanting the usual tale of a beautiful Moorish maiden who had been converted to the faith through the teaching of a Christian youth who had been one of these captives. In this southland the command to love one another had borne quick fruit, and now the two only wanted the consent of the Queen and the blessing of the Church. Both were quickly forthcoming, and so ended the siege of Ronda.

Again, eight years later, I went to Ronda, and this time there was no difficulty about going up from Gibraltar. We arrived shortly after noon, and from the lack of local excitement we judged that *forasteri* were not so rare in the mountain town as when we were there before. Then, was it the daylight that robbed the transit from station to hotel of all spice of danger, or was there a new omnibus? The hotel, too, looked strange. Indeed, we could not be certain that it was the same. To be sure there was a tiny brick court, but all its surroundings were different. And instead of dining in a crowded little room off this court we were led into a long, hideously new and bare apartment on the second floor, which immediately suggested increasing numbers of tourists.

Doubtless the morrow would disclose the rugged old town with no shadow of diminution in its mediæval atmosphere; and nothing could touch its incomparable situation. But, some way, our arrival had lacked the earlier flavor. With a banal effort to add to the gayety of the occasion, some one suggested that the evening be devoted to Ronda's Opera. The suggestion was referred to the elderly and anxious-looking waiter, who, instead of being mystified and embarrassed, at once melted into enthusiasm.

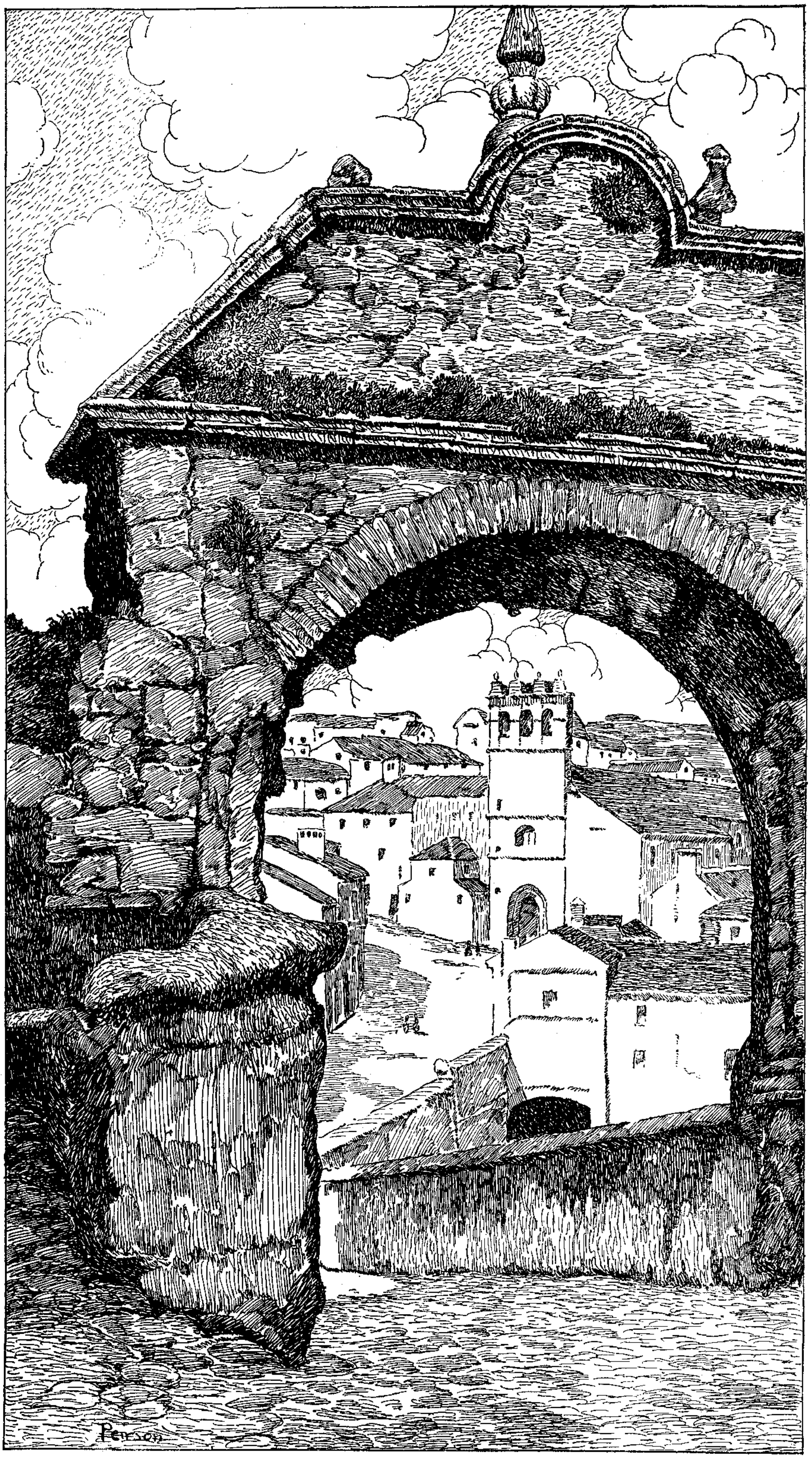
"There was the café, and dancing that night."

We looked askance at each other. "Could ladies go alone?"

"They could, but it would not be necessary; he would escort us."

In the end the remainder of the serving force of the hotel—the cook, who was also the boots—added his services, and an hour later saw us, guarded by the two sober retainers, seated in a bare little café, possibly twenty-five feet each way, and with a small raised platform in one corner. There were perhaps twenty other spectators, all sipping the small cups of black coffee which were the only cost of admission. Back of us, seated against the wall, was a row of lean, swarthy Spaniards. Were they of Andalusian or Castilian stock? Their color was of the south, but in physique and solemn dignity they suggested the north; and we knew that the "Conquest" had left a trail of the Castilian strain all through Andalusia. The voluminous *capas* worn by these fine old *hidalgos* were not taken off, but only thrown back; and their broad hats, likewise not removed, threw strong shadows which accentuated the blackness of their eyes and hair. With solemn dignity they sipped their coffee, perfectly poised and keenly alert, yet they were not seen to smile, and scarcely to speak, during the hour that we remained.

The dancing had begun before we entered. We had already seen a number of exhibitions of Spanish dancing, gotten up for tourists in the hotels of Granada and Seville, but we soon saw that this was another thing. A man and a girl were dancing. She wore the usual short gay skirts, bright Manila shawl, and flower in her shining black hair; and he the famil-



A GLIMPSE OF RONDA

iar velvet jacket, knee-breeches, and beribboned hat, with a gay sash wound many times around his middle. The girl used castanets, but the man, as well as the row of other dancers who sat behind them against the wall, marked the rhythm with sharp, explosive hand-claps.

All this, as well as the steps and posturing, was not sensibly unlike what we had seen before. It was the spirit of the dancers (for their lack of self-consciousness was a most pleasing contrast to the exaggerated coquettishness which had marked our former experiences) that marked the difference. These were dancing for the love of it, not for our applause or for pay. As always with dances of this type, a violent flirtation was figured. All the swift motions and poses of the girl were provocative, and those of the man pursuing. Yet neither touched the other throughout the performance, and, although fast and desperate, they never passed the bounds of a sustained dignity and decorum. Indeed, in spite of its inherent vividness and gayety, the dance was permeated with an almost religious fervor, and one scarcely wondered at the solemn silence with which it was viewed by the audience.

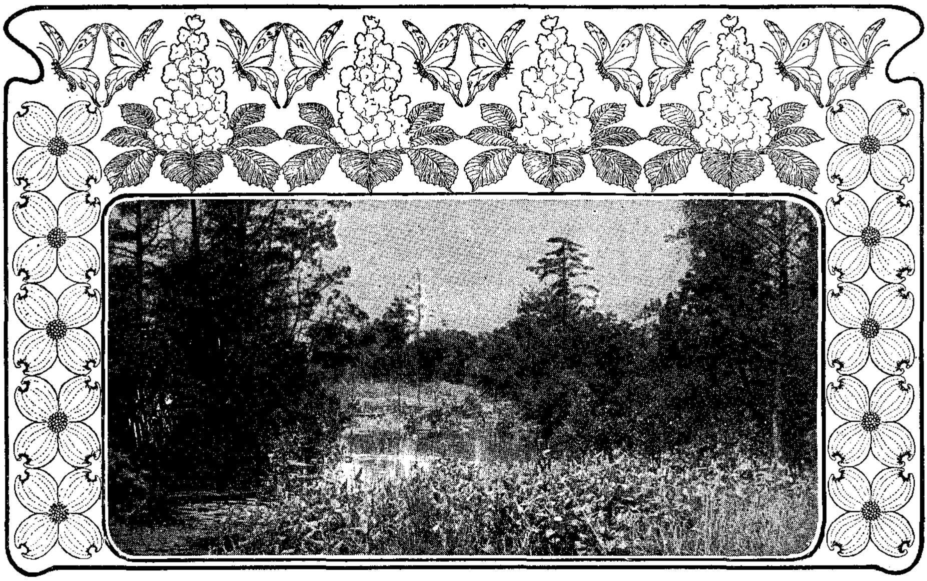
After a short pause a single guitar began a weird, minor cadence. It mounted in beat and intensity and fell into a rhythm marked by hand-claps from some of those in the audience as well as those on the stage. Then a woman advanced. She was not beautiful, and her dress, of some simple, even shabby stuff, hung in straight folds to the floor. She began to sway slowly and languorously, while we, enchanted, cried under our breaths, "The *flamenco*." It was just what we had wanted and had been unable to get. Again we were in luck in Ronda.

Far be it from me to attempt a detailed description of this performance. Mere words could never picture the harmonious movements in which every muscle of the body had a part, yet, as in the other dance, always with sustained dignity and restraint; never, as with some recent exhibitions of the art in our own country, with writhings or contortions. The figure of the dancer was always an embodied harmony; and not the least, to us, remarkable part of the performance was the way in which her audience yielded to and at the same time inspired her. Either consciously or unconsciously, all were swaying to the beat.

Occasionally the dancer's motions increased in intensity and rapidity, but for the most part they were confined to slow glidings and voluptuous swayings. It was easily seen that the *flamenco* allowed the widest freedom to individual dancers. There were no set figures and no regular recurring motions. This is true to a degree, of course, of all so-called Spanish dancing, but it is especially true in the *flamenco* that each dancer interprets; and the result is colored, not only by the temperament, but by the mood.

Even more than the livelier dancing the poses of a *flamenco* dancer suggest those of the figures on Greek vases. Why, then, the name *flamenco* (Flemish) should have been given to it has long been a puzzle. Salillas explains it in this wise: The Spanish soldier who had been to the wars in the Netherlands was dubbed a *Flamenco*. In the later years of these wars these soldiers mostly degenerated into dissipated rowdies, consorting with and descending to the plane of Gypsies. And Gypsies have long been the chief dancers of Spain. It is at least an ingenious explanation, and in default of a better may be made to serve.

May one see the *flamenco* to-day in Ronda? That is as it may happen. The writer cannot say. There is a fine new hotel out near the station, and tourists now spend months there exploring on donkey-back miles of the surrounding country, climbing up and down the steep cliffs, and venturing up into the inclosing Serrania de Ronda. The very thought is entrancing; yet not even for these joys would one give the memories of those more primitive days when no hint of modern life or of modern comfort intruded an incongruous note into a purely mediæval experience.



" THE PLACE WHERE POLLIWOGS GATHERED THICKEST "

Hookey

By Edmund L. Pearson

A LARGE bumblebee lay helpless on a plaintain leaf under the morning-glory vines—a sad example of the effects of too much intoxicating drink. He had imbibed honey freely all the day before, and now, past eight o'clock of a bright June morning, when his fellows had been at work for hours, he sprawled, half-paralyzed, a shocking sight to all busy people. He was an especially handsome bumblebee. His body was rotund, well nourished, and decorated with a band of yellow plush. I imagined that he looked like a Lord Mayor of London, though exactly why I had this idea I cannot tell. There was a sumptuous appearance about the bee that must have suggested that gorgeous official. Certainly it had nothing to do with the bee's shameful condition.

I took a blade of grass and tickled him gently in his yellow plush region. He raised one leg—he was lying on his side—and waved it toward me in feeble protestation. The gesture spoke plainly. It said, " Lemme 'lone, can't yer ? Jus' wanta have li'l' nap."

A little nap! A little nap, indeed, on that morning when all the garden was rustling and humming and whirring and twittering with life. The robin, who was the father of a hungry family living in the apple tree, was hunting worms on the lawn; the portulacas had been open for half an hour—ever since the sun had touched them; the fat toad who lived near the yellow lilies was awake and looking about with slyly twinkling eyes (he had probably been up all night, too); and the morning-glories had been unfolded since daylight. Another bumblebee came humming along, sailing scornfully over the debauchee and alighting on a pink morning-glory. He was awake, sober, and busy—evidently a person of temperate habits, or else one who had had the good luck not to be overtaken the night before. He folded his wings quickly and crawled into the morning-glory to investigate. I stepped nearer, and closed the flower, holding the bee a prisoner inside. Instantly he began to rumble and boom like a far-off thunder-shower. It was not so much his liberty as his dignity that was threatened. Bumblebees carry their regard for dignity to an extreme—it amounts to nothing short of pomposity. This one increased his murmurings and mutterings and bumblings till I began to grow alarmed. I judged it was time to release him. I had not meditated any personal injury to him, anyway, and there was a legend to the effect that a bumblebee similarly imprisoned had once driven his sting through the morning-glory and into the thumb of the boy holding it. So I let the flower come open, and the bee instantly sailed out, with one last indignant hum. He did not pause for an instant in a spot where such outrages could occur, but flew off at great speed, forsaking the morning-glory vines, the garden, and our street altogether.

I watched him as he flew. High over the fence he went, over Mr. Hawkins's woodshed and althea, over Jimmy Toppan's garden, and then off into the open country. He dwindled to a speck and disappeared. At that moment the school bell began to ring. It was twenty minutes before nine, and time for me to start on my melancholy way. On this morning, so bright, so warm, so interesting, I must leave the garden, leave the portulacas and the toad, leave the robins and the morning-glories, and drag off to school. I could not even make a dash to the open country, like the bumblebee. And what should I get in return? The weariness of sitting for an hour singing a dismal refrain of "*Do, sol, fa, mi, re, do.*" Then I would have to add nauseous columns of figures on a slate. And so on, save for a short respite, for three mortal hours. It was sickening; that was the name for it, sickening.

By this time I had reached the head of the street. To the right lay school; straight ahead was the path the bee had taken. One meant safety, the approbation of teachers, and good-conduct cards. The other led to freedom, but it also threatened danger. Visions of a certain stout official in blue clothes rose before me. He was Mr. Cooper, the truant officer, who possessed, so I firmly believed, autocratic powers. He could doom those whose offendings came within his province to everlasting imprisonment. Had he not dragged Clarence Brown once more to school when Clarence had made a bold attempt to reach the West where he could fight Indians? And it was a narrow thing for Clarence that Mr. Cooper had not then and there sent him to jail for life. Every boy in school knew that.

Nevertheless, Mr. Cooper seemed far away that morning, and the tantalizing effect of the bumblebee's flight was very potent. At least, I would not turn toward the school immediately. It would do no harm to keep on, and then I could go around by the pond, and so to school in time enough. On the other side of the pond I paused to examine some toadstools that had grown up overnight near the foot of an elm; and then, after a glance at the pond-lilies, which were now in bloom, descended to the water's edge. Here was a place where polliwogs gathered thickest, and I saw with satisfaction that they were coming on very nicely indeed. Most of them now possessed two hind legs, and it would not be long before all of them should appear as polliwogs no longer, but as miniature toads. I decided that they would do very well by themselves, and I went up the banking once more, and along by the old graveyard. Here the pungent odor of tansy filled the air, and I had to stop long enough to turn over a fallen headstone to see if a small snake might not be lurking under it. There was no snake, but at that moment I glanced toward the distant school and saw that its gate had closed and the last boy had gone in. Well, I was in for it now—I was either to be late or to play hookey. There were penalties to follow either offense—why not choose the one which carried some fun with it? A long road bordered by willows stretched before me—dusty, but inviting. Meadows lay on either side, warm in the sunlight, and full of creatures that had little care for Mr. Cooper or any of his kind.

A big yellow and black butterfly danced by me, and I was after him as hard as I could run. He flapped along, tolling me on and on, but at last mounted high over a willow and disappeared across the field. I stopped to pull up my stockings—hot, dusty, and out of breath. A song-sparrow threw back his head and trilled out his music. Another, his mate perhaps, answered him from a tree farther up the road. Near by a flycatcher sat on a fence-post. His shining black eye and long sharp bill gave him a half-humorous expression, as though he were fully aware of the fun of life. As I watched him he made a short, quick flight, turned suddenly, and then flew back to his fence-post. He had a contented look, and I knew that there was one less gnat or mosquito in the world. Two or three small yellow birds flew ahead of me, lighting here and there in the willows. Two of them had a greenish tinge among their feathers, while the other was a more stylish individual. His colors were carefully marked and differentiated, and his black wings showed to great advantage against the bright yellow of his body. In a few weeks, as I knew, he would be perching along the roadside and tugging at the thistledown.

As I went on I disturbed a large bird who flew off across the meadow. All I could see was a white spot on his back, but it was enough to mark him, or rather her, for an old acquaintance. Last summer Ed Mason and I had found that flicker's nest in the hole of a willow tree, and had watched the rearing of two families of children. I walked on rapidly now, for I was coming to the known limits of the world—probably a mile and a half from home. The sun poured down, hot but not unpleasant, for a tempering breeze waved the branches and brought the delicious smell of the June meadows with it. Then I reached the end of the willows, and all was open. The fields stretched for miles, broken only by a tree or two, and ending when they met the blue sky and the swelling white clouds. Two kingbirds darted up from the fence, quarreling as usual, until they saw a crow in the distance, when they set off together after the common enemy. But I wasted no time on the kingbirds, for I was anxious to get into that meadow, to plunge into that long sweep of waving grass alternately striped with white and yellow, where the daisies and the buttercups were.

I climbed the fence and left the road behind. Here I did not follow any prescribed course, but could wander and turn as I liked. A quarter of a mile ahead there was a little knoll, and toward this I walked or ran. There were so many things to see and sounds to hear that I could not run fast enough, nor pause long enough. Half-way to the knoll was a faint streak of blue. As I came nearer I could see that there was a little stream hidden in the grass, but marked along its course by the blossoms of the blue flag. Out here alone, where no one came to look at them, they bloomed by the thousands—great, rich, dark-blue flowers, unexpected treasures indeed in a New England meadow. The very birds that rose out of them seemed to understand the demands of the place, for two gorgeous red-winged blackbirds flew up and sailed away to another part of the stream.

I went on, climbed the knoll, and stopped for a minute to look about. But not for long—the meadow beyond called for me to come and explore. Another meadow lay ahead of it, and another, and another, to the rim of the world, each more beautiful than the last, each fuller of life, each brighter in the sunshine. I went down the slope, and waded above the knees in grass and red clover. At first everything was quiet. But the spirit of summer presided over the place, the climax of the growing year had been reached in this spot and at this moment. I stood and waited—waited for some one who should put it all into words or into song, some one who should interpret the meaning of so much visible beauty. And I was not disappointed, for the poet was at hand, and ready. The bobolink swayed and balanced on a tall reed, bathing himself in the sunlight. Then, as I moved toward him, up he flew, and as he flew poured out all the joy of summer, all the gladness of life, in his delirious song. The notes followed each other so fast that one was never finished before another came tumbling after it. The last ecstasy of happiness, of sunshine, and of bright June weather—all these were only the beginning of his lyric, only the parts of it which I could understand.

He ended his song and fluttered slowly down to the grass once more. Then he arose again, and again he sang. The song—it seemed a new one this time—bubbled and trilled and rollicked and filled the air, while I stood, waist-deep in the clover, and listened.

The American Worker in Country and Town

By Theodore Roosevelt

I

A Visit to the Tenements

ON February 13 I spent the afternoon in company with Mr. Alfred T. White, Mr. Darwin R. James, Mr. J. J. Murphy (Tenement-House Commissioner), and one or two other gentlemen in visiting a number of tenement-houses in Brooklyn, our purpose being to see the difference between the old tenement-houses and the new, so as to do what was possible in hastening the day when the old type of tenement-house would entirely disappear. Thirty years ago, when I was a member of the Albany Legislature, hardly so much as a beginning in the movement for tenement-house reform had taken place. At that time, with considerable difficulty, we passed a law providing for the abolition of tenement-house cigar factories. When the law was under consideration, I visited a number of the tenement-houses in which these cigars were being made, and it was what I then saw that first waked me to a full realization of how much there was to be done in the way of making things better in the tenement-house districts; although it was not until I became Police Commissioner and got into touch with Jacob Riis that I became actively interested in the movement for tenement-house reform. We passed a bill to do away with the tenement-house cigar factories, but neither public opinion nor judicial opinion had been educated up to the proper point. It was still the period when educated men prided themselves on their acceptance of the hard futilities of the *laissez faire* school of political economy. On the whole, I think that educated public opinion approved the action of the State Court of Appeals in declaring the bill unconstitutional, and thereby delaying for twenty years the cure of the festering misery which it in part sought to prevent.

Fortunately, year by year we have grown away from the destructive system of social philosophy which found expression in this decision. What I saw on my brief trip through the tenement-houses that afternoon was enough to show the really extraordinary good that had been done by legislative interference with the conditions of tenement-house life. The struggle has been hard, because the owners of the property involved have fought the improvement laws at almost every step; and they have been helped throughout by the wooden inability of so many estimable citizens both in public and in private life to understand the needs of the situation and to adopt the necessary means for meeting those needs.

We first visited a number of old tenement-houses, built before there was any thought of meeting hygienic requirements—before, in fact, there was any thought that it was to the interest of the whole public that the conditions of life should everywhere be decent. Mr. Murphy does not have an adequate force of inspectors, but he is doing all that can be done with the force he has. His aim is to do all that the law permits in making these old tenements more habitable, by giving better opportunities for light and air, preventing overcrowding, and providing for the cutting of windows; and gradually, as from natural causes the old tenement-houses are pulled down, the new tenements, built under the new law and representing an immense improvement, will take their places.

Some of the tenement-houses we first visited showed very bad conditions. They were for the most part tenanted by recently arrived Italians. In one ground floor below the level of the street we found a rear room in which thirteen people had been sleeping, in addition to a baby. It is hardly necessary to point out that thirteen people of both sexes, some married and some unmarried, some kin to one another and others not, cannot live in a dark room with any expectation of having the children grow up fitted for the very exacting duties of American citizenship. The authorities were already working an improvement in this room. They had cut a window through one wall and had forced a reduction by over a half of the number of people who slept there, but at best it was melancholy to think that children had to grow up under such surroundings of darkness, dirt, foul air, and overcrowding. It is hard to arouse the public on a matter like this to the need of law. Without law only a few exceptional men will act. The owners of tenement-house property include some hard men who care nothing for the welfare of poor people; others are themselves unaware of how bad the conditions are; while there are small owners, themselves brought up in tenement-houses, who do not understand that the conditions really are bad. All of these fight bitterly against any legislative change which would reduce, and perhaps even do away with, their profits. Mr. Murphy mentioned also the difficulty he had with some of the magistrates in securing the punishment of offenders guilty of overcrowding and the like. His bureau does not proceed against the offenders until it has become impossible to get them to reform save by duress. But when the case comes up, the magistrate naturally does not realize this, and the kindly qualities of the judge are enlisted on the side of the offender, who is often a very poor man struggling against misery, and the Court's reluctance to punish him by for the moment increasing his misery often results in the perpetuation of the conditions which breed the misery.

We saw several such tenement-houses. The stairways were narrow, the halls dark and dirty. In one place we found living-rooms in the basement below the level of the rear yard, which itself contained an old stable. The room in which the people spent the day was only partially lighted, and the two bedrooms were closets, without windows, and absolutely without light save such as penetrated when the doors into the other room were open. The ceiling was about seven feet from the floor, and the rooms were about eight feet by ten feet inside. Each contained all the members of one family and two or three outsiders. Again it is unnecessary to point out that under such conditions it is well-nigh impossible for children to grow up into men and women of the type that should exist in a democracy. It was a tribute to the efficiency of the authorities, however, that, shortly before our visit, these conditions had been found out, and the particular rooms in question were being closed against human habitation.

It was interesting to come across several cases where even under the adverse conditions offered by tenements of this kind self-respecting families were leading self-respecting lives. We came on one tenement where, on the ground floor, there was a kitchen in the rear and a living-room in the front, these being connected through a line of three bedrooms, in not one of which was there a window or any natural light save what might filter in through the door that opened into the next room. The surroundings were not encouraging; yet the family that lived in these rooms was obviously a thoroughly good family. The mother was away at a funeral, but the daughter who received us was taking care of her little brother, and showed a courtesy, good breeding, and lack of self-consciousness, shyness, or embarrassment which would have been creditable anywhere. Her business was that of a telephone operator, and she possessed those good manners which are themselves the outward signs of a good heart. There were several such cases. One, for instance, was where the proprietress, a widow, was a dressmaker and seamstress, and the most casual acquaintance was sufficient to make one respect her. A very nice-looking young fellow, by the way, was calling upon her at the time of our visit, and I could not help hoping that she was not to remain a widow long!

The people who in these tenement-houses were leading lives of this character were generally the children of German, Irish, or other immigrants, or occasionally of native American stock; and it was significant and cheering to see that the tenement-house dwellers as a whole were obviously rising and not falling. Of course there were many exceptions, but, on the whole, it seemed to me evident that not only were the surrounding conditions being made better, but that the people themselves were steadily tending toward a higher level; and I may add that among the people who were rising we saw representatives of practically every race that comes to the United States. In all of these houses we were received in very friendly fashion, and at one of them twenty or thirty of the boys and girls seized the opportunity to have me photographed in their company, all jammed together on the steps of the tenement-house.

Having finished our tour of the older tenement-houses, we then visited several of the newer tenement-houses. The first series of the latter which we saw were new in type but not very new in years. They were built by Mr. White, who has been a practical pioneer in the work of raising tenement-house conditions. When he built them, there was no law requiring him to do anything else than erect another vile rookery designed merely to get the utmost possible return for the least expenditure of money. But Mr. White, without any compulsion, built his tenements practically along the lines now demanded by enlightened legislation. They were so constructed that it was an easy matter for the persons who dwelt there to keep them clean and to lead healthy and self-respecting lives. Each set of rooms was isolated from every other set of rooms, and each room was lighted by a window opening on to the outer air. Moreover, each group of buildings opened on to a large yard. In these tenements, which have always paid a moderate profit, it would be purely the fault of the family itself if there were overcrowding, foul air, and uncleanliness. As a matter of fact, we found none such. The dwellers had taken advantage of the favorable conditions. The children were being brought up in a way which tended toward good citizenship. There was no reason why any family could not live in these tenements with all the essentials of decency and comfort and self-respect.

My next visit was to a row of tenement-houses which were familiarly alluded to as "the Incubators." They were in a Jewish neighborhood, and owed their name, I found, to the size of the families which they contained—I was being taken there in a spirit of humorous deference to my liking for large families. This was one of the most interesting experiences, for the tenements had been built, not by philanthropists, but by business men who wished in good faith to meet the requirements of the new tenement-house law and at the same time to get as good a return as was possible upon their investments. At the door of the house we selected we met a pretty girl, very well dressed, evidently about to go off for a pleasure walk. She was a Jewess, born on this side of parents who came from Russia; and it was fairly startling to realize how far upward she had moved from the status of the hunted fugitives who had first come hither from Russia. She was a pretty, well-dressed, good-natured, and good-mannered girl, just like any other American girl. She was most friendly, and at once undertook to show us around the tenement-house. The first suite of rooms we entered was typical of all the rest. It was on the ground floor, and consisted of a kitchen, a living-room, two bedrooms, and a bathroom. The family included a father, mother, and, I believe, five or six children. Everything was as neat as possible, and it was a really attractive apartment; the older people prosperous and contented, the children growing up under good conditions, which represented an immeasurable advance over those in which their ancestors had lived for untold generations, and an almost equally great advance over the conditions of tenement-house life in New York a generation ago. As elsewhere, I looked carefully into the bathroom. Like every one else, I had heard many stories told to the discredit of the inmates of the new tenements by those worthy persons who always object to any effort to better conditions; and chief among these stories was the statement that wherever bath-rooms were put in, the tenants used the bath-tubs for storage of coal or other goods. In each case I found the bath-room well cared for, the bath-tub used for its normal purpose, and, as I was assured by every one, regularly used, too. Inquiry developed the fact that when bath-tubs were first put in tenement-houses a score of years ago or so the inmates at first knew nothing about them, did not use them for their legitimate purposes, and did often use them as receptacles for coal and other things. But the use of the bath has spread in tenement-houses very much as it has spread elsewhere through the country; and now all the better-class people demand bath-tubs and will not go to tenement-houses that do not contain them. Even a short visit among tenement-houses of the new type shows that the movement for them has been more than abundantly justified by its fruits; and that its opponents and detractors have spoken absolutely without warrant.

We visited a couple of other blocks of tenement-houses built under the new law, one of them being the property of a friend of mine, a first-class citizen who is an alderman, and who took the keenest pride in having us see just what he had been able to do. In these tenement-houses the inmates were for the most part of Irish, English, German, Scandinavian, and native American ancestry, practically all having been born on this side of the water. I could say nothing but praise of these tenement-houses and of their inmates. The latter—men and women, boys and girls—were thoroughly good citizens, and they made one pleased to think that they were his fellow-citizens. All the conditions were good; the rooms as neat and clean as possible. In one tenement, for instance, there were three rooms and a hall. They were small, but they were well lighted, well aired, and not only neatly but prettily furnished. The inmates consisted of two brothers and a sister. In the sister's little room there was a piano. The kitchen served also as dining-room, and all the fittings were conditioned upon getting the most use out of the least space. For instance, the arrangements for washing were such that the board on which the basin stood, when lifted up, disclosed two wash-tubs, and when the partition between these was lifted up there remained a bath-tub. The name of one of the brothers, by the way, began with "Grover Cleveland," and in another portion of the same house I was shown with pride a picture of a small brother who had been given my own name. In these houses the conditions were such as to render it easy to secure cleanliness, neatness, comfort, and attractive surroundings; and the character of the people was such that they took full advantage of the conditions.

In one of these houses, incidentally, I suddenly encountered an old friend, who was in charge of the fire station a few steps down on the other side of the street; and nothing would do but that I must visit the fire station and see "the boys." So over I went, shook hands with the strapping firemen, as lithe and muscular as so many panthers, and saw the trained horses rush out with instantaneous rapidity to take their places by the pole when the alarm rang. What fine fellows these firemen are! There are plenty of conditions in modern life that warrant our feeling alarm, and among these conditions are those which tend to produce rather enervated types of men, lacking in the robuster moral and physical qualities. It is therefore a real source of pleasure to see such a body of men as the firemen, or, for that matter, the railway men, the policemen, and many other groups of workers which have been produced by our modern civilization, the members of which in point of bodily vigor and address, and in point of courage, initiative, and power of instant decision and readiness to accept responsibility, are the equals of the men of any group or kind who have existed at any stage in the development of the peoples of the past.

This trip through the tenement-house regions was, perhaps, particularly interesting when compared with the trip previously taken through the remoter hill country of certain of the counties of New York in which the farming population has shrunk, and where not only many farms but some small villages are practically abandoned. There was a striking and evident contrast between the way in which conditions had been studied and difficulties met and overcome in the tenement-house regions and the lack of such study and effort in the farming regions. There were no farms that I saw where the conditions were quite as bad as in the worst tenements, and on the best farms the people were living in surroundings better than those in the best tenements. Nevertheless, the impression left by visiting the tenement-houses was, on the whole, more favorable than that left by the outworn farming districts. In the districts of outworn and partially abandoned farming land there were large tracts where there had been no advance, but sometimes even retrogression.[1] In the tenement-house region, however, the marked facts were that the tenement-house population was generation by generation improving, and that the conditions under which they lived were also improving. Each problem is a very complex problem, and no simple solution for it can be found; as Tom Reed used to say, "Nothing is simpler than a half-truth, whereas the whole truth is usually one of the most complex things in creation." Doubtless all kinds of causes have been at work both to retard the full development of farm life in many places and to better the conditions of those living in tenement-houses in the cities; but one of the main reasons is unquestionably to be found in the fact that the problems of tenement-house life have been the subject of unceasing and patient study for over a generation, while the problems of farm life have only just begun to attract wide attention. The State has acted for the betterment of the tenement dweller, along various lines, far more freely and intelligently than it has worked for the betterment of the farming districts. Very much remains to be done in order fully to remedy evil conditions in the tenement-house districts, but more remains to be done in order to put the farming regions on their proper level; yet this last is the most important task before our Government, for the men of the open country have always been the real backbone of the Nation, and it will be a National calamity of the very gravest sort if they are permitted to sink in moral and physical well-being relatively to the dwellers of the cities.

II

The Abandoned Farm

On October 24 last I went by automobile from Ithaca to Binghamton for the purpose of looking over some of the districts in which there has been a marked shrinkage of rural population, and in which many of the farms once cultivated are now disused. I was accompanied by Professor L. H. Bailey, one of the foremost authorities of the world on all questions relating to rural life; by Mr. George E. Monroe, who was an employee of the National Department of Agriculture, and has made a careful expert study of this very region; and by Congressman Dwight, who has long taken a special interest in this problem. We passed through portions of five counties, designedly going, so far as possible, through the parts where the soil was poorest and the conditions most adverse.

At first sight there was unquestionably much that was depressing in the situation. During the day we passed by many scores of deserted farm-houses and barns, and of fields that had once been tilled, but that were no longer cultivated and were growing into brush. We passed by one little hamlet of a dozen or fifteen houses clustered round a mill which had once been worked by water power. All these houses had been abandoned, though we were told that a family was about to move back into one of them. Some of the farms which were still inhabited were in poor shape, and the people on them seemed dispirited and shiftless, as the result of a long battle against hopelessly adverse conditions.

However, the picture was by no means

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[1] I need hardly say that I am not speaking of the fertile farming districts.

one of unrelieved gloom. Even though we were carefully choosing out the lands where the conditions were worst, we continually came across little regions of good soil which were prosperous, and we came across some families who were doing admirably under conditions that seemed quite as bad as those which had brought failure in other cases. At one place we came upon a farm owned by a man from Illinois, of German parentage. His wife was by birth a Norwegian. They were as fine a couple as one could wish to see, and it was a pleasure to look at them and their five sturdy boys. Much though I respected the farmer, I respected his wife even more. She was of foreign birth, but she was just the type of woman that one likes to think of as the ideal of what an American should be; the housewife and mother of the best kind, who has found the high pleasure that can come only when life is well led by doing bravely and cheerfully and efficiently all the duties, instead of seeking a mean and inglorious ease by shirking them. The man was making the farm pay by hard work and intelligence; the woman kept the house neat and clean, attended to the poultry, using the money she thus gained for her own purposes, and looked after the children, a sturdy, chubby set who each day trudged valiantly to the school-house two or three miles distant.

Looking at this farm, one realized how much could be accomplished in the midst of much failure by the man and woman of the right kind. The presence in these Eastern States of men from the West also called attention to another development of significance in the last decade. There has been a considerable movement of Western farmers on to Eastern farm land which has been wholly or partially disused, the Western men often successfully applying the methods which had won success in the West, and being tempted to come East by finding areas of good land where the prices had been arbitrarily depressed, largely because the young people had gone to the cities or gone West, leaving the land in the possession of the old and the feeble, who could not be expected to make the best use of it. Conditions of this kind are of course not general but local; yet in certain localities they are sufficiently widespread to have had the rather comic result of bringing about the existence of new settlers', instead of old settlers', associations. In one place through which we passed, the new settlers, mostly Westerners, took such a pride in the association that they had held a New Settlers' Picnic a few weeks previously.

Another farm was of particular interest because it illustrated what can be done by direct teaching on the farm itself, where the teacher is himself a practical farmer. Of course farmers and their wives are quite willing to gather in a school-house, or in the opera-house of a little town, and listen contentedly to demonstrations by a clever lecturer of how they can improve their farms. But under such circumstances only a very small proportion of the hearers make the least effort to apply practically the lessons they have heard—which merely illustrates the fact that farmers are like other human beings, and that mighty little good comes from listening to speeches, whether by politicians, clergymen, reformers, or agricultural demonstrators, unless steps are taken to transmute the words of advice into action. But the United States Agricultural Department, followed by a number of State agricultural departments, has been endeavoring to bring its demonstrators into actual touch with the farmer on his farm. The most remarkable success that has been achieved along this line has been in connection with Dr. Knapp's work in the South; but much has also been done elsewhere. The demonstrator who was with us, Mr. Monroe, had been practically engaged in visiting a great number of farms, and showing the farmers just what they could do to increase their crops. We stopped at one of the farms which had benefited by his advice. It was on the summit of a bleak, wind-swept hill, surrounded by the fields of other farms now grown up with young pines or a tangle of scrub. The buildings showed that this farm had also been running down. But two years previously the Government demonstrator had established touch with the farmer, and had overcome the suspicion naturally felt by any man in regard to any other man who seeks to benefit him without demanding anything in return; and the result, as the farmer himself informed me, was that the crop yield of the farm had been more than doubled. He took me down into his cellar, for instance, and showed me a really extraordinary crop of potatoes, representing four or five times the value of the crop that he had gathered prior to working under methods which were both scientific and practical—and, of course, all "scientific" agriculture that is not strictly practical is also not really scientific agriculture at all.

But it would be altogether unsafe to generalize from the experiences of these two families, and to conclude that all the disused farms could again be used and the farmers become prosperous merely by putting the right kind of men and women on the farms, or by training those already on them to utilize them to the best advantage. We must not fall into the sentimental mistake of thinking that because a house has been abandoned it is our duty to try to get some family back into it. In a great number of cases—whether a majority or not I cannot with my present information say, and probably no one can—the farms have been disused and the houses abandoned because it no longer paid to till one or occupy the other. Many of these farms should never have been cleared. The land was of more permanent use to the community while in forest than when the effort was made to till it. In other cases the soil is too poor, or the conditions such that for many years to come it will not be worth while for energetic, enterprising men to try to make a living, and a little more than a living, out of it; it is better for them to turn their attention elsewhere. In other cases it is possible that the farm may pay, but only if it is joined to another farm, or if intensive farming is practiced. The agricultural survey of Tompkins County by the Department of Farm Management of the New York State College of Agriculture developed, among other interesting things, the fact that the larger farms—those of over one hundred and fifty or even over two hundred acres—pay better than the smaller farms of fifty acres or less; for, although the receipts per acre are less on the larger farms, the expenses, and especially the labor cost, are so very much less that the profit per acre is very much greater on the large farm than on the small farm. Of course if farms are added one to the other, the poorer and less desirable farm buildings have to be abandoned; but in this case it does not really mean that the farm is abandoned; it merely means that farms have been combined so as to enable people to make a good living where before it was difficult or impossible. As for intensive farming, it is usually unwise to try it on very cheap and remote land. In such cases it may pay the farmer and pay the community better to allow the cheap and remote farm to fall into disuse, while the farmer takes another farm where the conditions are such that he can try intensive farming to advantage.

In other words, it is wise to endeavor to bring remote and little-used lands back into cultivation as rapidly as it is economically profitable to do so, but it is useless to attempt to force people into uneconomical conditions so long as there remains so much land that can be farmed to a greater advantage with a less expenditure of energy. City men who wish to take up abandoned farms would do well to remember that farming is not only hard work but expert work; and in buying a farm they should act just as they would in buying any other business, and consider whether in any given case most can be accomplished by paying a small price for a farm which is not very productive, or a larger price for a farm that is productive.

Unquestionably immense improvement can be made in the condition of most lands of low productivity. On our trip we ourselves saw what could be done by the establishment of some hoed or tilled crop like potatoes on such lands in order ultimately to establish clover or other sod and the making a beginning of a rotation system in which live stock may become an important factor. Much can also be done by liming soils; the value of the agricultural stations has been well illustrated by what they have succeeded in teaching farmers as to the discriminating liming of acid lands. But the problem is not a simple one. Very few great problems really are simple. Our knowledge must be much more complete than at present before we can with assurance urge remedies which shall go to the root of the matter. The re-establishing of country life in its different manifestations, social and business, is a much more fundamental process than merely increasing rural population; and while outsiders can help, and ought to help, and, above all, ought to be willing to see the power of the State used to help, it yet remains true that the evolution must be worked out chiefly from the inside. It is more important for the city to try to help the open country by working out a real economic and social co-operation with it than by attempting itself to go into farming. The Long Island Railroad people are trying to give such economic co-operation by the way in which they encourage agriculture on Long Island, not only by themselves running experimental farms, but also by endeavoring to get the farmers to combine in business fashion so as to send their produce direct to their customers with the minimum of intervention by middlemen, and therefore with the minimum of payment which does not represent positive gain to the producer, while at the same time the consumer gets the full benefit of the reduction of price. As far as the so-called "abandoned farms" are concerned, as I have said before, many of them are useless except for forestry, and should be acquired by towns and counties for forestry purposes. Timber is a crop just like other crops, but instead of ripening and yielding profit once a year or oftener, it ripens and yields profit once in a generation—that is, in three or four decades; and so it may be economically wise that much of the forest land should be used by the community as a whole, or by portions of the community, instead of by individuals. Probably a good part of our waste lands cannot with advantage be made usable at present, and it is by no means an unmixed evil to defer the exploitation and settlement of these lands for the time being. They form reserves for the future use of our Nation. A generation or two hence land that has not been despoiled will be far more valuable to society than it is now. At present we should begin a thorough study of the needs of our country population along the lines of the studies that have been made of the needs of our city dwellers. We should try to secure the fullest and most advantageous development of social and industrial life in those portions of the country which it is economically advisable to have fully developed and used at the present time, and by doing so we can fit ourselves as a Nation to turn the reserves of waste lands, which it is not now advisable to try to use, to the fullest possible advantage when the day comes to use them. Meanwhile there is urgent need of more light and of action, cautious but resolute, to help meet those features of the problem as to which our diagnosis is now reasonably accurate.

THE NEW BOOKS

Four books on Spain have lately appeared and are worth noting. The first, "Heroic Spain" (Duffield & Co., New York, $2.50), is by Miss O'Reilly, a daughter of the Irish poet-patriot, John Boyle O'Reilly. The book is specially interesting because it is fervidly Roman Catholic. It is also interesting because, unlike many accounts of travel, it is not the result of one trip. Miss O'Reilly has spent much time studying Spain. She knows her Spain, not only as the traveler sees Madrid, Seville, and Granada, but she knows the remoter spots—the "sleeping cities of León," for instance. Despite the fact that Spain is not beautiful like Italy or orderly and finished like England and France, despite the fact that it is gaunt and denuded, we have a grateful sense of warmth in what this writer tells us about the Spanish people, and especially about that disclosure of their life found in the novels of the modern Spanish school of writers. In our opinion Miss O'Reilly has done well to devote as many pages as she has to a description of this admirable latter-day school, showing how essentially it has produced novels of manners and customs, rather than the romantic or fantastic tales which might suit other peoples. We are also glad for the emphasis she puts on the child-beliefs in Spain—a subject doubtless peculiarly sympathetic to a Roman Catholic author. And, while we may quite understand how unsympathetic to such a writer some of the onslaughts on Roman Catholicism by the great Galdós must be, and are sorry that she cannot rate him higher as a creator of literature, while we may disapprove of the extravagant praise she gives to Valera, we are glad to have her apt and pat characterizations of the works of such people as Alarcón (the compositor has inadvertently omitted the R), Pereda, Valdés, and Fernán Caballero. As anti-Romanist as Miss O'Reilly is pro-Romanist is Rafael Shaw, the author of "Spain from Within" (The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York, $2.50). It also describes not so much Spain as the people of Spain—their racial and class distinctions, their morals, their religion, and, in this connection, with an adequate account of the religious orders and of certain Church abuses not disconnected with a very "Church militant." Though in this latter part of the work the author often seems much too credulous and one-sided, the book should arouse interest at the present time, owing to the religious crisis. The author's natural conclusion is that the Church should be confined to purely spiritual functions and restrained from interference with politics and education. The educational, economic, and political outlook is then treated. Mr. Shaw justly concludes that, to regenerate Spain as an entirety, an honest, fearless, and unbribed administration is essential. That the outlook in other respects is not so hopeless as it was may be indicated by the fact, which Mr. Shaw confirms, that the taste for the bull-fight is on the wane. The next volume to which attention may be drawn is by S. L. Bensusan, on "Home Life in Spain" (The Macmillan Company, New York, $1.75). The book is the product of a twenty years' acquaintance with the Peninsula. Like the foregoing volumes, it affords a glimpse into the life of present-day Spaniards, describing in particular those things which make the Spanish life different from the life lived in other countries of Europe. The presence of a British-born Queen at Madrid, so it is hinted, may possibly bring about some change even in inveterate customs. This has special point, we presume, because the Queen's influence, believed to be dominant with her husband, has caused some slight change in whatever public sentiment may be molded by him. An indication of this may perhaps be found in the advent and surprisingly long continuance in power of the very radical Cabinet headed by Señor Canalejas. The fourth volume on the Spanish people, as distinguished from the Spanish country, is "The Spaniard at Home" (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, $1.75), by Mary F. Nixon-Roulet, the author of "With a Pessimist in Spain." Mrs. Roulet's book should certainly be read, for, more even than in the case of any of the above writers, hers seems a glimpse through Spanish rather than through alien eyes. With few exceptions, we have had recently only books of travel catering entirely to the tourist, and occasional accounts of bull-fights or cock-fights or church festivals, so that the whole life of the Spaniard of to-day has been to most of us practically a closed book. Mrs. Roulet and the others have opened the book, and with these four volumes we have practically for the first time an account of the real life and intimate character of the Spaniard. It is fortunate that all these books have been written from the standpoint of personal knowledge of the country, and of large experience with the people. It is also fortunate that the books have been written with not a little charm of style as well as of sympathy. It is also fortunate that the illustrations, particularly in the last-named volume, are so genuinely illustrative; though the pictures in Mrs. Roulet's book might have been better printed, their subject-matter is singularly original and interesting. Finally, it is fortunate for international friendliness that these books have appeared, not only because Spain is now at an interesting crisis in her religious and political history, but because much in Spanish manners and customs ought to be better appreciated by other peoples.

In "The Newer Spiritualism" we have the last work that will bear on its title-page as author the name of the late Frank Podmore, the well-known English psychical researcher whose death occurred last summer under most tragic circumstances. Mr. Podmore, as was pointed out by a contributor to The Outlook in a survey of the labors of the Society for Psychical Research, was always one of the most keenly critical observers of the debatable phenomena which that Society has made it its special business to investigate. To the last, his posthumous book makes evident, he retained the spirit of cautious skepticism with respect to the evidence proffered in support of the belief in spirit communication. But "The New Spiritualism" also makes clear that some of the latest evidence, particularly certain recent phenomena noted in the trance mediumship of Mrs. Piper and the Verrall-Holland-Forbes group of "psychics," made a more profound impression upon his mind than any he had previously studied; and, while holding fast to the explanatory hypotheses of telepathy, suggestion, etc., he frankly admits that "if evidence of this kind were multiplied, the presumption in favor of the reality of spirit communication might at length become irresistible." Written as, in a way, a sequel to his "Modern Spiritualism," this last work of his is concerned mainly with a review and analysis of the work of psychical research during the past ten years. Much space is devoted to Eusapia Paladino. Mr. Podmore reiterates his familiar arguments to sustain the contention that we need not look beyond conscious or unconscious fraud on her part, and sense-deception on the part of her sitters, to account for her mediumistic marvels. The remainder of the book—with the exception of two chapters on that famous medium D. D. Home—is taken up with a consideration of the "cross-correspondences" and other more striking manifestations of the "writing mediums." As a whole, the book is scarcely so interesting or so carefully constructed as "Modern Spiritualism," but it will repay perusal by those who desire to acquaint themselves with a first-hand account of the phenomena in question written by one who was able to study them at close range with a singularly open mind yet with no surrender of the critical faculty. (Henry Holt & Co., New York. $2.75.)

The "Early Letters of Marcus Dods, D.D.," the late Principal of the New College, Edinburgh, one of the seminaries of the United Free Church, exhibit a distinguished leader of that Church in process of development during his salad days. They are probably to be followed by another volume covering the story of his public and fruitful ministry. That these letters are mostly family letters, especially to his favorite sister, Marcia, gives them peculiar interest as a free disclosure of his outward and inner life during student days and the six subsequent years of weary "candidating," longing for the recognition that came in his call to a pastoral charge in Glasgow. "As I know you take a tutorial interest in me," he writes from the university at the age of nineteen, "I will tell you what I do: Get up and read Calvin, and write out in Latin what I read the previous morning." Shortly after he writes of an author he enjoyed, "No man is without his faults, and he does not believe in Eternal Damnation." At the age of thirty he condemns Bishop Colenso's work on the Pentateuch as "a very dangerous book." In later years Dr. Dods had revised his judgment on both these subjects, and did not himself escape criticism by heresy-hunters, while ever seeking to adjust "the form of sound words" to the exigent requirements of advancing learning. These letters, selected and edited by his son, Marcus Dods, depict Scottish life and character in a very attractive aspect. (Hodder & Stoughton, New York. $1.25.)

"Souls in Action in the Crucible of the New Life," by Harold Begbie, is supplemental to "Twice-Born Men," by the same author. It is a narrative of spiritual experiences of conversion in London under the work of the West End Mission, founded by Hugh Price Hughes. These narratives are of experiences more normal than those inspired under the work of the Salvation Army narrated in the previous volume. They are therefore less dramatic, but perhaps, for that very reason, more convincing. The tone of the book also is less journalistic and more philosophical. The combined narratives, which bear on their face the evidence of their truthfulness in their simplicity and general freedom from exaggeration or even high coloring, furnish cumulative evidence of the presence in the world of an invisible spiritual Personality working with men and upon men and co-operating by pervasive and inspiring influences toward a life of purity, truth, and virtue. Our author treats this influence as supernatural. In that we think he is wrong It is superhuman, as the force of electricity is superhuman, but it is as truly natural as the force of electricity. This at times he seems to recognize, at other times he seems to assume that it is never witnessed except in Christianity, and even in Christendom is never to be recognized except where there is a distinct religious consciousness. That is equivalent to saying that God works only where God is seen, which we are quite sure from other passages in the book the author does not believe. The impression of his narrower view is perhaps partly due to his fondness for antithesis. And while antithesis often gives great clearness in expression, this is sometimes at the expense of exactitude in thought. (George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.50.)

The Baroness Bertha von Suttner is now in her sixty-eighth year. Those who have seen her or heard her speak have come in contact with an interesting personality, an emotional, magnetic manner, and an appealing sincerity. Certainly, Baroness von Suttner is one of the remarkable women of our time. She recently published in two volumes an account of her life, and the English translation has just appeared. The "Memoirs of Bertha von Suttner" have been written with unnecessary amplitude of detail and in rather exuberant style. But let these facts deter no one from reading the work. As a whole, it is entertaining, instructive, inspiring. In the first place, the well-printed volumes introduce us to a brilliant and sometimes fascinating young Bohemian girl, Bertha Sophia Felicita, Countess Kinsky, in her vital effervescence, keen observations, and masculine mind—indeed, so effectively did her pseudonym hide her sex that it was long before her publishers knew she was a woman. Good, too, are the accounts of social adventure and of visits to Wiesbaden, Homburg, and Baden-Baden, of her study of music and her stage fright when she had to appear in public. Best of all are her accounts, first, of the home life of the Suttner family, with whom she (reduced in circumstances) found a place as a governess and companion, and then, later, of the married life with the youngest son of the house, especially of their nine years spent in the Caucasus—volumes containing many wholesome sentiments on what wedlock may mean. In the second place, the work should be read by those who would acquaint themselves more vividly with some worth-while people. In the third place, the volumes should be read because of their history of the Peace Movement, dear to the author's heart, and bringing her the renown she enjoys. Who is not touched by the motive underlying her indefatigable activities in this regard? For her wedded life was so ideal that she could not bear the thought of the annihilation of other similarly ideal existences by the brutality of war. It is interesting to note, however, that even before her marriage she was interested in pacifism by the Swede Alfred Nobel, the inventor of dynamite and a man of wealth, then living in Paris. After the then Countess Kinsky left the Suttner family as governess she became Nobel's private secretary. The biography sets forth the facts concerning the Nobel bequests in what we believe to be hitherto unpublished detail. Not until five years after Nobel's death did the distribution begin of the annual prizes provided for by his will to persons who had gained distinction in the sciences, literature, and in the cause of peace. It took this length of time before the lawsuit, brought by certain members of the Nobel family against the validity of the will, was decided and the estate liquidated. If the then head of the family, Emmanuel Nobel, had joined the rest in protest, the will would have been broken, to his own great advantage. But his unselfish refusal insured the fulfillment of Alfred Nobel's wishes. Among the recipients of prizes bestowed "on that man or woman who shall have worked most effectively for the fraternization of mankind, the diminution of armies, and the promotion of peace congresses," we find, as is appropriate, our author, the list being: 1901, Frédéric Passy and Henri Dunant; 1902, Élie Ducommun and Albert Gobat; 1903, Sir Randal Cremer; 1904, the Institut du Droit International; 1905, Bertha von Suttner; 1906, Theodore Roosevelt; 1907, Teodoro Moneta and Louis Renault; 1908, K. P. Arnoldson and M. F. Bajer. The second volume seems rather more padded and spun out than does the first. Perhaps too much space has been given to the printing of letters from the Baroness's many friends. We like better her own comments. For instance, speaking of the union of the European Powers after the Chino-Japanese War of 1894–95 in imposing conditions on Japan, she asks, why did not they unite *before* the war in intervening and demanding that the Korean question be submitted to arbitration? And extremely readable are the author's accounts of how she came to write her several books, in particular her powerful story, "Die Waffen Nieder!" ("Lay Down Your Arms"), a work sometimes called the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of the Peace Movement. (Ginn & Co., Boston. $5.50.)

"The Story of Old Japan" (Longmans, Green & Co., New York) is emphatically worth telling. We do not know as much about it as we should, but we may learn more by reason of two just-published volumes. The first, by Joseph H. Longford, Professor of Japanese in King's College, London, has the title above given. The second, by James Murdock, formerly Professor of Greek in the University of Aberdeen, is called "A History of Japan" (Kelly & Welsh, Yokohama). The first is a moderate-sized volume, the second a portly tome. Both historians begin with the creation of the Empire. Professor Longford carries us to the time, a generation ago, when Japan emancipated herself once and for all from feudalism, exclusion, and seclusion. Professor Murdock brings us only to the arrival of the Portuguese in 1542. His book is thus the first volume of a series, really begun seven years ago, when he published a volume, similar in size and binding to the present, describing the first century (1542–1651) of early foreign intercourse with Japan. To have a quick, general view of Japanese history Professor Longford's book should be read first, because it is much shorter; but then, without fail, Professor Murdock's volume should be studied. Both are full of suggestive detail. Both disclose the unity of the Japanese social organization. Incidentally, both explain some of the motives of many of the great works in Japanese pictorial and glyptic art.

What student of art has not consulted the standard books on "Christian Symbolism" by Mrs. Jameson and Mrs. Clement? Students have now the advantage of a small, compact, but extremely illuminative book by another woman, Mrs. Henry Jenner, with the same title. Yet this is not a book on actual art alone, nor even chiefly. In it there seems more information to students of theology, ecclesiology, and liturgiology than to students of art. Christian symbolism certainly involves a necessary and well-nigh inextricable blending of all these subjects. While Mrs. Jenner's text lacks vivacity and atmosphere, her information has been conveyed in clear and concise language. Nor is the note of authority absent. (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. $1.)

Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts knows the primeval wilderness at first hand; and, while his descriptive narrative takes on a good deal of atmosphere and sentiment, it is based on exact observation. His new book, "Neighbors Unknown," returns for its background and subjects to the scene of some of the earlier books. "The Backwoodsmen," for instance, presented graphic sketches of the men who lived in the loneliest and wildest places. "Neighbors Unknown" portrays animals; some of them living in the Far North, all of them well beyond the range of civilization—so far out of the field of ordinary knowledge and travel that the title of the book is not a misnomer. (The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.)

A book on New England is always desirable, for New England means, vitally, much in our American civilization. We speak daily of this, but few, save New Englanders, stop to think of just what New England really *is*—geographically, ethnologically, agriculturally, industrially, etc.—that is to say, how New England appears to the foreigner who may be over here for the first time. The present volume, "New England: What It Is and What It Is to Be," edited by George French, should satisfy those, not always Yankees, who "want to know." (Boston Chamber of Commerce, Boston, Mass.)

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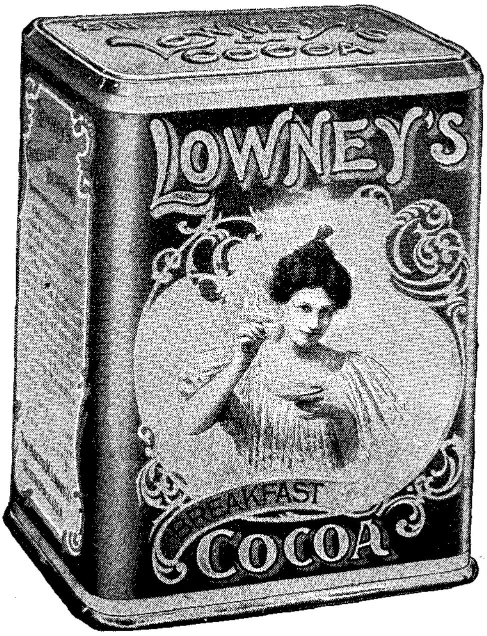

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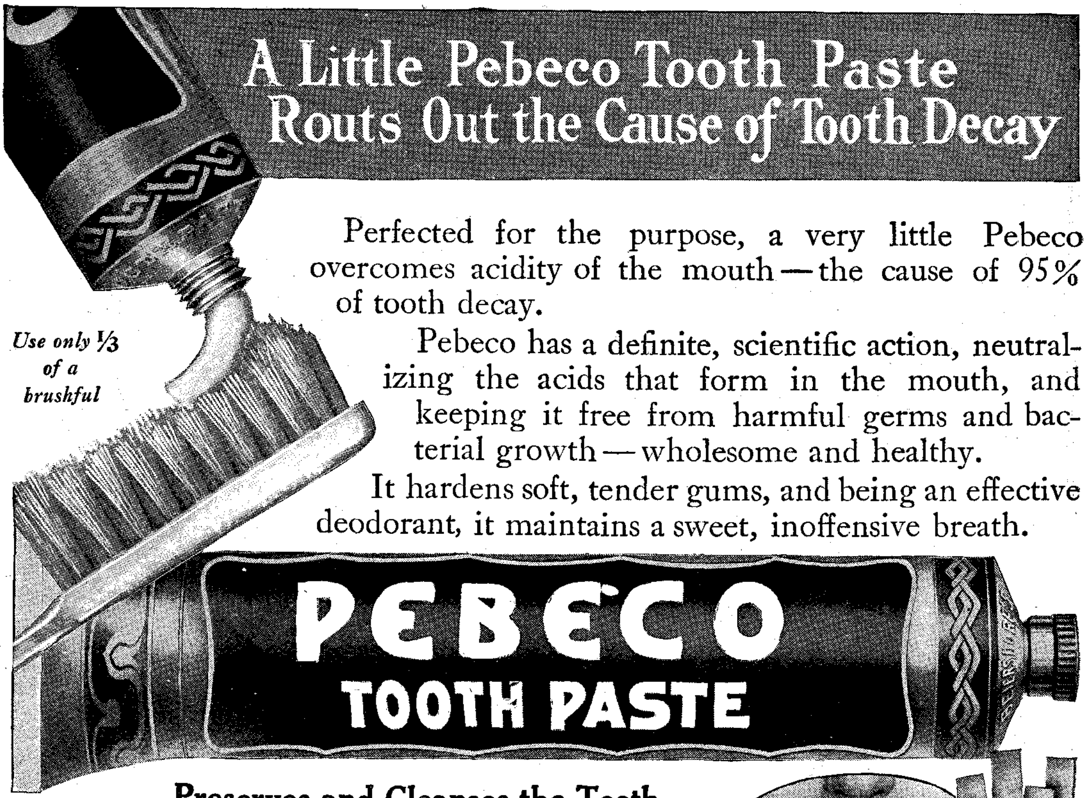
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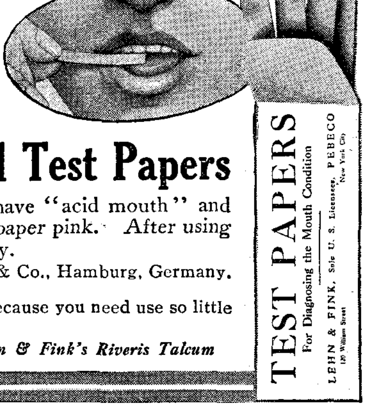
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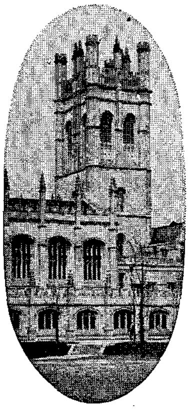

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